

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

LARGE bodies move slowly; but at last William H. Taft seems to be under full headway in his personal canvass for the presidential nomination. Speech after speech drops from his lips upon listening ears in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland, each one being widely reported and commented upon. The situation is a very clear one. In racing parlance, it is Taft against the field. Other candidates are fighting for enough delegates to the national convention to enable them to make a good showing at the first ballot and give them a chance in the developments that may afterward ensue. But Taft is after enough delegates to nominate him on the first ballot. And the President is said to be convinced that he will succeed. He is the only one of the Republican candidates that has received a formal indorsement in other states than his own. State committees in a number of states have passed resolutions in his favor. He is far in the lead in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, South Dakota, Oregon, California, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Texas. The most that his opponents in Ohio hope for is a divided delegation, with Taft in possession of all the delegates except those from a few congressional districts. He has strong support in New England, especially Connecticut, and his strength in the South seems to be at least equal to that of any other, perhaps of all the other Republican candidates combined. But there will be 980 delegates in the Chicago convention, and the man who wins must receive at least 491 votes.

MR. TAFT'S speech in Boston settled one point to the apparent satisfaction of all his friends and foes alike, and that is his

loyalty to the Roosevelt policies, and his intention to make his campaign as a champion of those policies. It is needless to say that those who are dissatisfied with the Roosevelt policies are dissatisfied with the speech; and the reverse is true. "The issue from now on," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "must be either flat indorsement or distinct modification of the Roosevelt policies," for Mr. Taft "has now identified his candidacy with that administration in an inseparable way." And the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) notes with a tone of regret that the speech "made it plain that if the Secretary is to be elected President of the United States we are to have at least four more years of Roosevelt policies." The same conclusion is drawn by the press everywhere. The criticism as well as the commendation is all directed at this same point. "The utterance was, after all," says the *Boston Herald*, "what the President would have said had he been the speaker, and it came with his manner and his spirit."

THE Panic of 1907: Its Causes, Its Probable Effects, and the Relation to It of the Policies of the National Administration" was the topic Mr. Taft announced. His diagnosis of the panic agrees in substance with that which we give elsewhere as the opinion of the world's financial experts. The world's fund of loanable capital has been exhausted, partly by unprecedented industrial activity, partly by wars and other disasters such as earthquakes and fires, and partly by extravagance in living. By these means the available free capital has well-nigh disappeared the world over and the progress of new enterprises must await the saving of more. Secondary causes were the distrust created, especially in foreign lands, by the revelations of

stock-jobbing iniquities, and our lack of an elastic currency. So much for the causes. The probable effect of the panic, Mr. Taft thinks, will be a comparatively brief term of depression. We have a sound currency, our railroads are "in a better physical condition than they have ever been in their history," and the balance of trade with the rest of the world is largely in our favor. "All these things point to the probability of a restoration of confidence" and the resumption of business on a normal basis after "some months" of industrial depression.

UP to this point Mr. Taft's speech provoked but little dissent. The latter half of the speech consists of an attempt to vindicate the course of the administration and a plea for the continuance of its policy regarding corporate wealth. The climax of the speech occurred in the following earnest passage:

"The business men in the past have sympathized with the effort to eradicate from the business system of this country the influence and control of those who have achieved success by illegal methods. Is all this to be changed by the panic? Is it proposed because of it to repeal the rate bill? Shall we dismiss the prosecutions for violations of the anti-trust law? Shall we permit and encourage rebates and discriminations by railways? Is this the condition of sanity to which we are invited to return? Shall we join in the sneer at the fight of the administration for honesty and legality in business as a youthful attempt at an alleged moral regeneration of our business system? No panic, however severe, can make wrong right. No man who sincerely believed the administration right in its measures to

punish violations of law can now be turned from the earnest support of that policy to-day.

"I believe myself to be as conservative as any one within this company. I believe that, in connection with personal liberty, the right of personal property is the basis of all our material progress in the development of mankind, and that any change in our social and political system which impairs the right of private property and materially diminishes the motive for the accumulation of capital by the individual is a blow at our whole civilization. But no one can have been an observer of the operation of the exercise of the right of property and the accumulation of capital and its use in business by the individual, and the combination of capital by the combination of individuals, without seeing that there are certain limitations upon the methods in the use of capital and the exercise of the right of property that are indispensable to prevent the absolute control of the whole financial system of the country passing to a small oligarchy of individuals."

Mr. Taft closed with a warning that if this control of the sources of wealth by a small oligarchy is not averted, "then Socialism will triumph and the institution of private property will perish."

MORE interesting than his Boston speech, because more personal in its note, was Mr. Taft's address a few days later in Cooper Union. The People's Institute, before which he spoke, is not a Socialist body, but its audiences are apt to be dominated by labor sympathizers and radical views usually come to the front in the questions asked the speaker. Mr. Taft faced such an audience with an address on the relations of capital and labor. Years ago, when a judge in Ohio, he issued injunctions against labor organizations, and these form the basis of an opposition in labor unions which finds expression here and there in formal resolutions denouncing him as "an enemy of labor." The occasion was, therefore, rather a crucial one in Mr. Taft's canvass. Observers seem to agree that he met it with candor and courage, and that the audience was considerably more genial toward him at the close than at the beginning of his address. "No one," as *The Evening Post* remarks, "can make a long speech on capital and labor without saying a great many undisputed things in a solemn way, and the Secretary said them. But on the chief points at issue, and especially those which have been made against his own Presidential candidacy on the basis of his decisions when a judge, he spoke with emphasis and courage." Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal* gave the next day an editorial description of Mr. Taft as he appeared on this occasion, in the course of which it sums up its impressions as follows:



EVERY FOURTH YEAR IS LEAP YEAR
—Calvert Smith, in *Florida Times-Union*.



Photograph by N. Lazarek

TAFT BEFORE THE LABOR MEN AND SOCIALISTS

After hobnobbing with monarchs and bureaucrats around the world, the Secretary of War came to Cooper Union to talk to an audience of radicals on labor and capital, strikes, boycotts and injunctions. After the speech, he answered questions asked from the audience. The gentleman standing with Mr. Taft is Dr. Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People's Institute.

"HE IS A GOOD, EARNEST, HONEST, MANLY, BETTER-THAN-AVERAGE MAN TO LOOK AT. If the boat were sinking, and he could swim and you couldn't, you'd hand him your \$50,000—if you had it—saying, 'Give this to my wife,' and she'd GET it, if he lived to get ashore."

In view of the rumors of Mr. Hearst's coldness toward Mr. Bryan, these words of praise for Mr. Taft may be of more than passing significance.

THE "undisputed things" said by Mr. Taft were in regard to the dependence of labor and capital upon each other and the necessity of fair treatment for both. Then the Secretary struck into the danger zone as follows:

"What the capitalist, who is the employer of labor, must face is that the organization of labor—the labor union—is a permanent condition in the industrial world. It has come to stay. If the employer would consult his own interest, he must admit this and act on it. Under existing conditions the blindest course that an employer of labor can pursue is to decline to recognize labor unions as the controlling influence in the labor market and to insist upon dealing only with his particular employees. Time and time again one has heard the indignant expression of a manager of some great industrial enterprise that he did not propose to have the labor union run his

business; that he would deal with his own men, and not with outsiders.

"The time has passed in which that attitude can be assumed with any hope of successfully maintaining it. What the wise manager of corporate enterprise employing large numbers of laborers will do, is to receive the leaders of labor unions with courtesy and respect and listen to their claims and arguments as they would to the managers of any other corporate enterprise with whom they were to make an important contract affecting the business between them."

Mr. Taft later, in an interview, denied that he meant in the above statement to express any views in regard to the "open shop." He was discussing "general principles."

BUT Mr. Taft's defense of labor unions went beyond their mere right to existence and to recognition. He defended their right to strike in the following words:

"And now, what is the right of the labor union with respect to the strike? I know that there has been at times a suggestion in the law that no strike can be legal. I deny this. Men have the right to leave the employ of their employer in a body in order to impose on him as great an inconvenience as possible to induce him to come to their terms. They have the right in their labor unions to delegate to their leaders the power to say when to strike. They have the right in advance to accumulate by contributions from all members of the labor union a fund which shall

enable them to leave during the pendency of the strike. They have the right to use persuasion with all other laborers who are invited to take their places, in order to convince them of the advantage to labor of united action.

"It is the business of courts and of the police to respect these rights with the same degree of care that they respect the right of owners of capital to the protection of their property and business."

Mr. Taft took care to add that by persuasion he means "persuasion not amounting in effect to duress." Violence and threatened violence were condemned as "of course unlawful," and of the labor boycott he said: "This is a cruel instrument and has been declared to be unlawful in every court with whose decisions I am familiar."

ON the subject of labor injunctions Mr. Taft was equally unreserved. He defended the writ of injunction, but he admitted that it had been abused, and "this abuse has grown chiefly from the practice of issuing injunctions *ex parte*,—that is without giving notice of hearing to the defendant." Both in his speech and in a long letter to an Ohio

federation of labor published about the same time, Mr. Taft advocates an amendment to the law providing that no temporary restraining order should issue at all until after a notice and a hearing. And when contempt proceedings are instituted for the violation of such a restraining order, Mr. Taft admits that the privilege should be given to the defendant to have the case tried before a judge other than the one issuing the order, "where it can be done without injuring the authority of the court and the efficiency of its process." This in deference to a popular feeling, "in most cases unfounded," that the judge who issues the order has a personal sensitiveness in respect to its violation that interferes with his judicial poise.

NO other title recurs so often on editorial pages in these days as the title "Taft and Hughes." More and more often the two names are coupled as representing two hostile streams of tendency in the Republican party. The disposition to regard Governor Hughes as the best hope of the anti-Taft and anti-Roosevelt elements has been steadily growing, despite the prediction made by Mr. Bryan that the nomi-



SEEKING THE STAR

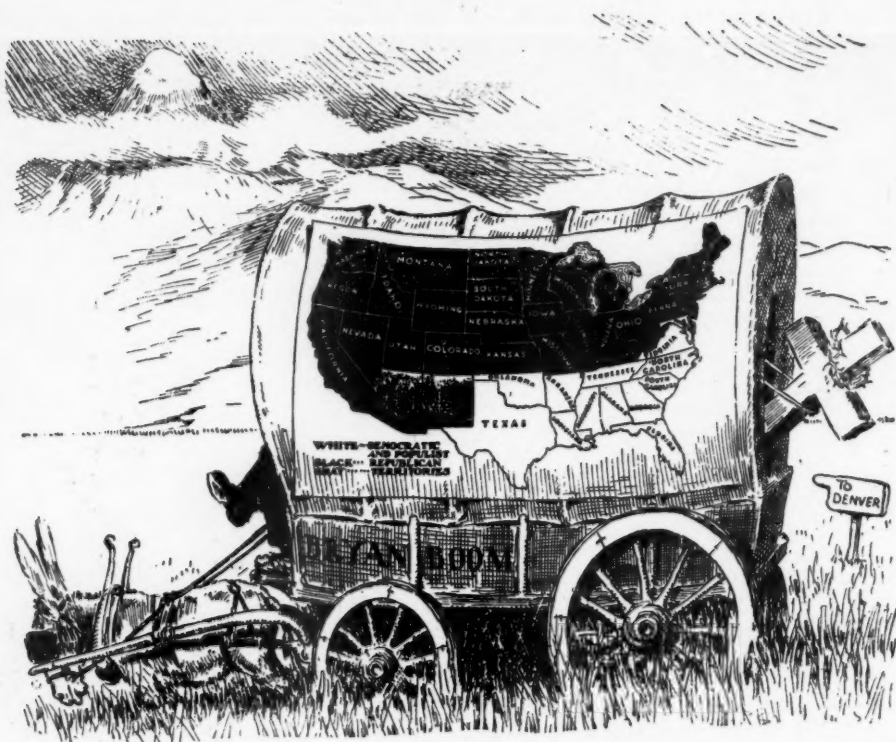
—McDougall, in Philadelphia North American.



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AS MR. TAFT APPEARED AFTER HIS TOUR OF THE WORLD

"No panic, however severe, can make wrong right. No man who sincerely believed the administration right in its measures to punish violations of law can now be turned from the earnest support of that policy today." These words are from Mr. Taft's first speech after his return, made in Boston on the day the above photograph was taken.



PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!

—C. R. Macauley, in *New York World*.

nee of the Republicans will at last turn out to be Mr. Cannon. There is no longer any discussion of Republican candidates in which these two names, Taft and Hughes, do not figure prominently. Yet the Hughes movement is almost entirely disorganized. It has no leadership even in New York state. It has absolutely nothing to go on in the way of utterances from its candidate relative to the presidential question. His position on national questions is known only in the most general way, the fact that he is a member of the Republican party being about the only basis for such knowledge as there is. The governor continues his policy of silence on other than the duties pertaining to his present office. His latest message to the legislature, while it speaks out clearly on state issues, gives not a word to which his supporters can point as indicating either his convictions or his personal desires in the matter of higher honors. Under the circumstances, the fact that his name has forged so far to the front furnishes a political phenomenon that is rare if not altogether unprecedented.

THE Hughes "boom," therefore, must be considered not as a product of the Governor's own handiwork, but of those who are working without his direct aid or sanction. As such it continues to represent varied colors. The most radical Republican paper in New York, if not in the country—*The Press*—has been the earliest, the most constant and the most zealous of all his supporters for presidential honors. A number of influential men in the reform wing of the party, such as Seth Low and Dr. E. R. L. Gould, are working openly in his behalf. A very considerable number of more or less discredited political leaders, such as ex-governor Odell and ex-insurance commissioner Lou Payn, are scheming to accomplish the same result. And the corporate interests are supposed to be actively enlisted in pushing Hughes forward to secure the defeat of Taft. In the way of actual organized support, nevertheless, there has been so far almost none. The Republican Club of New York City has declared in his favor. So have several county committees in the state. A Hughes League has just been organized that

includes a number of New York state leaders and practical politicians and is the first sign of a real organized movement. In New England it is announced that there is a movement under way for the formation of Hughes clubs. "The belief is becoming general," remarks the *Hartford Times*, "that the sentiment known as the 'Hughes sentiment' is almost entirely spontaneous in its origin."

NOR do we find much influential and energetic support of Mr. Hughes for President in the press. Republican papers generally mention him in complimentary terms, but they seldom commit themselves outright in favor of his candidacy, and a number of them are beginning to express active distrust not so much of Hughes himself as of the Hughes move-

ment. Here, for instance, is an extract from the *New York Globe*:

"The Hughes boomers have committed a great blunder. They should have frankly recognized that a presidential candidacy has relation to national issues, and that it is necessary for Governor Hughes to define his attitude toward these issues—something he has never done. In the next month, unless there be some definite and authoritative expression, from or in behalf of Governor Hughes, it is difficult to see on what grounds support of him throughout the country can be asked."

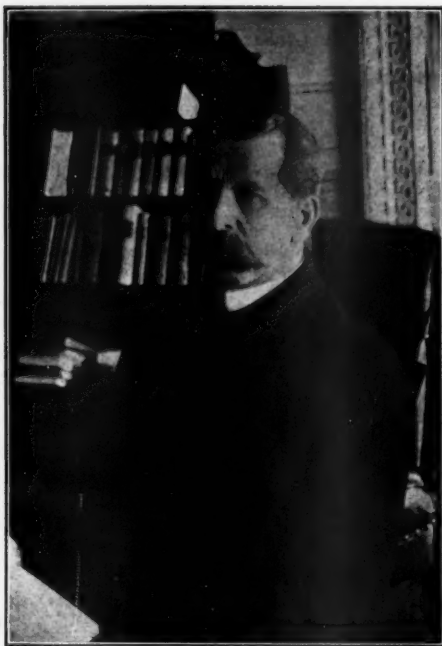
The *Louisville Evening Post* (Rep.) voices a similar view in these words:

"Governor Hughes says nothing. He permits his advocates to align him in opposition to the President. He permits them to praise his reticence and contrast it with the utterances of the President. He accepts their support. He is evidently a candidate for the Presidency backed by



"SOAP, PLEASE!"

—C. R. Macauley, in *New York World*.



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THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE NAVY

Rear Admiral P. M. Rixey, whose success in a controversy with Rear Admiral Brownson has forced something like a crisis on our navy, is a close friend of the President and attended him on his recent hunting tour in the Louisiana canebrakes.

influences which have been arrayed in all bitterness and force against the present administration. This is the attitude in which he stands before the country, greatly injured in public confidence by the unanimity of the support he receives from these influences centering in Wall street."

The answer made to this sort of objection is, as expressed in the *Rochester Post Express*, that "it is for the party to declare its principles and for the candidate to accept them. The notion that an aspirant for a presidential nomination shall formulate the principles and write the platforms of his party is absurd." This silence of Mr. Hughes, therefore, *The Post Express* considers "the best sort of politics."

THERE is, in fact, more emphatic indorsement of Mr. Hughes in the independent and Democratic press than in the influential Republican press. Thus the *Boston Herald*:

"Gov. Hughes has not lifted a finger to obtain the New York delegation; he has not spoken a word for the purpose of securing the Republican nomination for the presidency; he has quietly, modestly, efficiently adhered to his duty of governing the state of New York; whenever he has been called upon to address public gatherings he has responded with strength and wisdom, and

with that highest kind of patriotism which does not always smell of powder and drip blood. If the popular voice were to decide today, Gov. Hughes would be the next President. But the present incumbent of that high office says: No, Hughes cannot have the New York delegation! "Why? This question should be asked until the President answers."

Another leading independent paper, the *New York Evening Post*, is as nearly enthusiastic in support of Mr. Hughes and his methods as we remember ever to have seen it in the last twenty years. It says:

"No man can tell what conditions of discontent and upheaval may invade our politics this Presidential year. It may turn out to be as important in 1908 to have a man of Gov. Hughes's proved temper to confront the forces of disorder as it was in this state in 1906. The best is none too good, and the best may be needed. Let no complacent Republican imagine that it will be a holiday affair to defeat Mr. Bryan. An opposing candidacy dictated by the Administration, by means of the army of Federal employees, would put a powerful weapon into his hands. But predicting nothing about the future and dealing only with the present, we say that the friends of Gov. Hughes ought to press his claims with all their might, if only to prove that there may be a free choice of a candidate."

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HARDLY had Admiral Evans and his fleet got well on their way to the Pacific, on what a *Berlin* paper calls "the greatest experiment ever undertaken by any nation in time of peace," than hostilities broke out, as some fearsome prophets had predicted, on our Atlantic coast. A twelve-inch gun—to judge by the noise of the report—trained upon the headquarters of our navy department in Washington, was fired in New York City by one Reuterdahl. It was the signal for a general disturbance, in which the President, Congress, the Secretary of the Navy and at least two heads of navy bureaus became speedily involved. The attention of the whole country was attracted to the heavy boom of the cannonading, the fierce flashes that from time to time lit up the murky surroundings and the crash of linguistic missiles as they impinged upon the hardened armor of bureaucratic casemates. It was a very lively engagement, in spite of the fact that "Fighting Bob" was hundreds of miles away with nearly all our battleships.

IT is difficult to see just how the Reuterdahl article in *McClure's* and the resignation of Admiral Brownson, of the navigation bureau, are related. The admiral was one of the first

to repel the charges made against the navy and a part of the criticism seems to affect his bureau directly. Yet President Roosevelt, in his letter to the secretary of the navy appointing Admiral Brownson's successor and scoring that officer for "gross impropriety," couples the two events closely together almost in the first sentence. "The action of the late chief of the bureau, Admiral Brownson, in tendering his resignation . . . coupled with the various controversies among the officers of the navy and their adherents as to details of naval construction and methods of training," may, says the President, seriously impair public confidence and prevent needed legislation. Then, as if to make his reference still clearer, he adds: "The way in which the controversies have been carried out is highly injurious to the service, whether the communications are made openly over the signatures of the naval officers or by civilians who have evidently gained their information from naval officers." There is here no direct charge against the Admiral of having inspired the Reuterdaahl article. But there seems to be no doubt in the press of the country that the President intended to suggest such inspiration, and demands upon Congress for an investigation into the subject are general.

THE affairs of the navy department are conducted by seven bureaus acting independently but under the general direction of the secretary. The present dispute arises between the bureau of navigation and that of medicine and surgery in regard to the command of the hospital ship *Relief*. On December 12, 1906, the then secretary of the navy, Mr. Bonaparte, directed that hospital ships should be treated as floating hospitals and placed in command of medical officers of the navy, with a sailing master and a civilian crew, the sailing master to have "complete responsibility for everything connected with the navigation of the ship." After this order was issued, Admiral Brownson was appointed to the head of the bureau of navigation. He contends that the order is "clearly opposed to the intent of the law, is a radical departure from established naval usage, and is fraught with danger to the efficiency of the fleet." His efforts to convince the President on these points proving vain, he resigned when ordered to appoint a medical officer in command of the *Relief*, giving as his reason that "the efficiency of the fleet can only be maintained when the officers and men feel that the chief of the bureau of navigation has



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THE ADMIRAL WHO RESIGNED



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IN THE TURRET OF A TWELVE-INCH GUN

The means of communication with the magazine below is one of the points of recent criticism made of our battleships. The opening of the shaft to the magazine is seen in the picture.

the confidence of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy."

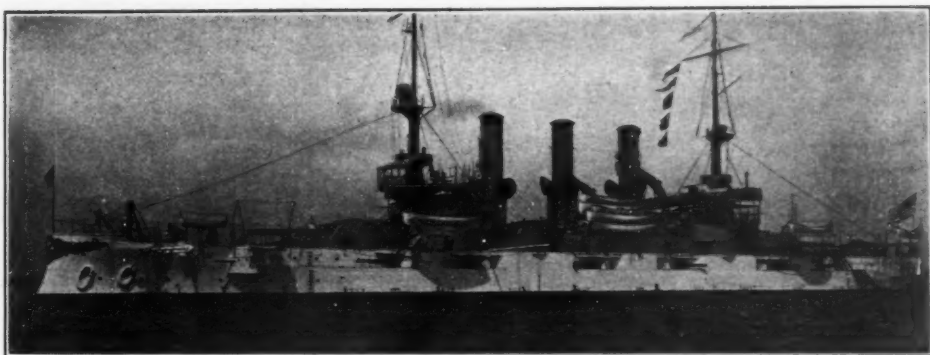
THE President directly charges the Admiral with "gross impropriety" of conduct "in resigning sooner than carry out the orders of his superior officers in such a matter," and then follows this biting sentence: "The officers of the navy must remember that it is not merely childish, but in the highest degree reprehensible, to permit either personal pique, wounded vanity or factional feeling on behalf of some particular bureau of organization to render them disloyal to the interests of the navy and therefore of the country as a whole." Here again the language is couched in the form of a general statement. It is not said in so many words that Admiral Brownson is disloyal. But the suggestion is clear, and the severity of the charge against an Admiral who has served for over 46 years and whose "fine service in the past" is admitted by the President has aroused wide sympathy for the Admiral and severe criticism of the President even by those journals that are convinced that the latter is right and the Admiral is wrong on the main subject of the controversy. The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) sees in the Admiral's resignation "the act of an unselfish and loyal official who prefers what he believes to be the good of the service to his own ease and prosperity." The *Baltimore American* (Rep.) thinks that the President's heat "can be better understood than com-

mended." The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) thinks the President is doubtless right in regard to the hospital ship, but has himself given way to "wounded vanity" and "personal pique" in accusing the Admiral of disloyalty. The *Springfield Republican*, a pretty constant supporter of the President and his policies, says:

"If we take the special situation into account—the fact that no emergency of war confronted the department and that it was possible easily to replace the admiral—it is manifestly absurd to charge the officer with a serious offense. As a plain matter of fact, he exercised his right, both legal and moral, in pursuing the course that he did."

These extracts may be said to represent fairly well the comment of the press as a whole. We do not recall any other act of Mr. Roosevelt's that has elicited such a general chorus of disapproval.

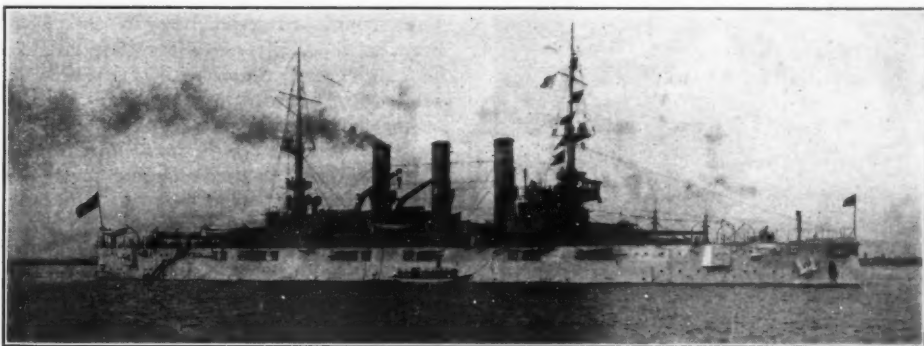
AS the approach of February brought nearer that severe test of the coaling facilities provided for the sixteen battleships under Evans which is to take place this month at the most southerly town on any continent, the air of mystery scented by all Europe in the circumstances of this historic cruise intensified. The two-ocean standard as the ideal for our navy, the possibility of a dash through the Suez Canal, the elaboration of such battle practice as may be had at Magdalena Bay and even a diversion to the Japanese coast became, of a sudden, relatively insignificant to foreign observers in comparison with what the *London Mail* calls the coal mystery. There are now no less than four mysteries connected with the cruise: "the strategical mystery of the cruise itself," as the *Paris Temps* calls it; the political mystery, as most European dailies seem to think it; "the mystery of American relations with Japan," as the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* persistently calls it; and now the coaling mystery. This last mystery is by far the greatest of all in the opinion of the *London Mail's* expert. It is evident that our naval administrators do not wish European powers to find out what arrangements have been made in South America for coaling. It begins to look to the *Paris Débats* as if the twenty-nine colliers churning ahead and in the wake of the fleet may be a blind. There must exist something more or less like an alliance with Brazil or coaling could not be accomplished at Rio de Janeiro under such peculiarly benevolent conditions. "Can it be," queries the *Gaulois*, "that a new and strange evolution of the Monroe Doctrine is soon to startle Europe?"



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THE 16,000 TON, \$4,500,000 FLAGSHIP OF THE GREAT SQUADRON

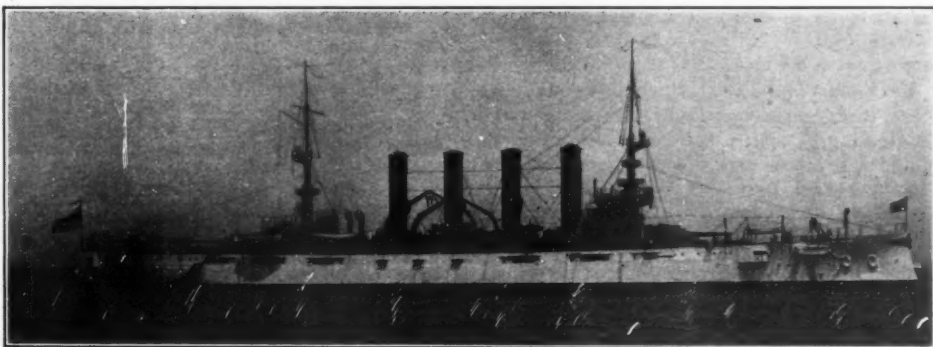
This is the battleship *Connecticut*, aboard which Admiral Evans directs the movements of the armada. The *Connecticut* is one of the youngest members of a fleet in which all the battleships are well within the lowest limit of age prescribed for such units.



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SHE CARRIES THE MOST FORMIDABLE BATTERIES IN THE PACIFIC SQUADRON

The battleship *Kansas* is equipped with the primary battery of four twelve-inch guns carried by her sister ships, but her secondary armament is heavier and has a greater tested range than is the case on most of our ships of war. The *Kansas* is an eighteen-knot boat, a good speed, altho that is exceeded by other units. On the other hand, the *Kansas* is not nearly so formidable as the British *Dreadnought*, which in displacement, speed and armament is the type upon which our future battleships are most likely to be based.



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CRUISER OR BATTLESHIP?

The *Tennessee* is carried on our naval list as an armored cruiser, but she belongs to a type approximating, in European expert opinion, the battleship, altho built to attain that prime requisite of a cruiser, speed. The *Tennessee* is a twenty-two-knot ship, being thus faster than any of the battleships proper. She should, say the English constructors, be called a "cruiser-battleship." She is bigger than the battleship *Iowa*, but her heaviest battery is one of ten-inch guns only.



—New York Times.

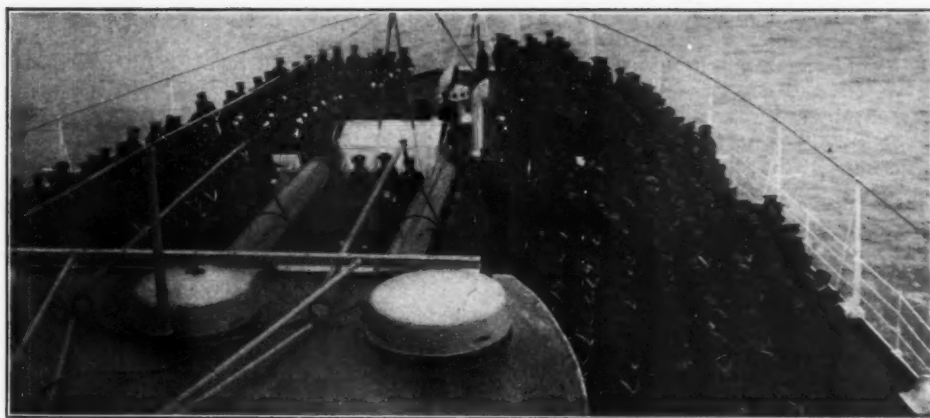
AT THE climax of American enthusiasm over the sailing of our ships for the Pacific came the anti-climax of Mr. Henry Reuterdahl's denunciation of the whole fleet under Admiral Evans. Mr. Reuterdahl is an associate of the United States Naval Institute, an editor of important naval publications and an artist of distinction. His sensational analysis of our battleship fleet and of our state of naval efficiency was given to the world in *McClure's Magazine*, which is as much as to say that Mr. Reuterdahl's statements were conscientiously tested before publication and printed with a due sense of responsibility. We have, he says, a fleet with its main armor under water. The lowness of our ships renders a third of our guns useless in a seaway. The great powers have, for the most part, faster ships than ours. Open shafts to magazines make our big battleships perilous mainly to those who must fight in them. Great unarmored sections of our vessels expose their vitals to an enemy's shot. Gun crews work unprotected. There is a lack of torpedoes and of destroyers. Such guns as our ships possess are faultily disposed.

APPALLING as, in his judgment, is the showing from the material point of view, Mr. Reuterdahl sees reason to anticipate that all change for the better is hopeless while the existing naval administrative system endures. Our officers are too old when they take command. They have no actual training for their responsibilities. The crews of our battleships get no actual battle practice worthy the name. Now, how can such things be? "The answer to this," Mr. Reuterdahl affirms, "is simply that no human being is responsible for this thing. It is done by a system—an organization so constituted that its very nature compels it to perpetuate mistakes." What is needed is quite clear to Mr. Reuterdahl. Our Secretary of the Navy must have expert advisers. "There must be a board behind him whose opinion he is legally authorized by Congress to accept." That board, corresponding to the General Staff in the army, will, Mr. Reuterdahl believes, give us in time a really great navy. The genius of American inventors will be enlisted in the cause, as now it is repelled from it. Such, then, are the assertions and conclusions of one who has a closer seagoing acquaintance with our navy than perhaps any other living civilian possesses. A single extract from his widely quoted article in *McClure's* will suffice to convey an idea of its tone and temper:

"Of all our battle-ships, not one shows its main armor-belt six inches above the water when fully equipped and ready for sea. There is a continuous belt of this main armor from seven and one-half to nine feet wide around every ship. The constructors' plans were made to have from 12 to 30 inches of this out of water when each vessel makes her trial trip. But trial trips are made with something less than half the weight of actual service on board the ship. When fully loaded for sea, practically the whole of the ship's water-line belt is under water. Above this is a thinner armor, which can be pierced by heavy shells. The standard heavy gun of to-day throws a steel projectile 12 inches in diameter, 4 feet long, and weighing 850 pounds, charged with a high explosive. The bursting of one of these shells in this thinner secondary armor would tear a hole bigger than a door upon a ship's water line. What would happen after this is best shown by what actually did happen to a Russian battle-ship, the *Oslibia*, as told by one of her officers on the evening of the battle of Tsushima:

"Three shells, one after another, almost in the same identical spot. Imagine it! All of them in the same place! All on the water-line under the forward turret! Not a hole, but a regular gateway! Three of them penetrated her together. She almost heeled over at once, then settled under the water. A tremendous rush of water, and the partitions were naturally useless. The devil himself couldn't have done anything."

"The *Oslibia* sank one hour after firing began."



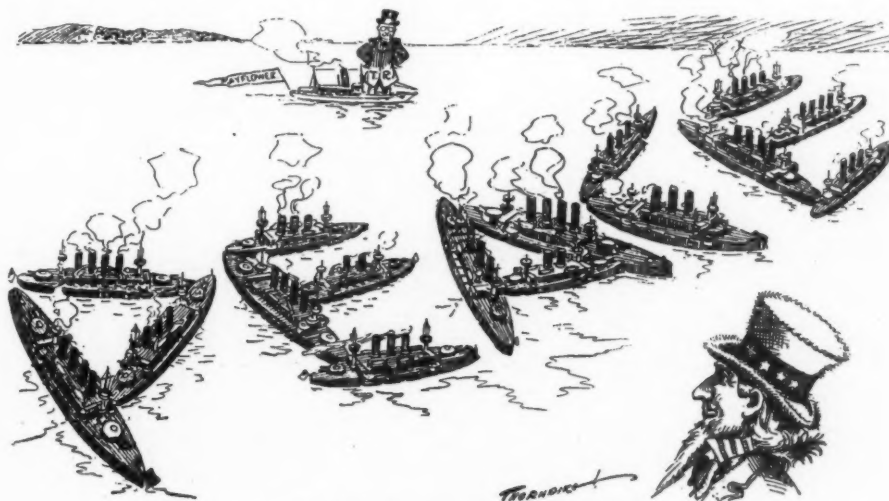
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SWEARING IN THE CREW

A solemn occasion never before photographed. Overhead the stars and stripes are flying as each man takes the oath of allegiance in the presence of all his mates.

ARMOR at a battleship's water line must be viewed in the light of the fact that ships increase their draught from year to year, as is pointed out by the well-known naval constructor, Sir William White, so that the value of the armor belt gets less and less with the passage of time. Ships, he tells us, must be compared with their contemporaries. Comparisons between a battleship commissioned in 1895, and one commissioned in 1907 are meaningless. Yet Mr. Reuterdahl tells us that "the three ships of the *Indiana* class" have their bows eleven feet above the water, whereas the *Dreadnought's* forward decks are twenty-

eight feet high. Of the *Dreadnought*, by the way, Mr. Reuterdahl affirms that it "embodies the secret lessons of the Russo-Japanese war," although what those "secret lessons" may be he does not reveal. But the *Dreadnought* does not embody the open lessons of that war, according to the naval expert of *Blackwood's* and according to Sir William White himself. The *Dreadnought* exemplifies the "all-big-gun battleship" theory which, in the view of the authorities quoted, is a heresy, and, according to a noted French admiral, commanding a big squadron today in the Mediterranean, "a monstrous blunder."



A PACIFIC MANEUVER BY THE FLEET

—Thorndike, in *Baltimore American*.

AVERAGES of armor protection in the battleships of the great powers, based upon the figure of merit among other factors, were made not long ago by the well-known naval officer, Captain Tresidder, of the royal dock yards. He places the armor protection in our battleships on a scale of superiority to every power but France. "Taking the average of armor—including heavy armor—protection adopted by each nation for the last ten years, and arranging the nationalities in order according to the value of belt protection on battleships," to quote the Captain's words, we have Germany fifth on the list and Great Britain last. The order is: France, United States, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, Great Britain. "The conclusion to be drawn from these statistics," comments the naval expert of the *London Post*, however, "must, of course, be formed with reference to many other technical considerations. Because Germany is fifth on the list it does not necessarily follow that the notation represents her absolute relative power of resistance." But on the figure of merit basis, our battleships are thought by this British expert among the best protected in the world. The concentrated fire of big guns at effective ranges is irresistible, affirms the widely quoted naval expert of *Blackwood's*, by the most powerful armor above or below a water line that Krupp has ever devised. This circumstance so powerfully impressed the British lords of the admiralty that they deliberately abandoned heavy protection

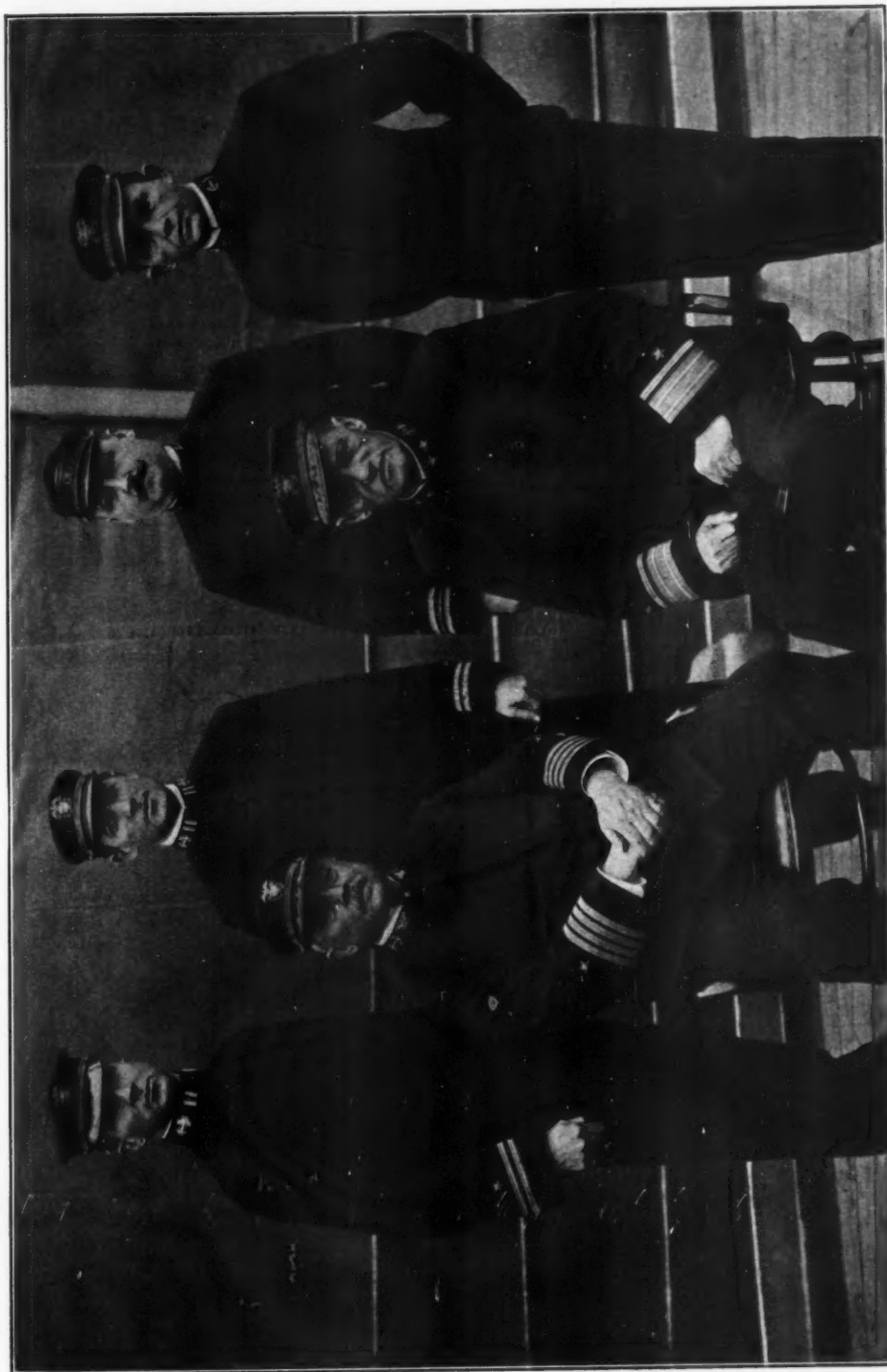
at the water line in the case of the nine battleships of the *Majestic* class, says the eminent naval constructor, Edward L. Attwood. Absolute protection at the water line, he informs us, was deemed less desirable than good protection more widely distributed because of the development of large quick-firing guns.

CRITICISM of our naval administration for not rapidly following the example of the *Dreadnought*, emphatically expressed by Mr. Reuterdaahl, seems neutralized by praise from naval experts in England and France who oppose the "all-big-gun battleship" school. "America hesitated to follow the British example," says the expert of *Blackwood's*, for instance, "and unless Congress overrules will not increase the size and speed of her battleships. This is a refreshing act of independence, for admiralities are very much like sheep and often follow each other without reasoning down to the bed rock on which their policy should lie." But in a few weeks more President Roosevelt announced his conversion to the "all-big-gun battleship" idea, influenced, it is said, by the arguments of that distinguished gunnery expert, Lieutenant-Commander Sims, U. S. N. The President argues that a high degree of skill has been developed in naval marksmanship. This is especially the case with heavy guns. Future battle ranges will be so great—three or four miles—that small guns (six-inch) will be practically ineffective. Sir William White has his doubts.



FOLLOWING THE FLAG

W. A. Rogers, in *N. Y. Herald*.



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ADMIRAL EVANS AND HIS STAFF

The officer seated at the Admiral's right is Captain Jagersoll, chief of staff. Admiral Evans may never reach the Pacific as a mere rear-admiral. A strong movement is on foot in Washington to make him a vice-admiral, and give him a rank befitting the responsibilities now resting upon him.

BATTLESHIPS hitherto have carried, to follow the exposition of this subject in the French service organ, the Paris *Armée*, about four twelve-inch guns and ten or a dozen other guns of the six-inch kind. The "greatest practical range for opening fire" has been, consequently, about seven thousand yards. This is because the smaller weapons cannot be used with advantage at a greater distance. "In the case of such a mixed armament, the huge power of the twelve-inch guns, due to the charge they carry and to the effective arrangements which now exist for controlling fire, has to be sacrificed in order to give the six-inch guns of the secondary armament a chance." Such was the reasoning which led to the designing of the battleships of the *King Edward VII* type in England's navy. Be it noted by the way that these battleships embody the very features which Mr. Reuterdahl denounces in our own ships of the same date. "When fully loaded for sea," to quote that gentleman, speaking of our *Connecticut*, and her sisters, "practically the whole of the ship's water-line belt is under water. Above this is a thinner armor which can be pierced by heavy shells." The armor belt of the *King Edward VII* class of battleships is relatively much thinner above the water line than it is at the water line itself. It is carried in reduced thickness to the bow. Even the casemate system of protecting the secondary armament has been abandoned in these ships of the British navy.

NAVAL officers throughout the world, in the opinion of the expert of the London *Telegraph*, are beginning to believe that future fleets will consist only of two classes of ships. On the one hand there will be torpedo craft of various sorts, both for above water and for under water propulsion, and, on the other, battleships conforming to what the "all-big-gun battleship" school deem the lessons of Tsushima. To quote the language of the official report on the French naval estimates of this year: "These ships will be of great size, mount one type only of big gun and one type only of small gun for repelling torpedo attack, and the armor will be carried below the water line so as to protect the vitals against submarines and torpedoes, and will be carried higher up the hull so as to prevent the destruction of the decks." M. Bos, the expert we are quoting, in finally summing up the big armored ship of the future, insists that it will be essential for designers to take into account the factor of speed. According to this ex-

pert's words in the *Temps*, "it was thanks to his speed that Togo was able to follow the Russians step by step, to place himself in the most favorable position for making his fire effective, to bar their route and pursue them." This opinion is so well in accord with the expert views held in Japan, Great Britain and the United States—with the exceptions noted—that President Roosevelt seems to the French daily to have done only his duty in making it his own.

OF ALL the fleets rendered more or less obsolete by the evolution of the *Dreadnought* type, the squadrons of the United States, in the opinion of this French expert, have suffered least, while the squadrons of Germany have suffered most. "Poor little things," says M. Bos of the German battleships, an opinion endorsed by the well-known English writer on naval affairs, Mr. Archibald S. Hurd. "The German navy has been built to fit the Kiel Canal," says the last named authority in *Cassier's Magazine*. "The Kiel Canal is shallow and its locks small, the docks lack depth, length and breadth, and even in several of the harbors the depth of water is such that a large scheme of dredging must be undertaken before they can give hospitality to any ships corresponding in size and fighting power to those now being added to the other fleets. The German admiralty, when they drew up the naval program of 1900, signally failed in prophetic vision and the result is that the German navy consists exclusively of comparatively small ships mounting small guns and able to steam only at slow speed." Ship for ship, the vessels of the United States Navy are superior to those of Germany in armor protection, in armament and in speed, thinks this expert, while M. Bos goes further by opining that in the details mentioned the ships of our fleet are superior to those of the same age belonging not only to Germany but to France as well. However, Mr. Reuterdahl tells us in *McClure's* that "the three or four best navies in the world"—he does not name them—"have faster ships than ours."

MUCH is made by the English expert last named of the fact that "in the whole German fleet, including the ships building and built, there are only ten battleships which carry any larger modern weapon than the 9.4-inch gun," the latter corresponding to the pieces which are mounted in British armored cruisers. "There is not a single 12-inch gun in the



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THE MASCOT OF THE KENTUCKY

This is not a Teddybear, but is almost as harmless, even when awake. A collection of the various mascots of the fleet would make a fairly respectable museum of natural history.

German fleet," says Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, in *Cassier's Magazine*, "while each of the ten battleships built between 1895 and the end of the last century mounts only four 9.4-inch guns with a number of 5.9-inch quick firers as compared with the six 9.2-inch guns carried even by the vessels which, in the British navy, are still known as armored cruisers, and the four 10-inch guns of the *North Carolina*, *Montana*, *Tennessee* and *Washington*, of the American fleet." Admiral Bienaimé, speaking in the French Chamber of Deputies, said several weeks ago that the battleships of the French fleet cannot discharge a broadside from more than a third of their big guns simultaneously owing to the risk of premature bursting of shells. Edouard Lockroy, the eminent French naval expert, recently denounced French battleships of the *Patrie* class because the main armor belt is so heavy. The ship has, in consequence, no speed of any maneuvering value, according to the words of M. Lockroy in the *Temps*. By a coincidence, Mr. Reuterdaahl happens to have chosen the *Patrie* as a model for American imitation for the very reason M. Lockroy denounces it as an awful example—the main belt is seven and one-half feet above the water line. That is, Mr. Reuterdaahl says seven and a half feet. M. Lockroy's figures in metres work out to six and a

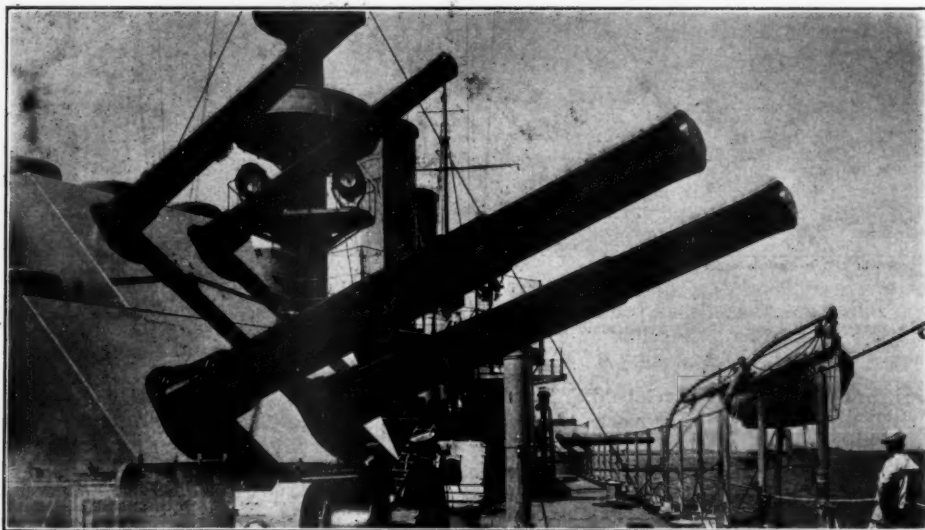
third feet. Mr. Reuterdaahl's statement that "in rough weather" it would not be possible "to aim and fire the forward turret guns" of our battleships, whereas "in the same weather foreign battleships, with their high bows, could fire their forward turret guns with ease" may be compared with Admiral Bienaimé's statement in the French chamber last October that "the internal structure of French battleships is so ill adapted to warfare that the discharge of a single big gun puts the whole vessel in imminent hazard of being blown out of the water through an explosion of her magazines."

SO MUCH is made of the internal structure of battleships generally and of turrets in particular by those who precipitated last month's naval sensation throughout the country that recent denunciation by French naval experts of the same magazine and turret structure praised by Mr. Reuterdaahl seems piquant. The disastrous explosion aboard the *Lena* last March, totally destroying that finest of French battleships, was due directly to spontaneous combustion of what is called "B" powder placed in a magazine underneath the dynamo compartment where the temperature is always very high. "Never," says Mr. Reu-

terdahl in *McClure's*, "since the use of powder upon fighting ships, has there been such danger to the magazines as exists in every battleship and cruiser in the American fleet." But M. Monis, on behalf of the commission appointed to inquire into the cause of the *Lena* disaster, tells the world that French battleships "incur constant risk of being blown entirely into the air at any moment" because their magazines are in many instances placed next to compartments in which there is al-

by French naval authorities, to spontaneous detonation of ammunition in magazines wrongly placed.

IT happens that the *Kearsarge*, which comes in for so much of Mr. Reuter Dahl's denunciation, owing to her turrets and her ammunition-hoisting apparatus, has been the subject of minute criticism by the naval expert of the *London Times*. Summarizing the words of this observer, it appears that the *Kearsarge*



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THE SUPERIMPOSED TURRET

The subject of many controversies, one of which has just been started anew. These turrets are in one form in the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* and in another form in the *New Jersey*. All first-class American battleships are noteworthy on account of the large amount of side armor they carry.

ways a high temperature. The result is generation of poisonous vapors which, in consequence of the entire separation of the magazines and turrets from the main ventilating system, imperil the safety of the ship in battle. Admiral Germinet, the newly appointed commander of the French Mediterranean squadron, is quoted in the *Paris Journal* as saying that the magazine and turret architecture of European battleships places gun crews in chronic peril of asphyxiation by the generation of oxide of carbon and dioxide of azote. "It is a singular and significant fact," says the *Armée*, "that this is the third explosion of the kind in less than two years." In September, 1905, the great Japanese battleship *Mikasa* went down at Sasebo while not long afterward the Brazilian battleship *Aquidaban* blew up near Rio Janeiro owing, it is affirmed

was laid down in 1896, her construction, as well as that of the *Kentucky*, having been authorized two years later. These vessels should be compared, therefore, not with the *Dreadnought* or with their much later successors, the *Connecticut* and *Louisiana*, but with their contemporaries, the British *Canopus*, the French *Gaulois* and the German *Karl der Grosse*. As soon as the design of the *Kentucky* and *Kearsarge* was published, and it became known that it had been decided to make the innovation which is the salient feature in these two vessels, the plan was sharply criticized and a great difference of opinion exhibited itself as to the wisdom of the course to be adopted. The design showed that on each of the two main towers or turrets, which are placed respectively forward and aft for carrying the heaviest guns in all

modern battleships, a smaller tower or turret was to be superimposed with an armament of the two next heaviest guns. In the *Kearsarge* the big turrets were given a pair of thirteen-inch guns, throwing a projectile weighing many hundreds of pounds, while in each of the smaller turrets on the top of these two eight-inch guns throwing a smaller projectile were carried. Among the advantages claimed for this system were these: It insured heavy and unobstructed bow and stern fire. There was absolute non-interference of the guns one with another. The lighter guns could be fought on either side, which would not be the case were they separately mounted one at each corner of the "citadel." All four guns could be trained together and directed on the same

munition to the two characters of guns is quite separate and very simple. Below the turret there is a series of chambers, each of which is of about the same dimensions as the turret itself. Platforms around the circumference of each chamber provide ample space for handling the ammunition. The lowest chamber of all is connected with the magazines in which are stowed the cartridges and projectiles for the biggest guns. The ammunition is placed on a tray operated by an electrical hoist connected to a central pillar running from the keel up to the top of the turret. The hoist carries the ammunition up to the rear of the big guns and to a position from which an electrically operated rammer pushes it into the gun. It is in the chamber



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HOW THE JACKIES HELP PASS AWAY THE TIME ON THE LONG CRUISE

This is a scene on the deck of the *Kearsarge*. The interest in the wrestling match is increased by the fact that the championship of the navy is being contested. The upper man has been champion and it looks as tho he was going to remain so.

object by one movement and there resulted an economy in space, weight and cost.

AS against these advantages, it was urged that there was grave danger of the whole four guns being put out of action by one lucky shot. The target, too, was considerably increased in size. It was also objected that there would be a complication of the loading arrangements for guns of two different calibers in the same turret. The last mentioned objection does not seem to the expert of the *London Times* to have any real foundation. The system of supplying the am-

munition to the two characters of guns is quite separate and very simple. Below the turret there is a series of chambers, each of which is of about the same dimensions as the turret itself. Platforms around the circumference of each chamber provide ample space for handling the ammunition. The lowest chamber of all is connected with the magazines in which are stowed the cartridges and projectiles for the biggest guns. The ammunition is placed on a tray operated by an electrical hoist connected to a central pillar running from the keel up to the top of the turret. The hoist carries the ammunition up to the rear of the big guns and to a position from which an electrically operated rammer pushes it into the gun. It is in the chamber

HOISTS for the larger caliber of gun aboard the *Kearsarge* carry two supplies of ammunition for each gun and those for the smaller calibers three supplies of ammunition. Both the lower chambers are below the water level. A third chamber, also protected, affords a platform for directing the supply and is immediately beneath the turret containing the largest guns. The rapidity and

certainly with which the electric hoist carries the ammunition to the loading position are, in the judgment of the British naval expert we have followed in this description, "very remarkable." He notes that when the four guns were fired simultaneously in each of the turrets no inconvenience was felt in either turret. Nor was there any inconvenience of the sort at target practice. More particularly, this expert understands that no fumes of so deadly a kind as invade the quarters of gun crews on big European battleships are ever detected. "Apart from the fact that all the four guns must of necessity be fired in the same direction, and that therefore, if the ship be engaged on both sides, there is a loss of freedom in distributing the gun power, there appeared to be no obvious disadvantages in the system of mounting the guns." It is true that it is in a sense "putting all the eggs in one basket," but the protection of the main turrets is fifteen inches down to the protected deck and seventeen inches at the gun ports, while on the smaller turrets it is nine inches with eleven inches on the gun ports. "The guns themselves do not project from the ports more than is the case in other vessels of a similar character."

THAT our naval constructors were in doubt as to the advantages of this superimposed turret system was shown by the circumstance that neither in the *Illinois* class, authorized in 1896, nor in the *Maine* class, authorized in 1898, was it repeated. In 1901, Admiral O'Neil, then chief of the bureau of ordnance, reported that the *Kentucky* and *Kearsarge* were without doubt an unqualified success, and in the *Georgia* class it was decided to revive the system. These vessels were authorized in 1899-1900, but the turret as superimposed precipitated so vehement a controversy that changes of plan were made in the laying down of the later units. In the class of ships that came next, the five of which the *Louisiana* is the type, the superimposed turret was not even taken seriously. But to return to the *Kearsarge*. Her freeboard is considerably less than that of British men-of-war and her top hamper considerably more. In spite of her comparatively low freeboard, the *Kearsarge* is affirmed by the naval expert of the *London Times* to have proved herself "a stanch sea-boat possessing a steady platform." She has had more than one opportunity, of course, of proving her

seagoing capabilities when steaming against a head wind and sea. Captain (later Rear-Admiral) B. H. McCalla, who was in command of her when she made her memorable passage through the Gulf of Mexico, said she came remarkably well through that severe test. The expert of the *London Times* has professed himself strongly impressed with "the great offensive and defensive capabilities" of the *Kearsarge*, "the effective character of her internal fittings" and her general design. "In her the United States possesses a battleship which any nation in the world might be proud to own."

YET nothing could exceed the severity of the condemnation passed by Mr. Reuter-dahl upon both the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky*. Open turrets cause the exposure of the magazines. The turret ports are enormous. "Half a dozen twelve-inch shells could enter them at the same time." When she went to England painted canvas, imitating steel, was placed over one defect to hoodwink the foreigner. It evidently misled the naval expert of the *London Times* among others. But the open turrets do not cause the only exposure of our magazines, complains Mr. Reuter-dahl. "In the twelve earliest battleships of the navy—a half of our battleships—there is a big unarmored section in the after end of the superstructure which protects the medium and smaller guns." This, we are told, "lies just in front of the after turret"—an undefended region of some half hundred not particularly thick plates. "At certain angles a shell from an opposing fleet would pass through this soft spot like a bullet through a piece of paper." Now many British battleships—especially those contemporary with our own earlier battleships—have what Sir William White calls soft noses. Owing to successive improvements in guns "a stage was at length reached when it was found impossible to cover any large area of a ship's side with armor thick enough to resist the fire that could be brought against it." The only thing to do was to protect a portion of the ship with very thick armor and to depend on deck and other protection for the remainder. The principle acted upon was that it would be better to protect efficiently the midship portion of the vessel in way of machinery and heavy guns than to cover a large area with thinner armor that could not keep out the enemy's fire.



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SUBMARINES

It was but a few years ago that the submarine was looked upon as an impracticable freak. Now all the navies are vying with each other in strengthening this mode of attack. The two submarines in the picture are the *Shark* and the *Porpoise*, long since this successfully launched.

NOTHING would be easier than to take up the points made by Mr. Reuterdaahl and to quote against them, one by one, European expert opinion to a totally different effect. Where he holds up the *Dreadnought* to admiration, Admiral Germinet, of the French Navy, condemns it as an egregious error. Mr. Reuterdaahl insists that the *Oslabia*, one of the Russian battleships overwhelmed by Togo, was sunk because of a huge hole torn at her water line. The naval expert of *Blackwood's* affirms that the loss of the *Oslabia* was due to the concentrated fire of Togo's squadron upon her deck, not at the range of the big guns but at the closer range of the secondary armament. Mr. Reuterdaahl avers that the magazines of our ships are so located that they cause all the recent dire accidents from "flare backs," but the Italian naval expert, Admiral Morin, says that European battleships are all faultily constructed in respect of magazines. Mr. Reuterdaahl denounces the bureau system of our navy, but M. Monis, after official investigation, says of the French admiralty that "naval constructors, engineers and combatant officers all act in complete independence of each other and there is no superior authority."



THE financial sharps of the whole round globe seem to have been expressing in print their views of our financial situation and of the reasons for our recent disturbance. There are differences of opinion on many aspects of the situation, but they all seem to coincide on this, that we are paying for the war which the Chamberlain government waged upon the Boers, for the war which the grand dukes of Russia forced upon Japan, and for the disasters which the spots on the sun (perhaps) inflicted upon San Francisco and Valparaiso. We have our own financial sins to answer for, of course; but underneath these is the great underlying cause of a scarcity of the world's capital due in large part to the events just enumerated. The brotherhood of man is a beautiful thing in books and sermons and poems; but when we begin to pay for wars that other nations wage on other continents and to suffer the consequences in closed banks and toppling industries, then it appears that even the brotherhood of man has its seamy side. Says Yves Guyot, former minister of public works of France: "Capital has been swallowed up by wars and has lost its purchasing power." Says



"STUCK!" —Columbia State.

Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*: "It may be said that money has not been really cheap and plentiful since the Boer war. . . . During the last ten or twelve years an enormous amount of wealth has been destroyed in wars, and the last and most costly of these (the war between Russia and Japan) made a demand so vast and sudden that it lowered the value of securities and sent up the rates of money all the world over." Paul Leroy-Beaulieu says the same thing. And the chairman of the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association, A. Barton Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank, New York, lays stress upon the same world-wide condition as the primary cause of our panic.



UNCLE SAM—Fine wheels you made for this machine!—Philadelphia *North American*.

EVERY year there is saved in Europe and the United States the sum of about \$2,500,000,000 destined for investment in Stock Exchange values. This is Leroy-Beaulieu's estimate. In the year 1906 there were issued stocks and bonds to the amount of \$3,200,000,000. The year 1907 saw a still larger amount issued. These two years, therefore, left a deficit, so to speak, in the world's treasury of about \$1,500,000,000. "There lies the source," says the eminent French economist—the most eminent perhaps in the world—"of that lack of equilibrium which, however well built may have appeared the scaffolding of new business, was destined to bring it all to the ground. That was the great cause of the American crisis." The strain was greater in this country because we have the largest amount of stock exchange values to be found in any country of the world. A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Charles A. Conant, gives the following table to show the world's wealth in negotiable securities. He reckons the securities at par value because he finds that the par value and the market value are, in the aggregate, nearly the same:

ESTIMATED OUTSTANDING SECURITIES IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1900.

Country.	Par value of Securities owned.	Amount per Capita.
Great Britain	\$26,400,000,000	\$616.97
France	19,500,000,000	500.94
Germany	10,000,000,000	177.41
Russia	5,400,000,000	41.86
Austria-Hungary	4,400,000,000	96.90
Netherlands	2,200,000,000	405.08
Italy	2,300,000,000	69.24
Belgium	1,400,000,000	200.42
Spain	1,300,000,000	69.82
Switzerland	1,100,000,000	331.78
Denmark	600,000,000	226.69
Sweden and others...	400,000,000	7.76
Total Europe ..	\$75,000,000,000	\$172.70
United States (1905) ..	34,514,351,382	414.54
Japan (1905)	1,563,412,951	29.70
Aggregate	\$111,077,764,333	\$196.17

As will be seen by these figures, the negotiable securities of the United States amounted to \$34,514,351,382 in 1905, which was almost one-third of the entire wealth of the nation. It was greater than the sum of all the securities held in 1900 by all the other countries of the world combined, excepting Great Britain and France. When the deficit came in the loanable capital of the world, therefore, the United States, having the greatest demand for such capital, felt the check most severely

ALL the currency bills which Congress may enact cannot, of course, remove this underlying cause of our recent financial chill. The only remedy for that is for the world to spend less and save more. But there are auxiliary causes for our trouble, and against one of these in particular, the inelasticity of our currency, the flood of proposed remedies is directed. The chairman of the finance committee of the Senate, Senator Aldrich, has introduced one bill. The chairman of the currency committee of the house of representatives, Congressman Fowler, has introduced another. The two bills are very dissimilar and illustrate at the outset a division of sentiment in the ranks of both parties. Moreover, the bill which Mr. Fowler has introduced is quite dissimilar from that which he and his currency committee pressed in the previous session of Congress. It is entitled "a bill to effect a complete reformation of the currency system," while the Aldrich bill is obviously an attempt to patch up the worst rents in the present system. Senator Culberson, the minority leader in the Senate, and Senator Bailey, former minority leader in the house, announce their opposition to the Aldrich bill. Secretary Cortelyou and Speaker Cannon are reported in favor of it. What will emerge finally out of the seething caldron at Washington, or whether anything will emerge until after the presidential election is held, it would take the seventh son of a seventh son to tell. It is an opportune time to quote from a letter John Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson in 1787. Said Adams: "All the perplexities, confusions and distresses in America arise, not from defects in their constitution or confederation, not from a want of honor or virtue, so much as from downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit and circulation."

THE main provisions in the Aldrich bill are for the issue of an emergency currency (it is not called that) by the banks to the extent of \$500,000,000, and for an increase in the bank-note circulation. The emergency currency is to be taxed six per cent. to insure its withdrawal from circulation when the emergency is past, and it is to be secured by such state, county and municipal bonds and first mortgage railway bonds as may be approved by the controller of the currency and the secretary of the treasury. An increase in bank-note circulation is also provided for by giving the banks authority to issue an amount equal to their paid-in capital and



THE AMERICAN FINANCIAL UPHEAVAL

Many American millionaires were reduced to beggary and they at once organized a beggars' trust.—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

surplus. They can now issue an amount equal to their capital only. All of this increase, both bank-notes and emergency currency, thus consists of a bond-secured currency, which, according to Congressman Fowler, is the most vicious feature of our currency system. He opposes the bill in whole and in its parts, and it is evident that the press opposition will be influential. The relief which the bill would afford, says the *Boston Herald*, "would be imaginary rather than real and it would not bestow a whit more elasticity than we now have." The *New York Tribune* remarks:

"Our country has produced no more clear-headed man than the late President Garfield. The principle that should control Congress in legislating upon this subject was tersely and truthfully expressed by him: 'No currency can meet the wants of this country that is not founded upon business'—not upon securities which banks are constrained to buy especially for that purpose, but upon 'business' which the natural assets of a bank represent."

The *New York Times* notes that in the recent emergency the banks were entitled to issue \$200,000,000 more of bank notes than they did issue, so that it can see but little aid to be derived from a further extension of this privilege, and it deplores any effort at "fastening upon ourselves and our industries by fresh shackles a bond-secured currency, which

shrinks whenever the market for bonds shows a profit and increases whenever the bond market is poor—exactly reversing what should be.”

THE new Fowler bill is drafted on opposite lines. It proposes to retire all our bond-secured currency—bank notes—and all the United States notes—greenbacks—and to have the banks issue in their place “national bank guaranteed credit notes” to the amount of their capital stock. These notes are to be taxed two per cent. per annum, and each bank must deposit with the U. S. treasurer five per cent. of the credit notes it takes out and five per cent. of its average deposits during the twelve months preceding. The proceeds are to constitute a federal guarantee fund of \$500,000,000 to secure the deposits as well as the outstanding notes of every national bank. This provision may be expected to gratify Mr. Bryan, who has been advocating a government guarantee of bank deposits. His suggestion has been acted upon, it may be observed, by the Oklahoma legislature in the case of state banks, and there is agitation for similar action in Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. All

Oklahoma state banks are required to pay to a fund in the custody of a state commission one per cent. of their average deposits. When a state bank fails, the depositors will be paid in full out of this fund, and if it is not large enough, the other state banks will be assessed to the required extent. This, as the Springfield *Republican* observes, is a departure from existing policy in that it requires sound and solvent banks to bear the consequences of the misdeeds and poor judgment of other banks. This very fact, however, would, it thinks, compel conservative bankers to watch and act against dishonest and reckless banking among neighboring competitors.

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P IUS X repudiated with emphasis last month the statement put into his mouth by European anti-clerical organs to the effect that despotism is an ideal form of government and that tyranny is the most efficient of administrative expedients. Versions of the sovereign pontiff's words on these points differ, but the effect is the same in all. The Pope declared that his sentiments are the exact opposite of these. Vatican dignitaries are said to feel that the misrepresentation of the Pope is part of the campaign of calumny in which the “modernists” are accused of being involved. The modernists are aggrieved by the choice of the four new cardinals, accentuating, as it does, that preponderance of Italians in the sacred college against which they have long and impotently protested. There are now thirty-six of the Italians among the cardinals; from all the rest of the world only twenty-six. The Roman Catholic communion is to continue, accordingly, under the sway of Italian prelates despite the protests of German-speaking and English-speaking lands. This state of affairs will endure, predicts the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), until there ensues a refusal of the Catholic world to contribute to the Vatican revenues more than the proportionate share of each country's representation in the college of cardinals. Belgium, for example, contributes to the Holy See more funds than all Italy combined, altho Belgium has but one cardinal. Italy, in truth, gives almost nothing to the maintenance of the Vatican, altho her prelates practically monopolize the great central offices of the church.



THE PONTIFICAL GRAND HUNT

His Holiness has succeeded in bringing down one or two more modernists with the gun of dogma.—Munich *Simplicissimus*.



THE CONSISTORY AT WHICH THE POPE CALLED THE MODERNISTS TRAITORS

His Holiness created four new cardinals on the occasion pictured here. Two of them were Frenchmen and two Italians. No American, Englishman or member of the German-speaking nationalities was added to the sacred college. His Holiness in announcing the names of the recipients of these red hats denounced in the strongest possible language those "traitors within the fold" who hold to the opinions collectively termed "modernism."

HIS Holiness is accused of excessive partiality for Venetians in making his promotions. At any rate, Mgr. Gaetan de Lai is the third ecclesiastic of Venetian origin upon whom the red hat has been bestowed during the four years of this pontificate. Mgr. Gasparri, another new cardinal, is noted for his uncompromising opposition to modernism. He is said to have inspired the Vatican order prohibiting as a mortal sin the buying, selling or keeping the recently issued "program of the modernists"—an answer to a recent encyclical. The authors of the "program" remain anonymous, but they are, for all that, excommunicated. From this excommunication the Pope alone will give absolution. "The writers of the book are to consider themselves as much bound by the decree as if it were served upon them personally." If they happen to belong to the clergy, their disregard of excommunication and their continuance of their priestly functions will incur the penalty of "irregularity." Mgr. Gasparri was made a cardinal, we are told, for promoting these measures.

TWO of the four new cardinals are French archbishops. This is the first time the Pope has put Frenchmen into the sacred college in complete independence of all suggestion from the government of the third republic. Red hats have hitherto been bestowed upon French ecclesiastics through the initiative of the president of the republic. These new

French cardinals have been much to the fore in the Vatican war on modernism. Meanwhile England has no cardinal and has been without one since the death of Vaughan, and Canada vainly clamors for a successor to the late Cardinal Taschereau. The papal allocution at the consistory in which the nomination of the new cardinals took place dealt almost entirely with modernism. Pius X is said to have endured twinges of his familiar malady the gout and to have shown plainly the effect of the strain upon his mind which the events of the past few months have done nothing to relieve. His natural sweetness of disposition remains unaltered, all visitors to the Vatican finding him as accessible and as paternal in his attitude as he was in the days of his Venetian patriarchate. One of his sisters is quoted as saying that the pontificate is "killing" him.

COMPROMISE on the issue which is making this reign the most exciting in papal annals since the days of the great Napoleon seems never to enter the Pope's mind. The church, he told their eminences at the consistory, is attacked from all sides in a warfare open to some extent but dissembled to an even greater extent. Pius X affirmed his deliberate conviction that the church is now rent through the machinations of traitors within the fold. "The rights and laws of the church," he exclaimed, "have been trampled on by those who should safeguard them." A press described

by his Holiness as "impious and vulgar" has fought the church "even to the extent of disturbing the public order." This was an allusion to the recent anticlerical riots throughout Italy. "To this must be added," Pius X went on, "the disastrous propaganda within the bosom of Catholicism itself which is being carried on by modernists who disdain the pontifical authority." The true aim of the modernists, as the Pope thereupon defined it, is to create "a new faith and a new conscience." The vehemence of the pontiff in saying these things proved, say despatches, "startling" to the listening cardinals.

OF THE modernists would enlist themselves "frankly among the enemies of the church," the Pope declared, "the evil would be less." As it is, they proclaim themselves Catholics, partake of the sacraments and go to the extent of celebrating mass. "Fulfilling my apostolic duty," the sovereign pontiff concluded, "I have adopted against the modernists such measures as are necessary, striving particularly to save young clergymen from perversion." All this is much more drastic than any words the Pope has spoken since the modernist crisis became acute. He is said to be particularly incensed against the modernists in England for trying to make it appear that the Vatican is discrediting the teachings of that most illustrious of all intellectual converts to the Roman communion, the late Cardinal Newman. Father Vaughan had an interview with Pius X recently in the course of which the subject was discussed at length. So far from condemning the great English cardinal, the Pope spoke of him with the greatest admiration, denying positively the modernist contention that if Newman were alive to-day he would be a modernist of the contemporary type.

IT IS because the Pope feels keenly what he deems modernist misrepresentation of his attitude that the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, has been denying that the papal encyclical, in condemning modernism, was aimed at Cardinal Newman or that it identified him with them. "It is true that the encyclical strikes at certain persons who, especially in England and in France, call themselves true interpreters of Newman while they are only modernists more or less disguised." It is easy for competent scholars, the

Vatican claims, to show by means of a comparative analysis the profound difference which exists between the doctrines of Newman and the modernism condemned by the encyclical. "It is a childish sophism as well as quite irrelevant to plead that because Newman was made a cardinal all and every one of his writings were approved and that to condemn any one of his propositions is to attack the Pope who raised him to the purple." There are many illustrious Catholic philosophers and theologians, "among them even cardinals," who may have expressed some opinion or theory which cannot be approved.

IF IN Newman's writings there should be found any phrase or page which does not conform to the Pope's encyclical, "it would still be absurd to conclude that Newman was condemned as a modernist." The great cardinal apologist, "who was profoundly Catholic and sincerely devoted to the authority of the church," if he were alive to-day, "not only would have fully subscribed to the Encyclical but would have severely blamed those false Catholics who have dared to write or caused to be written that to them the name and example of John Henry Newman mean more than those of a whole curia of living cardinals." This last is "a hypocritical phrase," contends the Vatican organ. "It means that people who call themselves Catholic prefer the ideas of one man, illustrious and most worthy tho he was, to the dispositions and judgments emanating from the Holy See." These "so-called" Catholics are told that they show themselves what they are when in their name one of them writes in a newspaper that "they look on every blow aimed at Father Tyrrell as a blow to the structure of English Catholicism." The Vatican organ concludes with the assertion that all these utterances are "authoritative." Such emphasis of denunciation can only mean, say European organs, that recent talk of compromise between the Vatican and modernists generally is absurd. The controversy will be waged with greatest ferocity against those of the clergy who write in defense of modernism anonymously. It is even stated in Vatican circles that "His Holiness wished to establish a distinction in punishment between Father Tyrrell, who in maintaining modernist principles signed his own statements, and the anonymous writers." Father Tyrrell cannot exercise the functions of the priesthood. He may not receive the

communion. He can be absolved after confession only by the Pope himself. But the anonymous writers, "the traitors within the fold," as Pius X deems them, are deprived even of the rights they acquired through baptism until they declare themselves and make their submissions. As yet, the modernists retain their anonymity and they are conducting their campaign with greater vigor than before.

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DETERMINED to overcome once for all a heredity predisposition to an obese habit of body which is said to have caused her agonies of mind, the Czarina, by a heroic process of dieting begun six months ago has made herself not only thin but ill. Her Majesty is affirmed to have been unable to leave her bed more than once or twice in the last few weeks. The uxoriousness of the Czar has made him a fellow prisoner of his consort's, the condition of the royal lady being aggravated by an attack of influenza and an obstinate high fever. The contingency of an increase in the nursery accommodations at Tsarskoe Selo has excluded so many other considerations from the Czar's mind that his interest in the proceedings of his third Duma is reported by most St. Petersburg correspondents as languid. He had very little to say to Nicholas Alexeievitch Khomiakoff, the highly educated son of the great Slavophil poet and godson of Gogol, who is President of the present Duma, when that gentleman appeared at the palace to present the "homages" of the deputies. Mr. Khomiakoff looks all of his fifty-seven years, a big burly figure of a man with a loud voice and much charm of manner. He is thought by the extremists who hate autocracy to be something of a courtier and he is suspected of inclining to Prime Minister Stolypin's view that the safety of Russia depends for the time being upon a "tame" Duma.

DEPUTIES were on their feet hurling epithets and in one or two instances even glassware at this presiding officer before the third Duma was many weeks old. Rodicheff, the eloquent orator who has so long been one of the leaders of those constitutional democrats who make history in all Dumas, had been alluding with invective to death sentences upon bomb throwers. He likened the existing system of repression under the Czar of today to that by which forty years since General Mura-


vieff trampled out rebellion in Poland. "When Russian authority," cried Rodicheff, "discerns the sole specific, the sole palladium, in what has been termed Muriavieff's collar, but which will yet be called Stolypin's necktie——." Here he made a suggestive gesture emblematical of a hangman's noose. So many of those Social Democrats who sat in the second Duma are now convicts in the mines or exiles in Siberia that extreme views of any kind are rarely heard. Rodicheff made a sensation. Count Bobrinsky, the deputy who reveres absolutism, smashed the top of his desk with a Titan blow of his clenched fist. Another eminent reactionary leader seized a water pitcher and projected it some feet in Rodicheff's direction. Deputies swarmed forward pell-mell, choking all aisles. Khomiakoff roared his loudest for order and fled. In the end Rodicheff said he had been misunderstood. Apologies were given and accepted all around.

ODESSA, the great Russian city of half a million inhabitants, amply policed, garrisoned with twenty thousand troops, has remained, ever since the sessions of the new Duma began weeks ago, under the sway of her hooligans, wearing the badge of the League of the Russian People—the black hundred. "Civilized Europe," says the well informed Russian correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, Dr. E. J. Dillon, "has perhaps never known so terrible a state of affairs as that which prevails in the city of Odessa at the present moment." Murder and plunder proceed in broad daylight. Private residences are broken into by the black hundred swarms. "For some occult reason the police seem to find it impossible to check the looting and the slaughter. Indeed, no single instance is on record where the criminals have been adequately punished." The military commander of the district was removed for finally making practical efforts to bring to an end a state of anarchy which had endured, with little cessation, since last spring, intensifying as time went on. This commander was the aged and humane General Grigorieff.

FOILED by his own subordinates in every effort to stop the massacres of Jews and liberals in Odessa, General Grigorieff made up his mind to lay the case before the Czar. Having got to St. Petersburg, Grigorieff sought and obtained an audience with Nicholas II. "The old veteran had resolved to tell his im-


perial master all, to the end that a stop be put to the crimes of the league." But when the Czar at last appeared in the audience room at the palace the General saw with blank amazement that the breast of his imperial majesty was adorned with the badge of the very black hundred he had come so far to denounce. Quite forgetting the words of a speech he had prepared with much care, Grigorieff stammered some sentences and retired in confusion. In another twenty-four hours Prime Minister Stolypin let Grigorieff know that the Czar had been pleased to relieve him of the command at Odessa. Before long all persons sentenced in the Odessa courts for plundering or murdering Jews and liberals had been freed by "an exercise of the imperial clemency." Odessa has been in the toils of the "black terror" ever since.

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 HIS efforts to convey the idea that his recall to Tokyo by his government is void of significance at this significant juncture, Viscount Aoki, the bouncing little ambassador from Japan in Washington, made himself the most mysterious personality of the month. He is going home, he explained at length again and again, to make "a verbal report"—precisely to whom he does not specify. But when he gets to Japan he will talk over with somebody there that relation between federal powers and state jurisdiction of which the labor unions in California are reaping the advantages. "In Japan we have the form of central government," to quote the Viscount's own elucidation of the insoluble diplomatic riddle which all the world is trying to read, "and the Japanese people are naturally unable to understand conditions prevailing in America." With the Japanese people may be associated, in all that relates to the same subject, the press of Europe. It is taken for granted abroad that Aoki has long been an unpleasant person for our Department of State to deal with. His notions of diplomacy are understood to have been formed in the Bismarckian school of the mailed fist. His successor, the dispatches aver, will be "somebody whom the President likes." That was taken last month as a designation of Baron Kogoro Takahira, for five years the Mikado's envoy to our government. He has a typical Japanese physique—stout, stooped and somewhat stocky—with a European point of view. His lines in Washington were pleasanter than those toed by

Aoki. It was not the fault of this last, to copy the remarks of a recent writer in the *Paris Temps*, if he had to pester the President with pleas for Japanese children expelled from San Francisco schools and with protests against assaults on Japanese laborers by California's union men. Tokyo was always prodding Aoki and he was always prodding the President.

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 HAT master of sensation whom the world knows as Maximilian Harden and whose real name is Max Witkowski, lost on appeal the action against him for libeling Count Kuno Moltke, and the editor of the *Zukunft* was accordingly sentenced to a short term in prison. Suffering agonies from a racking cough, attenuated and pale in feature and trembling in every limb, the Harden who appeared before the criminal court in the Moabit quarter of Berlin had little in common with the smiling and triumphant Harden whom his friends bore on their shoulders through the streets. The court in which the former suit was heard was of no more consequence than one of our own police tribunals where a magistrate holds hearings, the judge having been a young lawyer aided by two assessors, a butcher and a milkman. On the present occasion the public prosecutor intervened. Hence the case was tried before a criminal court of first instance, a very dignified tribunal. There had likewise taken place a very considerable revulsion of feeling in Moltke's favor. The effect of the verdict is to dissociate him entirely from the clique known as the "Round Table." All that Harden affirmed of the iniquities of its members may be true, but the outcome of the new trial has been to establish in the general mind Moltke's contention that he was no participant in these things.

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 FTER the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway convention in Memphis, the Atlantic Coast Deep Waterway convention in Philadelphia. After the Philadelphia convention, the convention of governors in Washington for the purpose of combining these and all other similar systems. After the convention of governors, a bill to establish a permanent commission with \$50,000,000 a year to expend on purposes so big and varied that it takes six quadripedal and quinquipedal words to indicate



HAUNTED BY HORROR OF A FAT FATE

This portrait of her Imperial Majesty, the Czarina, reveals the success with which the royal lady has fought the hereditary foe of her house, obesity. It is said that she will proceed to the south of France in a few weeks with her children—the first time they have quitted Russia since Nicholas became involved in the revolution. Perhaps her Majesty will take not five but six little ones with her when she quits the nursery at Tsarakoe Selo.

them,—namely, irrigation, reclamation, clarification, utilization, regulation, and coordination of our waterways or by them. The large general plan thus being projected upon the American imagination may ultimately involve the expenditure of eight or ten times as much as will suffice to build the Panama Canal. Senator Newland's bill, now before the Senate, provides for a minimum of \$500,000,000 in ten years. This does not mean, however, so much in addition to what we are doing. It means organizing into a coherent system the unrelated schemes which have been proceeding in more or less haphazard fashion under appropriations from the River and Harbor Committee. After all these years, there are in the region between the Rockies and the Alleghanies 20,000 miles of river navigable or susceptible of navigation upon which, according to John L. Mathews, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, there is but one significant movement of cargo to-day,—namely the transportation of coal down the Ohio from Pittsburg.

A CASE in favor of the waterway project, ambitious tho it is, seems to the *New York Press* to have been made out completely by the reports presented to the Inland Waterways Commission. There is to be put into operation a new system of canalization and river development based upon the experience

with efficiently. "One curse of this business has been the confiding of the work to military engineers." What was essential from the first is only now perceived to be a staff trained to this branch of engineering with "river wisdom" for the project. Mr. Mathews dwells upon the amazing adventures of the Frenchmen sent here by his government to report on our inland navigation. Monsieur found the wings of the subject beating an official void.

THERE was not then, there is not now, any map tracing the course of the innumerable streams that should be pouring gold into our national revenue. Three separate departments of the government produced three separate series of lists of navigable streams, but all were in conflict regarding such details as the hydrology of the smaller streams, the number of the rivers, and the names by which they are locally known. Down to our own unregenerate days, no two streams in the whole republic have locks of the same size throughout. There may be a river somewhere within our borders boasting that prime desideratum of canalization, a uniform standard of lock chamber, but Mr. Mathews is skeptical on the subject from having looked long and vainly for the specimen. The Frenchman of whom he writes came, saw, conquered his impulse to laughter and went home dazed. The state of his mind,



—Hy Mayer, in *New York Times*.

of Prussia and France. In Prussia "they prepare engineers for this specialty of public work," to quote our daily contemporary, "just as in our country army and navy engineers are trained for their specialty." The *Press* quite agrees with Mr. Mathews when he asserts in his *Atlantic Monthly* article that this is a larger undertaking than our War Department could be reasonably expected to cope

were he to come back now, is sympathetically interpreted by Mr. Mathews thus:

"He would find the Tennessee improved with locks of one size—and the size of the lock chamber prescribes the dimensions of the boat to use that river—and the Cumberland, a similar stream adjoining it, and of the same depth, about to be blocked to all Tennessee River boats, with locks about eight feet narrower and considerably shorter. He would find, in fact, chaos."

Persons in the Foreground

THE FIGHTING BOB OF THE BRITISH NAVY



THE "fighting Bob" of our own navy wends his way to the Pacific with the most powerful force under one command belonging to any fleet in the world, the "fighting Bob" of the British navy is mobilizing for maneuvers an aggregation of battleships and cruisers which—surprising as it may seem to some newspaper readers—will quite eclipse in size the armada under Admiral Evans. Lord Charles Beresford, as commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet alone, could not cope with Admiral Robley Evans at his existing strength. When to the fourteen first class modern battleships and the six armored cruisers of the Briton have been added the six first class battleships of the British Atlantic fleet and the four first class battleships of the home fleet, besides nine powerful armored cruisers, the supremacy, until the maneuvers end, passes to Lord Charles Beresford.

Now "Charlie" Beresford, as he is familiarly styled, is so very much like our own "Bob" Evans in personal characteristics that they might be said to tick like two clocks. The British sailor knows our country and its navy well. He was here with his brother some months ago to settle the estate of still another brother who was killed in a railroad accident in North Dakota. Lord Delaval left an estate on this side of the ocean amounting, it is said, to nearly a million dollars and England's fighting Bob came in for his share of that wealth. But Lord Beresford had to "prove" his brother's will in the United States, Canada, Mexico and England, the task entailing much dodging of process servers in Texas. It must be said that Lord Beresford had not known his brother very well. The fighting Bob was at sea when this young man was born and there was one period of twenty-three years when the two did not meet on any occasion. Both being younger sons of the Marquess of Waterford, they had to make their own way in the world.

Charlie—his full name is Charles William de la Poer Beresford—is thought to have done well. He is not at this instant so conspicuous

an international figure as is our Bob Evans, but there was a time when people who had yet to learn about Bob Evans knew all about Charlie. Bob is thought by some to be rather more profane than Charlie, but on the other hand Charlie is a good deal more insubordinate than Bob. Each has passed his sixtieth year and commands the finest of his country's squadrons, but whereas our Bob is well known by name to the English their Charlie—despite his visits here—remains an unfamiliar personality among ourselves. Yet not even Bob Evans is a better sailor than Lord Charles Beresford, who looks quite like him.

Much sailing of many seas has toughened the visage of this explosive salt into a leathery leanness. The cheeks and chin are blue from close shaving. There is a pugnacious tilt to the nose which loses nothing from a habit Lord Charles Beresford acquired in his Egyptian days of sniffing the weather dubiously. The wiry gray hair is brushed close to square temples nearly always hidden beneath a hat jammed down almost to the brows. The eyes are of that indistinguishable hue between dark steel gray and the deepest blue which, in the case of Nelson, was said to denote a man born for command. The most noticeable thing about Charlie Beresford, as the Briton in the street dubs him, is his quick, almost nervous stride. Swathed in the uniform of his rank, he will pace his deck for hours, clapping a glass to one eye or roaring an observation at the top of a hoarse and even harsh voice. His gestures are quick and nervous, for his manner is without that cold reserve associated in the general mind with the holder of the highest rank in the King's service. There are intimations that the vocabulary of the hero includes a few impressive oaths.

Temperamentally, Charlie Beresford is pronounced, by that sympathetic student of his personality, the *London Mail*, to be "difficult." It is sometimes admitted by his best friends that he lacks absolute control of his great powers to the extent, at least, of being rash and hot headed in argument, impulsive in action and likely to precipitate difficulties with his superiors at the admiralty from which he



HE IS BRITAIN'S BOB EVANS AND HE COMMANDS A FLEET NEARLY AS HUGE

Lord Charles Beresford, whose picture reproduced above reveals the surprising physical similarity between him and our Admiral Evans, is known familiarly as "Charlie." He has been in trouble more than once "for conduct pronounced insubordinate," but a few weeks ago he came into conflict with a member of his own staff, whom he pronounced "insubordinate," much to the amusement of the lords of the admiralty.

extricates himself occasionally with some loss of personal dignity. But his generosity, his uprightness of purpose, his fine sense of honor and his devotion to duty in the face of every difficulty are as undisputed as his proficiency in those naval tactics of which he is a past master. A squadron of battleships is to Beresford what a grand piano is to Paderewski and of the two men the sailor might almost be said to exhibit the nervous temperament most characteristically. The slenderness and delicacy of Beresford's whole frame, the comparative smallness of his feet and hands, the abruptness and perhaps violence of his movements, the energy of his facial expression, the largeness of his veins, the lustrous eye all proclaim a temperament out of which a poet might have been made because the nerves and the intellect predominate over the body. In proportion to the face, the skull is big, altho the features would be called small. He sleeps little but eats heartily.

No one would dream of ascribing the rise of Britain's greatest living sailor from a cadetship to the supreme command of the finest fighting force that ever sailed the sea with the King's commission to such a thing as tact, for such a quality Lord Charles Beresford never displayed at any stage of his career. His record was once described as a series of rows, resignations and reconciliations, while his indiscretions of language have become notorious. There was a time when he seemed to experience a lugubrious satisfaction in reiterated assertions that the British Navy was good for nothing—"fit only for the scrap heap, by God!" is the precise expression put into his mouth by a critical English journalist. His official superiors are rumored to have charged him with insubordination to his face. He is almost constantly the central figure in strange rumors that a naval crisis exists. His proneness to the sort of indiscretion known officially as "acting without orders" was made evident years ago before Alexandria when he took the "Condor" right in under the nose of the big guns on Fort Marabout and silenced them. It was flagrant insubordination, a direct violation of the naval regulations and a breach of discipline besides; but the stroke was so brilliant and its result so successful that Egypt has been practically part of the British Empire ever since and Beresford remains unpunished to this day.

"You take such risks!" one lord of the admiralty is quoted as saying to him, Beresford retorting: "When there's nothing else

to take!" He had just saved a French cruiser that ran ashore. Beresford had trained a hawser about the French ship and converted his own vessel into a tug. The least miscalculation in the engine room must have brought the leviathans together and, perhaps, have sent both to the bottom. The French cruiser was rescued and the Paris government wanted to confer the medal of the Legion of Honor, but Beresford had "acted without orders" and London would not hear of any decoration.

There is in Lord Beresford the makings of what some would want to call a Bohemian. He belongs to half a dozen London clubs and he is a fairly familiar figure in many more. His social qualities are typically Irish. He was born in Ireland. Beresfords have been, for generations past, among the governing families of Ireland. "Long before any Beresford now living was born," says the *London Mail*, "a viceroy crossed St. George's Channel and found a Beresford filling a position greater than that of the Lord-Lieutenant and virtually King of Ireland." There was a Beresford with Sir Thomas Moore at Corunna—he who, an admiral in the disguise of a peasant, protected the British at Nice in the great French Revolution. There was a Beresford, too, who crossed the Egyptian desert for British glory in 1801 just as this Lord Charles Beresford of to-day crossed the Egyptian desert in his turn to attempt the relief of Gordon. Irishmen can hardly walk about Dublin without thinking of the house of Beresford, in honor of a member of which Sackville street received its name. When the Church of Ireland was disestablished there was a Beresford at its head. The fighting Bob of the British navy is Irish of the Irish and those social gifts which make him what the English call "clubbable" are therefore his by right of birth. He can sing a song, tell a story and, we are assured, mix a bowl of punch and dance the hornpipe. In this aspect he is described by one who knows him as a bluff, genial, honest kindly daredevil.

Then there is Beresford the craftsman. At a job of carpentry or in wood-turning he can hold his own against many a fine workman. He can carve oak, sycamore and walnut for panels and doors and give a competent critic's opinion on the genuineness of a Chippendale chair or the curve of an antique sofa leg. He is said to be good at any active form of sport, but his preference is for hunting. He has shot big game in Asia and pursued the fox in England. Most of his reading—and he

works his way through many books—is done at sea. Lord Beresford is a good deal of a writer himself. His essays are on such topics as China, which he visited and traveled in for the purpose of making a book; the great Nelson, whom he has taken as his own model and from whom he claims to have copied his own tendency to insubordination; and Egypt, a land he very much adores.

Beresford the politician is quite as dashing as Beresford the sea dog. He has stood for the House of Commons more than once and has been "returned," as they say in England, by overwhelming majorities. The *London Times* frankly regrets that he was ever elected at all. It would desire a man of equal professional capacity—"there are many such in the navy," it opines—but of less exuberant and impulsive oratory and, as some people may think, of greater sobriety of judgment and expression. Besides, there is a tendency to make too much of Charlie Beresford. At any rate, the *London Times* is sure there is. "To make a solitary naval hero of this or that officer whose career happens to have taken the popular fancy is one of those vagaries of popular sentiment which are or ought to be very distasteful to the subjects of them." His parliamentary career had scarcely opened be-

fore he was taken to task for expressing a desire to haul down his flag in the Mediterranean if his views concerning the defective coal supply on that station were not adopted and acted upon. Next he wrote a letter to somebody on the subject of old tubs and this letter got into the newspapers and Lord Beresford got into hot water. His resumption of the supreme command of the great channel squadron was preceded by another rumor that Charlie had been saying to the lords of the admiralty things of a furiously impulsive sort. However, fighting Bob got away with his warships and was speedily to the fore with another "regrettable incident." That particular member of Charlie's staff to whom had been assigned command of the cruiser squadron had dared to talk impertinently on the subject of his immediate superior. The commander-in-chief of the channel fleet at once censured the rear admiral of the cruiser squadron for language "contemptuous in tone and insubordinate in character." It is said on the best authority that when the lords of the admiralty in London heard that Charlie Beresford had censured a member of his staff for being contemptuous in tone and insubordinate they burst with one accord into the loudest laughter, awaking echoes in every squadron of the fleet.

RYAN, A SLAVE OF THE WHEEL OF LABOR



THIS becoming a commonplace that the hardest working men in our social organization are our rich men of affairs, our captains of industry and our high financiers. They are the real "slaves of the wheel of labor" (the phrase is from Edwin Markham's most famous poem), for like the monster created by a sculptor and endued with life, the product of their labors seizes them and dominates them and drives them night and day. Once in a while a man breaks the spell and escapes before it is too late, as Carnegie and Rockefeller have done. But such escapes are the exception rather than the rule. It is not simply the difficulty in letting go, but the still greater difficulty of readjusting one's habits and tastes so as to get anything worth while in life outside the strain and stress of the financial arena.

Thomas Fortune Ryan tried twenty years ago to break loose from his wheel of labor. He is still trying. Having accumulated what

seemed to him an ample fortune in 1885, he tried to retire from active business. He could let go of the particular enterprises in which he had been engaged, but he couldn't change the spirit of restless energy that had driven him into them. By the end of the year he had again plunged into the sea of finance deeper than ever, forming a partnership with William C. Whitney for a grand reorganization of the street railways of New York. About a year and a half ago he tried to retire again. He resigned from the directorship of thirty-seven corporations, retaining seven others for a time. Yet now, a year and a half after this second attempt to break away, the investigation into the affairs of the Inter-Borough Metropolitan Railway Company and the passing of the Seaboard Air Line Railway into the hands of a receiver—two of his very biggest schemes—have pilloried him before the public alongside of Harriman, Rogers and others, and driven far, far away his dreams of bucolic bliss. "Fun?" said Ryan not long since to an inquisi-

tive acquaintance. "I like fun as much as anybody. If I could find the time I'd have plenty of it. But to tell you the truth I just can't turn loose my work. Every day I'm tied down more tightly than ever before."

"The most adroit, suave and noiseless man that American finance has ever known," is the way in which William C. Whitney is said to have characterized Ryan. He was born and reared in the mountains of Virginia. Came of revolutionary stock on both sides. He was an orphan at five, and at fifteen the Civil War had left him penniless. He learned then what it was to hunt for a job and finally found one in a dry goods house in Baltimore. The head of the house, John Smith Barry, had a daughter Ida, and she looked with favor on the young man. So did her father. Retiring from business two years later, Mr. Barry secured a berth for his prospective son-in-law in a New York bank, and by 1874, being then twenty-three, Ryan had been able to form a partnership with a member of the Stock Exchange, to get married and to start on his illustrious career of manipulating stocks and bonds. He has manipulated a great fortune into his hands; but a good share of the public execration that has been let loose in recent years for men of his occupation has fallen to the share of Mr. Ryan, and it is doubtful if he has yet gotten all that is coming to him.

Personally, however, he does not seem to invite execration. Says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*:

"To those who see him at home, or who visit his office on errands, not of business, he appears a model of courtesy and kindness. His 'looks,' in the first place, are prepossessing. Tall and proportionately well built, with a mouth easily relaxing from pronounced firmness to smiling affability, bright gray eyes that glow softly as often as they reflect sternness or severity, grayish hair carefully brushed from a part far down on the side, a broad and rather low forehead, and a deeply dimpled chin that is a trifle too short for symmetry, he gives the impression of a gentleman from the ground up. His manners—people who meet him for the first time call them 'courtly'—are reminiscent of the old times; and even if one has heard the harsh stories, it is not easy to reconcile them with his easy bow and graceful greeting."

He is one of the least ostentatious of men. His home on Fifth Avenue is an old-fashioned brick residence, roomy, comfortable, and with a certain simple elegance. But there is no attempt at display. No liveried lackey meets you at the door, for instance; but an Irish maid ushers you into an unpretentious hall. His

business offices in the Morton Trust Company show the same lack of pretentiousness. "From floor to ceiling is not an ornament or embellishment to distinguish the 'den' from the private study of a tasteful man of moderate means." He talks always in gentle tones. He smokes but little, drinks hardly at all, and goes into society infrequently. Altho he breeds Kentucky thoroughbreds in his 4000-acre farm in Nelson county, Virginia (where he maintains his legal residence), he cares nothing about racing and he is seen riding in an automobile oftener than behind one of his blooded horses. He has another country estate, Monticello, at Suffern, in Rockland County, where he manages to sleep for a few nights in summer. "How do you keep your health and work so hard?" he was asked recently. His answer was: "I do it by making myself go to bed before ten o'clock every night. When the clock strikes, I am not only in bed; I am actually on the way to sleep."

A fortune of fifty million dollars made in thirty years and what does he get out of it? No time for any "fun." Splendid estates for others to enjoy. Blooded horses for others to drive. Hard work, public animosity, and an endless amount of fighting at an age when a man begins to long for peace. Mr. Rockefeller in an interview a few months ago likened himself and other heads of great enterprises to a cart-horse drawing heavy loads for the public. The bigger the fortune, the bigger the load to be pulled. There is something in it. A man doesn't even escape, except in rare cases, anxiety for the future. He may not have the fear of poverty before him, but he has the fear of defeat, and that is about as bad.

As to the nature of Ryan's financial transactions, we hear but little these days that indicates that he has ever done anything to be admired. If we are to accept the versions given in *Everybody's* by Russell and in *McClure's* by Hendricks, Ryan has been one of the worst offenders in the whole financial group. He is called "the most daring plunger of New York." In Wall street you will hear it said frequently that there is something "rotten" in all the Ryan manipulations. But the character of his associates makes one hesitate to accept such sweeping denunciation. He has been closely associated in many of his interests with the Morgan group, which, as Wall street goes, is about the best of all the financial groups. Elihu Root was for many years his chief legal adviser. And when he secured young Hyde's

stock in the Equitable Life, he succeeded in securing as trustees ex-President Cleveland, ex-Judge O'Brien and George Westinghouse. The Washington Life has prospered under his control. The Equitable has certainly suffered nothing from his connection with it. And the banks and trust companies in which he is the dominant power were not objects of special distrust in the recent storm. He has probably played the same game as the rest and in much the same way. The game is not confined to Wall street. It is played all over the country, and wherever you find it, whether on a little

or a great scale, it is about the same in its results and in its ethics. Buy a mine or a railroad or a mill for a million dollars, capitalize it at five millions, get a bank or trust company or syndicate to underwrite it, and then unload on the public. It is easy enough up to the unloading. That is where the skill comes in and that is where the big operator who has a few banks and trust companies on his string has the advantage. It is easier to do big things that appeal to the public imagination than to do little things in this game. Ryan has done big things.

THE KING OF SWEDEN



UNLIKE his father, the late Oscar II, Sweden's new king, Gustave V, is not the world's pattern of a courtly monarch. Oscar, avers one who knew him well, writing in London *Truth*, was courtly in all his conceptions of the functions of a king. Gustave is primarily a husband and father—the king comes afterward. Oscar was inexpressibly grand in manner, irresistibly delightful in personality. Gustave has a strain of sternness and reserve that tinges his whole character. He is typically Swedish in his outlook upon life, whereas his father blended the Norwegian point of view with that of Sweden. "The Norwegians are not swayed by reason," writes a well informed authority in *Blackwood's*, "but excited by a vague sentiment. By temperament they are buoyant and excitable. . . . The Swedes, on the other hand, have a deep-rooted dislike of innovation. Their history, which is a history of heroes, has given them a natural respect for custom and tradition." It was indeed their opposing temperaments, we are told, which separated Norway and Sweden, and Gustave V incarnates Stockholm as against Christiania. He is not "showy," as his father was, lacking the late king's "careless air in wearing smart new clothes," which, according to London *Truth*, the Duc de Talleyrand used to envy. Tall, rather dark, near sighted and unassuming, Gustave is essentially democratic, while seeming the opposite, whereas Oscar was aristocratic altho he made much of the people.

At the outset of his reign Gustave V has had the ill luck to be misrepresented on the score of his personal characteristics. That, possibly, is the result of some Norwegian

misunderstanding. "My eldest son is an excellent man!" exclaimed the late Oscar in the throes of that crisis from which Norway emerged with her independence. "He will make an excellent king." He was repelling an insinuation that the house of Bernadotte was not united on the great question. "We are a united family," he added, "the most united of all the royal families of Europe." Then the man broke through the potentate and in a voice surcharged with emotion, as the correspondent of the London *Post* tells the story, King Oscar declared that not one of his children would accept the Norwegian throne without his consent and that he would consent—never! Then followed bitter reproaches against individual Norwegian statesmen, of one of whom the late Oscar cried: "He is a traitor! A traitor! To think what I have done for that man!" To every sentiment thus enunciated the present Gustave V subscribed with all his heart and for that reason, he is not a favorite with some eminent Norwegians.

For this reason, perhaps, or, it may be, because ill informed journalists here and there have given unrevised misrepresentations to the world, we are assured on the highest authority that Gustave V has been unjustly criticized of late. There is in him neither pride of an objectionable type, nor any tendency to tyranny nor one strain of arrogance. He may not be able to draw upon such ripe culture or upon such fine talents as the monarch who preceded him, "yet the Swedes have no fear that his love of truth and justice will not outweigh this deficiency and probably make him a more practical ruler." As for the French descent of the Swedish royal house, "neither the present nor the late King has ever been



THE DESCENDANT OF A FRENCH PEASANT WHO IS NOW KING OF SWEDEN

Gustave V is about fifty, a reserved and nevertheless affable and democratic man. He is not as brilliant a personality as was his father, the late Oscar II, but his moral qualities are believed to make him the most upright king on any throne today.

ashamed of his ancestry or forgotten that the first Bernadotte on their throne was one of Napoleon's greatest marshals." In fact, a Swedish gentleman, who, as member of the new King's private tennis club, has repeatedly come in personal contact with his Majesty, affirms that he is even more democratic than was his father. Gustave V has generally selected his intimate friends from among the business world. He has never stood upon nice distinctions of social standing from either the aristocratic or the purely financial point of view.

Upon no better foundation rests the assertion that the King is "near" with regard to money. He might more correctly be described as extravagant with his purse. No one in Sweden has ever heard of his alleged strictness with his sons in the matter of their personal expenses. Stories that his Majesty has rows with the princes are denounced as a tissue of inventions. His wife, "a sweet, gentle lady," is somewhat of an invalid, having made her home in southern climes whenever she got the opportunity. Her diplomacy in maintaining domestic harmony has never been tested, since it would be a work of supererogation to keep the peace in a household which has always been maintained upon a basis of mutual esteem and affection. Her majesty, a Princess of Baden, is possessed of great riches. She boasts direct descent from that Gustavus who was the very last of the ancient line of the hero kings of Sweden. He died in penury some seventy years ago after dragging out a precarious existence as a deposed monarch during twenty years of neglect. The health of the new Queen of Sweden remains so frail that all the social obligations of her royal dignity devolve upon the Crown Princess, who was Margaret of Connaught, now the mother of a bouncing little prince. Crown Princess and Queen alike are credited by all with that genuine politeness springing not so much from illustrious birth as from implanted virtue and inherent sense. The new King is the first of the Bernadotte sovereigns to have genuinely royal blood in his veins, whereas his consort boasts perhaps the kingliest pedigree in Europe. She is averred to have contemplated with something like a pang the union of her husband's oldest brother with his mother's favorite maid of honor, Miss Ebba Munck, now known as the Countess of Wisborg, the prince styling himself simply "Prince Bernadotte." Her Majesty is understood to be endowed with an instinct for business of every kind far finer

and more efficient than that of her husband.

Contrary to a general impression that Gustave V sets no store by Ibsen is the story that the King was present lately at the Ibsen performances in Stockholm, showing both in face and manner how thoro was his enjoyment. Ibsen, we are told, was recognized and staged in Sweden even before his own countrymen detected his genius. He was decorated by King Oscar, while on the occasions of his comparatively rare visits to Sweden's capital he was made much of by everybody, including the present sovereign.

If Gustave V distrusted the Romanoff dynasty, as has been alleged, his nature is too reserved for such bitter expressions of that sentiment among his intimates as have, by implication, been put into his mouth. His second son, Prince William, Duke of Sudermania, who lately visited this country, is about to marry the Russian princess Marie Palovna and has lately spent weeks in St. Petersburg. The amiability of his reception by the Czar is held to dispose of rumored antipathies cherished by Sweden's new king against the Romanoffs. The story that the Crown Prince of Sweden has dismayed his parents by taking to sculpture and painting is inconsistent with the well known fondness of his Highness for tennis, golf and sailing, diversions to which he devotes what leisure he can win from his studies at the naval academy. It is the King's youngest brother, Prince Eugene, who is the artist of the Bernadotte family. Nor is he a mere dilettante, for he has given his life to art and is ranked to-day with the best painters of his late father's reign.

Never will Gustave V be able to give to words or actions that brilliantly original and kingly tone for which his late father was so admired everywhere. That, to the mind of all beholders, is to be the drawback of his reign, for he is the merest mortal where his father was the luminous angel. Where Oscar would have been finely eloquent, Gustave shows himself merely sensible. Oscar's temper was heated, his emotions were forever coming to the surface. Gustave is, if more poised, less interesting. He has always been addicted to manly sports and exercises. He has often been observed to "put up" an excellent game of tennis at the club in Stockholm. But he is without the alert and springy step of the old Oscar, whose muscles remained taut and elastic almost to his dying day. Gustave lacks the literary aptitudes of his late father, likewise, who left a well filled book of verse which admirers all

over Europe did into French, German, Italian, Danish and even Hungarian. Gustave has not inherited his mother's musical genius, either. She was at one time a devotee of Wagner, a disciple of Kant and always a pious evangelical of the German cast. From both his parents Gustave received every encouragement to proficiency in music. Music, to the late Oscar, was, both in theory and practice, an essential element in the intellectual life. Gustave is less the artist than the practical king.

He will, it is predicted, encourage international congresses of every kind to come to Sweden. He will help the universities and the cause of education throughout his kingdom. He feels all his father's interest in Hedin's travels through central Asia and he would receive a Duke of the Abruzzi with the highest honors on the return of another expedition

from the Pole. But he can give no creative impulse after his father's grand fashion. Oscar was the man of ideas, the vitalizer of projects literary, musical, dramatic and scientific. He made Stockholm the capital of the whole intellectual world. Gustave will be very courteous, affable in a dignified way, impressive as he opens the Riksdag in royal ermine. He has begun his reign in simplicity, rising at eight, breakfasting on coffee and rolls, reading the morning papers until ten and reviewing the military with a conscientious assiduity. His note is repose both in manner and in speech, in striking contrast with the late Oscar, who was majestic in the very way he had of eating cold meat at supper and whose height of six feet three towered, almost without the drooping heaviness of age till his seventy-ninth year.

LOEB, THE PATIENT MAN

There is a young person named Loeb
Who is vastly more patient than Job.
When T. R. makes a break,
For appearance's sake
They put all the blame upon Loeb.



HE above limerick was printed on the menu card at the latest annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of Washington. Loeb and "T. R." were there and both derived visible enjoyment from the lines. "As patient as Job" is no longer the phrase in Washington. As patient as Loeb has taken its place.

"The secretary of the President" is not an official recognized in the Constitution. It provides for a Vice-President; but the power of the latter is as nothing to that wielded by the President's secretary. He is, in most respects, the real Vice-President of the government, performing "in place of" the President those multitudinous executive duties which the President is too busy to attend to personally. The presidential work is done not by Roosevelt and Fairbanks, as would probably be the case if the original expectations of those who made the Constitution were carried out, but by Roosevelt and Loeb. In many respects the secretary is a more important man than many of the members of the cabinet. For this work he receives \$5000 a year. The executive talent required to fill the position as Loeb fills it would be worth \$25,000 a year in the commer-

cial world, if the newspaper correspondents are to be trusted in such estimates. The report that Loeb is soon to retire from the position is circulated again in Washington and quite widely credited.

William Loeb, Jr., had been stenographer to the New York Assembly, the state constitutional convention, and various other public bodies, when Roosevelt was elected governor. He became the governor's stenographer and secretary, and when Mr. Roosevelt went to Washington as Vice-President, Loeb went with him. Upon President McKinley's death, Roosevelt retained Cortelyou as secretary, and made Loeb the assistant secretary, but when the former was promoted to the bureau of corporations, Loeb became the President's secretary. With the whole of Roosevelt's later career, therefore, Loeb has been confidentially identified. He probably knows the mind of Theodore Roosevelt as no other man on earth knows it. What a biography he might write!

In *The World Today*, Willard French has thus described the personal appearance of the President's secretary:

"He is put together with the solid symmetry which gives the impression of a large man; but the President is not tall and Loeb is an inch or

two shorter. His black hair and mustache, his quick, dark eyes that move without waiting for his head to turn—a head that is finely fore-headed and delicately chinned and rests with superb self-reliance on his square shoulders—put Loeb well up in the class of handsome men the President is prone to draw about him. The whole make-up of the man betrays the genius of penetration, the courage of convictions, the personification of invincible energy. You see him and you know why he is king of private secretaries.

"He moves and speaks with the deliberate dignity of one who thoroughly understands himself. The secret of success, supplementing this, is his untiring patience in making others understand him. I have not heard of it if any one ever saw Loeb out of temper, but every line of him, from forehead to foot, shows that grand possibilities for that kind of thing lie patiently waiting the necessity for something else than imperturbable courtesy. He has a warm heart for the right when it is in trouble and a strong hand to redress a wrong. But he has a keen eye, too, for a scorpion in a bed of roses, which he has more than once or twice discovered, to the satisfaction of the President and the discomfort of the scorpion.

"Withal, Loeb has only turned forty, and betrays but a part of that. He has Time well by the forelock."

When the President recently made Loeb a present of a copy of the "Life of Alexander Hamilton," he wrote on the fly-leaf:

TO WILLIAM LOEB, JR.,
MY FRIEND AND FELLOW POLITICIAN.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It is only in recent years that the secretary of the President was expected to be a politician as well as a stenographer. Some very lively correspondence a few years ago between Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, and John G. Nicolay, President Lincoln's secretary, developed the fact that Lincoln did not confide in his secretary even in such an important matter as his choice of a vice presidential candidate for his second campaign. Daniel G. Lamont, President Cleveland's secretary, was the first to develop the real possibilities of the office in a political way. Under Cortelyou and Loeb the development has continued. Loeb, says Gilson Willetts, in *Leslie's Weekly*, "has sat in the biggest national and international games. He knows every man on the world's political chessboard, and he can play the game with or in behalf of the biggest players on earth." As a matter of fact, Loeb is the first and only secretary whose personality has ever made an impression in foreign countries. He is discussed in diplomatic circles abroad as a man to be known and considered, and in Germany especially the press has made

frequent references to this "Hungarian Jew," as they sneeringly call him.

But Loeb has two personalities, according to a lively writer in *The Saturday Evening Post*. "There is the Loeb we all know, the secretarial Loeb, and there is the secret Loeb, the Loeb of red blood and mighty deeds. There is the Loeb who writes and writes, 'I have been instructed by the President to say,' and there is the Loeb who, once a year, plunges into the wilderness and gives the instructions himself." In other words, William Loeb, Jr., like his chief, is an out-door man, fond of roughing it and especially fond of horse-back riding. And apropos of this last accomplishment the following story, good enough to be true, is told by Gilson Willetts:

"On the presidential Western hunting trip (1905), Loeb had his headquarters fourteen miles from Mr. Roosevelt's camp. The camp could be reached by Loeb only over a killing trail. He had to do it on a horse. One morning, while making preparations in his tent for his first visit to his chief, he overheard two guides outside talking. 'Shall we give the tenderfoot the dude horse?' said one.

"Yes; finest mount in the outfit, of course!" replied the other guide. And both guffawed.

Loeb mounted the 'dude horse' knowing he was up against it. He was, indeed. The trot of that animal would have split a Colossus of Rhodes in two. Loeb at last made the horse lope. Then he saw his way to get even with the two guides. He loped the whole fourteen miles over that killing trail. And the guides had to lope, too. At the Roosevelt camp the guides dismounted, panting, looking daggers at the 'tenderfoot.'

"Next day Loeb cantered the fourteen miles back to his headquarters. So did the guides, grumbling to themselves. And the next day Loeb went again to the Roosevelt camp—loping all the way. At the end of the fifth day of constant, merciless cantering the two guides approached Loeb as tho they were a formal committee, saying: 'Look here, Mr. Secretary, all we want to tell you is that you're no tenderfoot—we're the tenderfeet. And we'll just go out of business altogether if you insist on one day more riding over that ——— trail as if you were going to a fire in a city.'"

The principal duties of Mr. Loeb are to answer the President's voluminous correspondence, rarely less than three hundred and fifty letters a day, see visitors and attend to their wants without bothering the President, arrange the details for receptions and journeys, and, most delicate and important of all, give interviews to the newspaper men and act as general scapegoat when anything goes wrong. He is not a popular man with the newspapers, and they are never averse to letting him bear all the sins that can be shouldered upon him.



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"THE KING OF SECRETARIES"

William Loeb, Jr., secretary of the President, whose retirement from that post to an important business position is again bruited, probably has the most complete knowledge of the mind of Theodore Roosevelt possessed by any man living except Mr. Roosevelt himself. He was Roosevelt's secretary when the latter was Governor and when he was Vice-President, and has been with him in the White House from the beginning.

Literature and Art

WHY HAVE WE NOT MORE GREAT NOVELISTS?



HERE are but two living American writers whose influence as novelists is recognized throughout the world today as broad and enduring. They are Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. Henry James, who might make the duo a trinity, has lived for so long in England that he hardly deserves to be called an American novelist. If these are all the great novelists we can exhibit, the question naturally arises: Why have we not more?

Two of the cleverest of the American novelists now forging their way to the front, David Graham Phillips and Gertrude Atherton, have lately endeavored to answer this question. They agree in taking a thoroly optimistic view of the future of American fiction, but differ in their diagnoses of the forces that are now checking the onward advance. Mrs. Atherton thinks that "the main trouble with American letters today is due to the literary supremacy of Mr. Howells." David Graham Phillips, on the other hand, asserts his conviction that "the trouble is, our writers are too busy studying the literary style of Europe." There is probably a basis of truth in the statements of both writers.

Mrs. Atherton, who elaborates her theory in a lengthy interview with a *New York Times* reporter, goes so far as to say that there is "a secret tyranny" at work in American letters today. In Europe, she continues, this tyranny does not exist.

"There the writer has a far greater liberty to choose his canvas and to paint upon it with a free hand and in a large manner just those pictures that appeal to him and that thus become his best because most individual literary creation.

"But in America originality is not wanted by the powers that govern our literary output. A certain arbitrary school of writers has erected here a narrow conventional standard, a hard and fast rule, to which the would-be author, with a message all his own, is bound as to some procrustean bed whose painful limitations are repressive of genius and bring all who come within its influence to one dead level of sameness, of mediocrity, of hopelessly middle class effort. We must write of the small things of life; we must paint in miniature; we must view America as a stage upon which the great dramas of humanity are not acted if we wish to be numbered among

the elect in this pitiful school that at present seems to have the literary conscience of this country in its keeping."

It soon appears that the "school" to which Mrs. Atherton refers is that founded by William Dean Howells. She calls it "the magazine school." "One must not blame Mr. Howells personally," she hastens to explain, "for the existence of this tyranny, for it is nothing else; but it does emanate, unconsciously, from him. His standard of art has impressed itself upon a large body of writers, who follow faithfully in his footsteps, and who exact of others who aspire to tread the paths of literature the tribute of doing and writing as that standard indicates should be done." To quote further:

"It is a good enough standard in its way; but it is hopelessly narrow, finicky, commonplace, in its conception and treatment of things. There is no originality to it. Mr. Howells, you know, denounces originality. He tells us to stick to the small things of life in fiction, to shun the big things. He has produced, and his followers maintain, a literary style that is all l's and n's and r's. It is the cultivation of a perfectly flat, even surface. It is afraid of rough surfaces, of mountain peaks and deep valleys. It exalts the miniature and condemns the broad sweep of impressionism in art. Faultless, in one sense, it may be; but, as it is repressive of anything partaking of the fire of genius—which must be original in form and substance or cease to exist altogether—it is somewhat of an incubus to the artistic expression of truth. Those who follow this school are agreeably impressed with the idea that they belong to a sort of literary aristocracy—but really it is the dreary, unimaginative middle class that is cultivated and voiced by it."

Mrs. Atherton proceeds to illustrate her point by citing a concrete instance that recently fell within her own experience. She was invited, she says, to contribute to a composite novel, as planned by Mr. Howells, to be completed in twelve parts. Each of the parts was to be written by a different author, and the whole to be published anonymously. Five of the parts, by Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry van Dyke and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, were submitted to her with the understanding that she was to write the sixth part. "Well," she says, "I read them over. Absolutely I could not distinguish one style from another, they were so



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. ATHERTON

"The main trouble with American letters today," in Mrs. Atherton's judgment, "is due to the literary supremacy of Mr. Howells. One must not blame Mr. Howells personally," she hastens to explain, "but his standard of art has impressed itself upon a large body of writers who follow faithfully in his footsteps."

beautifully alike, such faultless specimens of our American magazine school! Who the authors were I could not imagine, since they all appeared to be from one hand." Mrs. Atherton was afraid that hers might be a discordant note in this symphony, and finally declined to contribute.

But how about Robert Chambers and Edith Wharton? she was asked. Are not such a hopeful augury of better things? To these questions Mrs. Atherton replied:

"It has always appeared to me that Mrs. Wharton has made the same mistake in her art that Mrs. Craigie made. Both of these writers were unquestionably clever to start with; but they wanted to be considered great—and they have ended in being dull. They are good draughtsmen, but they can't paint. As for their dullness, that may possibly not be considered a fault. A publisher once told me, speaking of the writers in our American Magazine School, 'It is their aim to be dull.' So that, in the case of Mrs. Wharton, at least, she may be considered a thoroughly acceptable writer, judged by the Howells standard."

As for Robert Chambers:

"His canvases are decidedly bigger than Mrs.

Wharton's. Chambers at least entertains. In fact, I think he is at present the writer of our best light novel. But it is unmistakably light—I think it is endowed with nothing that will form a permanent contribution to American literature."

Yet in spite of this sweepingly negative criticism, Mrs. Atherton ends on a positive note. "It would be unfair," she concedes, "to lay all the blame for this suppression of originality from which our literature suffers so much at present to any school of writers. When all is said and done it is an insatiable demand from the American public that brings out this poor-good work." She adds, in closing:

"The time will undoubtedly come when we will be blessed with at least two standards of literary excellence. When that day does come there will be an end to our present timidity, and books will be published in spite of the possibility that they might shock some old ladies and give bad dreams to girls. Just now the successful literary imitator commands a premium and can find a lucrative market for all the 'safe' things that he can find time to write. But the writer within whom originality stirs with a great, unconquerable force, and who has the gift and the desire to create life in fiction on the large scale in which it is found in the real world, will break our present antiquated bonds and give us a glimpse of something new, something that we can rest assured will remain as a permanent inspiration to true effort in American literature."

David Graham Phillips takes up the thread of this criticism where Mrs. Atherton drops it. "Of course," he observes, "what Mrs. Atherton says of the present literary outlook is, in a measure true. There does exist a certain reactionary school whose work is largely imitative of ideals and methods that are narrow and that are totally inadequate as a description of life as it is in America today." Moreover:

"Untl the period of our civil war, the writer of fiction had to deal with primitive conditions. America was undeveloped. It was an aggregation of families living in country towns. It was the period when pages of Irving and Cooper correctly mirrored the daily doings, the aspirations, the virtues, the sins—if they had sins in those days—of their contemporaries. It was not cosmopolitan, it was not American, as that term applies in the twentieth century.

"But with the passing of this period the old literary school that voiced it still survived, survives to-day. The writers in this bygone school—for it really does not belong to the present age—still paint things in terms of the little red schoolhouse. They still insist on being primitive, forgetting that even the farmer has his telephone nowadays, his phonograph, his automobile, while in the cities there is the great grimy proletariat clamoring for a hearing."

There are other hindrances to the develop-

ment of American literature, Mr. Phillips continues. Among such he includes the "society" novelists and those who devote their energies to "forming a style." Apropos of the latter he declares:

"This intense striving for what is merely literary, is the main curse of literature. Individuality is sacrificed for grammatical correctness. The colleges are largely to blame for it, of course, the whole collegiate system being repressive of the original note in literature.

"Look at Henry James, for instance; there is not a better manufacturer of plots in the whole world of fiction to-day than he. But who would ever know it? He possesses, perhaps, the greatest mind of all our literary men. Whenever he has an idea, however, he strangles it so effectually in the absurd intricacies of the style he has so painfully cultivated that it never breathes the pure air of genius. James has written the most daring stories, but they are so ruined in the telling they have fallen upon heedless ears, and it will not be many years hence when their author will be remembered simply as a literary curiosity—such a one, unread and unregarded, as Ben Jonson."

It is a great mistake, in Mr. Phillips's opinion, to suppose either that American novelists are incapable of originality, or that the public and publishers do not want it. Seven years before Flaubert was prosecuted in France for writing "Madame Bovary," at a time when English-speaking writers were afraid to touch such subjects, Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet

Letter," a novel as bold in its theme as any that has ever been written. And today, Mr. Phillips asserts, there is a more fertile soil for the cultivation of literary genius in this country than has ever existed before in the world's history. It is here that the struggle for existence is being waged most fiercely, with titanic forces arrayed on every side; and New York is the center of it all, "more intensely typical of America than Paris is of France, or London is of England." And "there is a marvelously keen appreciation of truth in fiction in America," we are told. The novels of Zola, for instance, "obtained a quicker and fuller recognition here than they did in France." Mr. Phillips concludes:

"We may not, as yet, have a Zola in America, but the way is being prepared to welcome the true, free, original genius in literature whenever he comes. In our short stories, in the articles that go to make up our magazines and newspapers, we have a shrewder, a more humorous style and content to show than the dull and hopeless material that makes up the ordinary English magazine. By contrast, it may be that our books do not stand out as well as do the books of England. But the birth of the new spirit that is showing itself in the short story is an evidence of the tendency here to better things—and he would be a blind prophet who fails to see that this tendency will come ere long to its full fruition in the novel, will come just as soon as the genius arises who is able to master it and make it his own individual creation for posterity."

HOW TO RAISE THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP



HEN Owen Wister declared at Harvard University the other day that "no American university possesses one single teacher of the first rank," his statement was resented as an exaggeration by the newspapers and the public at large. But, on sober second thought, the question whether he was not within measurable distance of the truth has been taken up for very serious consideration. By "no single teacher of the first rank," Mr. Wister has since explained, he meant no one in that classification according to European standards. He intended to convey the idea that, when it comes to a definite comparison, we have no educators or scholars who, in intellectual standing, can rank, for instance, with such men as Sir William Ramsay, Hugo de Vries, Ernst

Haeckel, Elie Metchnikoff and Adolf Harnack.

Much of the most indignant comment first evoked was due to an inaccurate press report which represented Mr. Wister as saying that there were only three scholars in America. As a matter of fact, he mentioned forty-one American scholars as worthy a place on a roll of honor. Among them we find the familiar names of Horace Howard Furness, S. Weir Mitchell, Charles Eliot Norton, William James and Simon Newcomb. Many on this list, Mr. Wister admits, are men of high intellectual rank. But none, he intimates, are world-figures.

The whole question raised is one of incalculable importance, and it derives a special interest at this time from the fact that we seem to be passing through a period of disso-

lution in the standards of education. During recent weeks the American standards of scholarship and of education have been subjected to a quite unusual amount of criticism, and the critics have not been irresponsible outsiders, but professors and college presidents. It seems as if the university authorities are themselves becoming conscious, in an increasing degree, of the shortcomings of the present educational system.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell, has registered his conviction that the elective principle in our colleges and universities has been carried too far, and he holds President Eliot, of Harvard, chiefly responsible for this. "It is the duty of college faculties," he thinks, "not to allow a boy of seventeen or eighteen to choose what he should study—at least for the first two years." President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton declares that the trouble lies deeper. "We have missed," he asserts, "the true inner meaning of education." In an informal talk before a teachers' association in New York, he gave some of his reasons for reaching this conclusion. He said, in part:

"We have been trying a series of reckless experiments upon the lads and youths, girls and maidens of this country, instead of educating them. The children of the last two or three decades have not been educated. The pupils of our colleges of the last few decades have not been educated. With all our educating we have instructed nobody, and with all our instructing we have educated nobody.

"I have been teaching for some twenty years—that is, I have been conducting class-room exercises, but I do not think that I have been teaching any appreciable part of that time. I have been delivering lectures, sometimes about things of which I knew, but more often about things of which I had heard. The result has been that my pupils have remembered my stories and forgotten my lectures.

"We must remember that information is not education. The greater part of the work that we are doing in our colleges to-day is to impart information. My father, who was a man who used very precise English, once said: 'The mind is not a prolix gut to be stuffed.' One of the principal objects of education should be enlightenment, or the unloading from the minds of the pupils of the misinformation that they have received.

"Instead, we are daily cramming their minds with an enormous mass of irrelevant facts. It is better to see one thing than to look at a hundred. It is better to conduct a student to the inner chamber of one fact than to take him on a trip seeing greater knowledge."

The establishment in the pupil's mind of the true relation of facts, President Wilson continues, is sometimes as important as the imparting of the facts themselves. "I have al-

ways contended," he says, "that every university should have a Professor of Things in General." To follow the argument further:

"Then there is discipline. There is nothing practical in the physical discipline of the gymnasium. The student is simply training his body to meet the emergencies of life. It should be the same with the mind.

"Any course of study that disciplines the mind is beneficial to the student. Anything that does not is not beneficial to him. Anything that is easy does not discipline. I would advocate giving children the tasks that are hardest for them to do, and then when they begin to get easy giving them something else. . . .

"The trouble is that we are trying to teach a little of everything, and instead are not teaching anything of anything. We should reduce education to a small body of great subjects. We have developed a great genius for everything but simplification. We should get at the elements of education, and then bring them together as a standard at least of what we are trying to do. As it is, we have missed the meaning of education."

Mr. Owen Wister has also some interesting ideas to offer in regard to the raising of the standard of American scholarship. He says (in an interview in the *New York Times*):

"In thinking of what is lacking in American college life to-day, there seems to be an impression among the laity that the college professor has become quite an unimportant person in comparison to the other figures of men in his community. We hear and read constantly of the financier, the promoter, the railroad man, the keen politician, the merchant prince, and the inventor of something for wide popular use, but seldom hear from the professor. The one hero of the college world is the football player.

"Is it the fault of the professor or of the community that he has been forced into the background? Or is he so small a figure that he ought to be in the background? I would like to rise to remark that the professor gets no chance because the community does not care a whoop about him. The professor is even neglected socially as a usual thing, though that is not true in Boston and is not wholly true in Philadelphia. An American professor said to me recently, 'I must admit that what little stimulus of appreciation I have had has come from abroad.'"

"It seems to me," continues Mr. Wister, "that the manufacturing is bad. Intellectual training goes on in America under bad conditions of all sorts—conditions much less favorable than in other countries. It is a bleak clime. The rewards in sight are less, both in cash and social recognition." What we need is a "more congenial climate for intellectual plants," and as a step toward the creation of such a climate, Mr. Wister thinks we ought to welcome European scholars. "Look at the great Louis Agassiz, a Swiss, and his accomplishments here. Note the case of Professor

Haupt, who was brought here. There's my argument on the balance of trade in learning." Mr. Wister continues:

"America's needs in learning are more practical than those of Europe. The American needs the applied sciences more than he does Sanskrit. We want products. Sanskrit is the business of the old countries. Science is the business of the new. We want men like Luther Burbank of California, but we also want men like Agassiz and Norton.

"America's idea, however, that it should make knowledge productive and useful is not a bar to its becoming more scholarly. Original research and discovery are desired. We have made some wonderful strides—epoch-making—in the last few decades in inventions and discovery, but it is a question whether they are not offset by what Europe has done. In this country we have turned out the McCormick reaper, the revolving barrel firearm, the breech-loading principle in guns, the repeating magazine of the rifle, the cotton gin, which changed the whole course of an industry; the Westinghouse air brake, the telegraph, telephone, steel construction of buildings, and Pullman sleeping cars. These are some of our accomplishments.

"Across the ocean there have been radium,

Crooke's tubes, the development of the turbine and of high explosives, the Marconi wireless telegraph, and the Krag-Jorgensen rifle—a formidable array."

The money of Americans, says Mr. Wister finally, ought to be put into the purchase of brains. He commends Mr. Carnegie's endowment of the Carnegie Institute as "the greatest single benefaction to American scholarship" in our times, and goes on to say:

"University professors should be, must be, well paid. Why, a couple of years ago the word went out to the alumni of Harvard that the professors of their beloved school were starving. The alumni did a fine thing, and did it the way it ought to have been done. These men raised the money, a couple of millions, among themselves, and saw to it that the remuneration of the professors was increased.

"We simply looked into our bank accounts, and every one gave what he could. It was a notable act in this country of millionaires because of the democracy of the giving. And that is the spirit that should pervade all American college life if the standard of scholarship in this country is to be raised and kept at a high point."

THE "CARDINAL ERROR" OF HAWTHORNE'S CAREER



HE genius of Hawthorne, it will be generally conceded, was a genius based on reflection. In his art, as in his life, he was a man of revery. Reality repelled him. What attracted him was mirage. Speaking once of a scene mirrored in a river he said: "Which, after all, was the most real—the picture or the original?—the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul."

Now revery and the contemplative mood are peculiarly hospitable to fancy, and in fancy Hawthorne's mind was always rich. But they need to be reinforced by creative and impassioned energy to produce that higher imagination which is usually associated with the master minds in art and literature. It was just this energy that, in the opinion of no less a critic than William Crary Brownell, Hawthorne lacked. "The real misfortune of Hawthorne," he says, "was the misconception of his talent, resulting in the cultivation of his fancy to the neglect of his imagination."

The quality of fancifulness is preeminently displayed in the short-stories that have made Hawthorne so famous. Mr. Brownell confesses that he feels "a little awkward and un-

sympathetic" in applying the critic's scalpel to works at once so exquisite and so refined. And yet, he thinks, the impartial mind is bound to recognize that "no small portion of their originality consists in the association of their refinement and elevation with what we can now see is their mediocrity." He continues (in *Scribner's*):

"They are too faint in color and too frail in construction quite to merit the inference of Hawthorne's pretty deprecation. They have not 'the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade.' They are hardly flowers at all, but grasses and ferns. And while he exaggerates in saying that 'if opened in the sunshine' they are 'apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages,' he is distinctly optimistic in thinking that they would gain greatly by being read 'in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere' in which they were written, and that they cannot always 'be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver.' They can—always. There is not a shiver in them. Their tone is lukewarm and their temper Laodicean. Witchery is precisely the quality they suggest but do not possess. Their atmosphere is not that of the clear brown twilight in which familiar objects are poetized, but that of the gray day in which they acquire monotone. The twilight and moonlight, so often figuratively ascribed to Hawthorne's genius, are in fact a superstition. There is nothing eerie or elfin about his genius. He is too much the master of it and directs it with a too voluntary control. Fertile as it is,

its multifarious conceits and caprices are harnessed and handled with the light, firm hand of perfect precision and guided along a level course of extremely unbroken country. There is no greater sanity to be met with in literature than Hawthorne's. The wholesome constitution of his mind is inveterate and presides with unintermittent constancy in his prose. Now caprice, conducted by reason, infallibly incurs the peril of insipidity, and it is not to be denied that many of the tales settle comfortably into the category of the prosaic."

Hawthorne was preoccupied with the allegorical, and his fancy furnished him themes with a fertility paralleling his use of them. "But his interest in shaping these," says Mr. Brownell, "was concentrated on their illustrative and not on their real qualities. Instead of realizing vividly and presenting concretely the elements of his allegory, he contented himself with their plausibility as symbols." The consequence was that even his best stories are marred by serious faults. In this connection "The Birthmark" is instanced. "Nothing could be finer," Mr. Brownell avers, "than the moral of this tale, which inculcates the fatal error of insisting on absolute perfection in what one loves most absolutely. But it is a moral even more obscurely brought out than it is fantastically symbolized." "Rappacini's Daughter," distinctly "the richest and warmest of Hawthorne's productions," is open to the same kind of criticism.

In the main, Mr. Brownell goes on to say, Hawthorne produced his effects by following the line of least resistance, not by effort and concentration. Instead of giving a tale more substance, he wrote another equally slight. Moreover:

"He neglected his imagination because he shrank from reality. Now, reality is precisely the province, the only province, the only concern, the only material of this noblest of faculties. It is, of course, as varied as the universe of which it is composed. There is the reality of 'Tom Jones,' and the reality of 'Lear,' for example; the reality of the ideal, indeed, as well as that of the phenomenal—its opposite being not the ideal but the fanciful. And Hawthorne coquetted and sported with it and made mirage of it. Instead of accepting it as the field of his imagination he made it the playground of his fancy."

Imagination and fancy differ, according to Mr. Brownell's definition, in that, both transcending experience, one observes and the other transgresses law. In this sense it might seem that Hawthorne was imaginative, rather than fanciful, for no writer ever felt more deeply than he the august immutability of law, and his frequent theme—the soul and the conscience—implies the recognition and accept-

ance of law. "But too often," remarks Mr. Brownell, "in his treatment of his theme its basis crumbles. The center of gravity too often falls outside of it. . . . At every turn the characters and events might, one feels, evade its constraint, so wholly do the unreal and the fantastic predominate in both their constitution and their evolution." Mr. Brownell cites "The Marble Faun" to illustrate this point:

"The theme of 'The Marble Faun,' the irretrievableness of evil conjoined with its curious transforming power—the theme in short of that profoundly imaginative masterpiece, the myth of the Fall of Man—is rather dead than exemplified in the story, overlaid as this is with its reticulation of fantastic unreality. Its elaboration, its art, tends to enfeeble its conception; its substance extenuates its subject. It has had an extraordinary vogue. In Rome for thousands of Americans 'Hilda's tower' probably still divides interest with the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican Stanze. Dean Stanley said he had read it seven times and meant to continue. But tho its central conception is one of the noblest in literature, and tho there are charming and truly characteristic touches in it—for instance, the effect on innocence of the mere consciousness of evil as shown in Hilda, the admirable little icicle existing for this express purpose—its significance is entombed rather than exhibited in its treatment. Probably its admirers considered that the treatment poetized the moral. That is clearly the author's intention. But a truth is not poetized by being devitalized, and certainly the consequences of sin and the inexorableness of expiation are inadequately presented in a tale padded out of all proportion by material alien in its nature however 'artistic' in its atmosphere and constituting half its volume, and obliged to make its moral plain in a formal statement, and to rectify its inconclusiveness in a postscript. The lack of construction, or orderly evolution, in the book is an obvious misfortune and shows very clearly Hawthorne's artistic weakness, whatever his poetic force. But its essential defect is its lack of the sense of reality, to secure which is the function of the imagination, and through which alone the truth of the fundamental conception can flower into effective exposition."

Ancestral fatalism and a transcendental environment alike tended to accentuate in Hawthorne what Mr. Brownell calls "the cardinal error in his career." The one induced a bland acceptance of his genius as something fixed, rather than potential. The other fostered his preoccupation with the soul, rather than with the mind or the senses. Both encouraged him to indulge his fancy in lieu of developing his imagination. He suffered "his real gift to lie fallow."

It was in his masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter," according to Mr. Brownell, that Haw-

thorne came the nearest to realizing his true talents; and his success in this great novel, we are told, was due to the fact that "the inherent energy of the theme took possession of the author's imagination and warmed it into exalted exercise." Mr. Brownell concludes:

"Here, for once, with Hawthorne we have allegory richly justifying itself, the allegory of literature not that of didacticism, of the imagination not of the fancy, allegory neither vitiated by caprice nor sterilized by moralizing, but firmly grounded in reality and nature. Note how, accordingly, even the ways of the wicked fairy that obsessed him are made to serve him, for even the mirage and symbolism so dear to his mind and so inveterate in his practice, blend legitimately with the pattern of his thoroly naturalistic tapestry. Is the fanciful element excessive, the symbolism overdone? I think not, on the whole. Hawthorne seems to have been so 'possessed' by his story as to have conducted the development of its formal theme for once subconsciously, so to speak, and with the result of decorating rather than disintegrating reality in its exposition.

"The Scarlet Letter" is the Puritan 'Faust,' and its symbolic and allegorical element, only obtrusive in a detail here and there at most, lifts it out of the ordinary category of realistic romance without—since nothing of importance is sacrificed to it—enfeebling its imaginative reality. The beautiful and profound story is our one prose masterpiece and it is as difficult to over-

praise it as it is to avoid poignantly regretting that Hawthorne failed to recognize its value and learn the lesson it might have taught him."

Mr. Brownell's verdict is so far removed from ordinarily accepted opinions, that it is not surprising to find some of his fellow-critics protesting against his attitude. The editor of the *New York Times Saturday Review*, while paying tribute to the "erudition" of Mr. Brownell's paper, declares that "it is impossible not to feel that so barren a criticism has not been published—certainly within the year." He comments further:

"In the presence of such genius as that of Nathaniel Hawthorne—one may say it with his critical faculties altogether awake and with no predilection to hero-worship—it is rather silly to discuss the comparative merits of abstract methods, or abstract terms for methods. Criticize, certainly; point out the shortcomings, dig up the inconsistencies, show the failures to achieve the effect sought. But do not say, because this man is not a realist, or because his imagination was not developed and because fancy is a thing different to imagination, being anemic and devitalizing, that therefore his Salem is a dream-place, his Phoebe an illusion, his daguerreotypist a myth. No doubt they ought to be, but as a matter of fact—perhaps a minor matter, but still one not to be altogether forgotten—they are not."

THE FATHER OF MODERN FRENCH REALISM



USTAVE FLAUBERT is frequently called the "father of realism"; but it should be added that he was a realist in spite of his romanticism, and the founder of a literary school against his will. A statue of Flaubert has lately been erected in his native city of Rouen on the Seine, and the garden-house at Croisset nearby, which he utilised as a workshop for thirty-five years, was purchased recently by a little group of his admirers, and presented with much ceremony to the city. It contains many interesting mementoes, and the garden roundabout is re-planted almost exactly as it grew in Flaubert's day. The house in which he lived, with his mother and his niece, has long since been torn down, and a deserted factory now stands in its place. Only the garden-house remains—a little shrine of realism—to mark the scene of Flaubert's gigantic labors.

It was a singular coincidence which made

this great romantic, with his lyrical enthusiasms, write such a novel as "Madame Bovary"—"the scalpel in literature"; and, as a matter of fact, it was not done from any spontaneous impulse on Flaubert's part, but at the suggestion of his two most critical friends, who hoped, by thus pinning him down to a simple every-day sort of story, to check the verbal extravagances which, in their opinion, had ruined his first novel, "The Temptation of St. Anthony." The result was a masterpiece of realism and the beginning of a new school in French fiction, for "Madame Bovary" directly inspired the books of the brothers de Goncourt, of Emile Zola, the gentler Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, and many others. The influence of this one book has been wide and deep, very subtly so, extending far beyond the boundaries of French literature. Nevertheless, "the master" could write late in life to George Sand: "Observe that I hate what it is agreed to call *realism*, altho I am one of its pontiffs; settle that for me." And his

friend, Louis Bouilhet, once said of him: "The man is a lyric poet and cannot write a verse."

Gustave Flaubert was the son of a famous surgeon of Rouen, and with the genius for literature which developed very early and was incomprehensible to "Père Flaubert," he inherited an almost surgical precision of thought and analysis. In his one indisputable masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," he cuts deep into French provincial life and morals, the story having been taken from the life of one of his schoolmates, and so typical is at least one of its characters—a chemist named Homais—that he has become a household word in France. "Familiarity with French middle-class life is necessary for the appreciation of such a portrait," writes Miss Betham-Edwards in her recently published "Literary Rambles in France."* "The vain, meddlesome, half-educated, would-be Voltairean and encyclopedist, the great little man of the country town, may not at first strike English readers." But a French critic recently said to her: "You ask my opinion of Flaubert. My reply is, he created Homais."

Flaubert was prosecuted on the publication of "Madame Bovary"; he even "honored with his presence" the dock of the sixth chamber of the criminal administration, charged with an outrage on "morality and religion." He was acquitted; but the book had been given an advertisement altogether irresistible. It had a large immediate sale; and Flaubert, the recluse, who loathed publicity and sought to make his art as impersonal as possible, was forced into a position of self-advertisement and literary lionism.

"Madame Bovary," as Paul Bourget points out, is a revolutionary union of romanticism and science; and from first to last it contains nothing but horrible disillusionment. "Gustave Flaubert," M. Bourget has said, "that lyrical poet, born of a physician, and brought up in a hospital, had found this synthesis of romanticism and science ready-made in his brain. He had been at no pains to acquire it. His theory of Art for Art's sake had led him to it by a play of logic which he himself wondered at all his life. It was his systematic striving to be impersonal which, by causing him to abstract himself in presence of the object, had brought him to that precision of minute analysis."

Flaubert accomplished his literary purposes

only by the most persistent toil. He was an epileptic, stricken in his twenty-second year, yet the consequent invalidism did not diminish, but rather served to concentrate, his powers of work. Miss Betham-Edwards gives an interesting description of his night-long labors in the little garden-house at Croisset:

"In this charmingly situated workshop he would literally entomb himself, only the sound of his own voice from time to time breaking the silence. It was his habit, and an excellent one without doubt, to read and reread aloud every newly framed sentence. Old folks at Croisset still remember those clear strident utterances, on dark winter nights his lighted window guiding fishermen and sailors as a beacon.

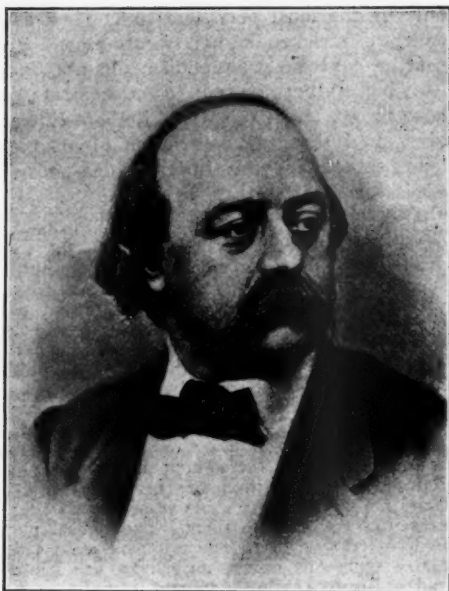
"In search of the right word, with Boileau he could have said *je cherche* and *je sue*, and the seeking and sweating went on with results more or less successful throughout his life. . . . Paragraphs were often rewritten half a dozen times before being set aside as perfect as literary carpentry could make them. The typical phrase in Flaubert's writings, one critic has said, resembles a symphony having an Allegro, an Andante, and a Presto rhythm, sonority, completeness, all the qualities necessary in verse. Flaubert wanted to 'give prose, leaving it prose, the systematic construction of verse,' he wrote to Louise Colet, 'perhaps an absurd undertaking, but it is a fine, an original experiment.' The experiment occupied his days and nights."

In the matter of punctuation he was no less careful. He paid the utmost attention to stops; commas he called the vertebrae of a phrase, and in the use of them he was a pronounced master. "Little wonder," exclaims Miss Betham-Edwards, "that under these circumstances composition went on at a snail's pace." She adds:

"Nor need we feel astonished at the utter joylessness with which the self-imposed tasks were got through. 'You have no notion,' he wrote to his friend, George Sand, 'what it is to sit throughout an entire day with your head between your hands, beating your unfortunate brains for a word. With yourself ideas flow copiously, unceasingly as a river. In my own case they form a narrow thread of water. I have herculean labors before me ere obtaining a cascade. Ah! the mortal terrors of style, I shall have known all about them by the time I have done.'"

The finished product was small in quantity—only five novels in about forty years; three stories (an epitome of all his work) which served as models for Guy de Maupassant; an unsuccessful comedy; and a running commentary in notes and letters to friends which, gathered into several volumes, may prove Flaubert's most valuable contribution to French literature, because of that very spon-

* A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

The great French realist who founded a new school of fiction. His masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," directly inspired the books of Zola, Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, and many others.

taneity and personal quality so religiously excluded from his "masterpieces." Flaubert's most intense life, however, was in the slow construction of these "architectonic" novels—"Salammbô," "L'Education Sentimentale," "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," "Bouvard et Pécuchet," and "Madame Bovary." In this last, the death of "Emma" was the occasion of such absorption in his work that the author himself, like some medical students, experienced all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. His power of compression was so great that he could reduce a whole page of description to a passage of ten lines without losing a single idea in the process. Behind the first part of "Bouvard et Pécuchet" alone was the careful digest of fifteen hundred volumes. He would travel any distance to verify what to others might seem an unimportant physical detail.

Gustave Flaubert was happy in that he was not obliged to write for money. He could spend as many days as he pleased over a single page. For the rest, his was a more or less tortured existence. Miss Betham-Edwards tells us:

"A gloomier childhood than his it is hard to conceive. His boyish years were spent within gloomy precincts, daily experiences familiarizing

him with pain, sickness, and death. Little wonder that, subject as he was to a distressing infirmity, he became a confirmed pessimist. His otherwise delightful letters are a perpetual reiteration of the preacher's text: Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

"Flaubert's father died in 1846, and Madame Flaubert removed to Croisset, henceforth the novelist's home for the rest of his days. Brief sojourns in Paris, travels in Brittany, the Pyrenees, Italy, the East, and Tunis, in his declining years a flying visit with Turgeneff to George Sand at Nohant, formed the only breaks in a singularly uneventful life. The loss of an only sister, later of a boon companion and friend, saddened him to his dying day. Family affection and friendship, indeed, satisfied his heart. Of passion he seems only to have known the disenchantments."

Flaubert must have been a glorious looking youth; and even in his declining years he was still physically the magnificent giant, tall, broad-shouldered, with eyes "the color of the sea" and all the beauty of the northern races represented in his person. He was, naturally, attractive to women, but he never married. His habits were "monkish." Ill-health made him "afraid of life." Among his correspondents was a certain poetess of inferior talent whom he undoubtedly loved as much as he could love any woman, and experienced considerable difficulty in evading. She was his "chère muse"—for whom his friend, Maxim Du Camp, composed the following epitaph: "Here lies Louise Colet, who compromised Victor Cousin, ridiculed Alfred de Musset, ill-treated Flaubert, and tried to assassinate Alphonse Karr. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Flaubert's friendships, on the contrary, for both men and women, were unrestrained and lasting, one of the first great affections of his youth being for Alfred le Poittevin, the poet, an uncle of Guy de Maupassant, whom he watched over in his untimely sickness and death—an affection which in later years was extended to Maupassant himself. Flaubert instructed and encouraged his young "disciple" in every possible way, and Maupassant returned this devotion with the unswerving fidelity which was one of his finest personal characteristics. Then there was George Sand, Flaubert's "chère maître"—"the old troubadour who always sings, and will ever sing, of perfect love"—whose romances, nevertheless, he could rarely bring himself to read; and toward the end of his life, the gentle penetrating Turgeneff, who won, not only his friendship, but his hearty respect as a writer. All his life long, it seems, Flaubert was the center of romantic friendships.

The close of his career was sad—"sad and very French," adds Miss Betham-Edwards.

"A Frenchman's family is ever part of himself; no Frenchman owning kith and kin, how for good or for evil he is a member of a clan ever remotely related, can be regarded as a unit; Thus it came about that when the husband of his much-loved niece was on the verge of ruin, Flaubert flew to the rescue. Without a second's hesitation—at that time being elderly and in failing health—he sacrificed his entire fortune in order to avert the catastrophe. The sum total of several hundred thousand—some say a hundred thousand—francs was as nothing in French eyes by comparison with the loss of family honor. If bankruptcy no longer entails the pillory and the green cap with steps of the Bourse, forfeiture of civil rights and banishment as under the first Napoleon, it is still high treason, mortal sin as in the days of César Birotteau. But the famous author of 'Madame Bovary' could not be left to starve. The librarianship of the Bibliothèque Mazarine, bringing in just three thousand francs a year, was awarded him. He survived the nomination a few months only, dying in 1880, his end doubtless being hastened by anxieties, unhygienic habits, and persistent self-neglect. For days, even weeks at a time, he would shut himself up in his garden-house, not even the avenue of favorite lime-trees tempting him abroad. To his manuscript, like Lear, he was bound as to a wheel of fire."

Flaubert was just completing the first part of his stupendous satire, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," that book in which he had planned to sum up all the comic stupidities of mankind as he found it—by some considered the work which places him "among the gods," by others, including Miss Betham-Edwards, "the dreariest farrago ever penned by genius"—when he died. In the words of his beloved Guy de Maupassant: "At last one day he



THE KAISER'S FAVORITE SCULPTOR

Gustav Eberlein, the visiting German sculptor, who combines with the austerity of antique conceptions a symmetry and elegance essentially modern.

fell, struck down near the foot of his work-table, killed by literature—killed like all the great impassioned ones, who are ever destroyed by their passion."

GUSTAV EBERLEIN—ART AMBASSADOR OF THE KAISER

UNTIL recent years diplomatists alone represented their sovereigns and their countries in alien lands. With the growth of democracy, however, it became important to reach the heart of friendly nations more directly, and the German Emperor inaugurated that brilliant exchange of school-masters which culminated in the creation of a Kaiser Wilhelm professorship at Columbia University and a Roosevelt professorship at the University of Berlin. In the meantime the work of such men of Prof. Hugo Münsterberg and Prof. Kuno Francke, both of Harvard and both interpreters of German culture in the

United States, has prepared the way for a further development, the exchange of poets and artists. The Germanistic Society introduced Ludwig Fulda, the celebrated German dramatist, to audiences in America. Almost on the heels of Fulda arrives Professor Gustav Eberlein, artistic ambassador of the Kaiser. Eberlein stands with Begas at the head of modern German sculptors. For many years he has been the Emperor's artistic adviser and has devoted his time almost exclusively to imperial commissions. The German government has presented him with the chapel of an ancient castle in the city of Munich which is known today as the Eberlein Museum, for the exhibition of



MRS. GUSTAV EBERLEIN

In this spirituelle portrait-bust of his wife Professor Eberlein lends a grace to his art that is purely Greek. Mrs. Eberlein accompanies the sculptor on his present visit to America, and is herself an accomplished artist.

models of his artistic work. It is Eberlein's avowed intention to obtain portrait busts of President Roosevelt, J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman and other characteristic American types, presumably for his imperial master. It is, moreover, Professor Eberlein's intention to open negotiations for an international exhibition of architectural designs and sculpture in Germany, to draw all civilized nations more closely together. Finally, we gather from an interview in *Der Deutsche Vorkaempfer* (New York), that the artist is preparing for a

similar exhibition to take place in the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, now in process of completion. The Prussian government, it is announced, will send at its own expense three of Eberlein's most important works to the American exhibition.

Professor Eberlein has been asked to make a design for a Fulton Monument which is to be erected on the banks of the Hudson. It is possible that he may be asked by the German-Americans to duplicate the crowning work of his life, the famous Goethe monument in Rome, reproduced in these pages. He will open a studio in New York and exhibit his work this winter. But his trip will not be confined to North America. From here he goes to the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, which have entrusted him with the erection of monuments celebrating their struggles for freedom from Spain.

In the *Vorkaempfer* interview, from which these facts are chiefly drawn, it appears that Professor Eberlein is a great admirer of American women. Their figures delight his artistic vision and their color reminds him of pastels. In music, he places the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House above those in Paris, Bayreuth and Berlin. He deplors the lack of sculptural masterpieces in New York, tho bestowing enthusiastic praise upon Karl Bitter's equestrian statue of General Sigel. Our architecture he considers more highly developed, but our beautiful buildings



"THE LABORER"

A study by Eberlein in the spirit of Constantin Meunier.

are, he tells us, like the scattered pearls from the necklace of a beautiful woman distributed at random throughout the city. It is the Professor's object to study America, its people and its history, and to embody the spirit of the land in the best of his art. "I shall strive," he says, "to create objects of art which, tho based upon your past, will have the stamp of the modern; to portray in marble your great statesmen, discoverers and poets. But, above all, I hope to become acquainted with your beautiful women, of whom I have heard so much, and some of whom I have seen. I wish to know and portray their great freedom of movement and their grace." Thus Eberlein hopes to fulfil his twofold mission of bridging the chasm which still exists culturally between his country and our own.

Eberlein and Begas are the most imposing conservative figures in German art today. Arthur M. Abell, the Berlin correspondent of *The Musical Courier*, draws an interesting comparison between the two artists. Begas, he tells us, makes for a more individual treatment of his subject and for greater freedom and plasticity. His fame rests chiefly upon his monumental statues of Bismarck and Emperor William I. For the latter he received the munificent sum of one million marks. Begas, as a boy, studied under Rauch, but he soon struck out for himself. A visit to Rome made him acquainted with the work of Michelangelo and the Italian renaissance, giving him a new and forceful impetus. Eberlein, on the other hand, introduced an entirely new note into the art of German sculpture. Altho stimulated by Begas and the old masters, he followed his own gods and lent to the austerity of antique conceptions a grace and symmetry and elegance that are strikingly modern. Mr. Abell says on this point:

"Eberlein's flight of fantasy is unparalleled, and his sense of the beautiful is developed to a degree possessed by no other German sculptor, and, in fact, by no other contemporary. Most modern sculptors are attracted by the characteristic rather than the beautiful. For a number of years, after settling in Berlin, in the early seventies, Eberlein gave his attention chiefly to the creation of works of absolute beauty and grace. His *Psyches*, *Nymphs* and *Venuses* of this period are justly famous. Eberlein, however, is a universal genius, and he did not limit himself to this genre; the majestic and monumental also strongly appealed to him; later on he vied with Begas in creating great war and national hero monuments. Nearly all the principal cities of Germany have works of this kind from his hand, and orders have come from abroad."

This description embraces two periods in



"THE GHOST OF BISMARCK"

(By Gustav Eberlein.)

It was, perhaps, the boldest step in the sculptor's career to represent the spectral figure of the Iron Chancellor returning from the grave.

the artist's development. His third period of activity, through which he is now passing, is more in accordance with the spirit of Meunier. His subjects latterly are intellectual and of the spirit. Thus "The Sleeper" and "The Study of a Laborer" express more sympathy with the modern trend. Perhaps the most striking expression of his art in this latest period is "The Ghost of Bismarck." He had made several studies of the monumental figure of the great statesman whose development from the best-hated into the most idolized man of the Empire possessed for his mind an element of the miraculous, when the news of Bismarck's death reached him. It was for this reason, remarks Adolf Rosenberg, in a monograph*

* EBERLEIN. By Adolf Rosenberg. Velhagen & Klasing, Leipzig.



"RECEIVING THE IMMIGRANTS"

This striking sculptural group by Eberlein represents America taking to her bosom her future citizens.

on the sculptor, that he could dare to undertake to represent the essential Bismarck returning from the grave. A shadow, he rises from the marble; only the powerful, almost fleshless, head and the sunken eyes that seem to gaze at us from a distant world remind us of a dead giant, represented with a boldness worthy of Michelangelo. Eberlein is not in sympathy with the eccentricities of the Rodin school. He has nevertheless produced a number of impressionistic figures merely to demonstrate his conviction that he could, if he chose, by his superior technique, excel them on their own ground. He has also shown remarkable skill as a poet and painter. When the Emperor expressed his desire to present the King of Italy with a monument to Goethe, he entrusted Eberlein, the poet-sculptor, with the honorable commission. Faust, Mephistopheles, Orestes

and the lovely Mignon are represented at the base of the statue.

Eberlein is not a mere dreamer and looker-on. He is actively interested in the great questions that move men's minds. Thus he combated strongly the notorious Lex Heinze, a Comstockian measure which he thought threatened the liberty of art in Germany; and he draws his inspiration not infrequently from social and religious subjects. His alert mind is thoroly in sympathy with American spirit. Eberlein is what we should call a self-made man. His father was very poor, and the education he received was that of a small village school. He left Münden, the little village of his birth, a poor, ignorant, hard-worked boy; he returned to it, a national figure, favorite of a Kaiser and of the Muses.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S GIFT TO THE KING OF ITALY

When the Kaiser wished to present to the King of Italy a statue of Goethe, the greatest German poet, he appropriately entrusted the commission to Eberlein, a poet as well as a sculptor. The statue is erected in Rome.

THE TORTURED LIFE OF A GREAT POET

THE recent death of the poet, Francis Thompson, in London, has set the English critics and reviewers to piecing together the details of as tragic and pathetic a life-story as the world of letters has ever known. "No one, surely," says his friend, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, "ever had so sad a life as he, so remote from all that makes the joy of life, lawful or unlawful—no one, at least, for whom the bells of fame have been asked to toll—not Keats, not Chatterton, not Poe." And the name of Thompson, his friend continues, was not unworthy to rank with these august names. "A spirit of the very elect among us, a poet among our poets, has passed away."

To the vast majority of American readers the work of Francis Thompson is quite unknown. But those whose memories extend back over the past fifteen years will remember what a stir the publication of his "Poems," in 1893, caused. "Perhaps no poet's first book, not even Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads,'" one critic declares, "had provoked more discussion or been more generally acclaimed." "Mr. Thompson must simply be Crashaw born again, but born greater," declared the first of his reviewers; and H. D. Traill in *The Nineteenth Century* inquired: "Where, unless, perhaps, here and there in a sonnet of Rossetti's, has this sort of sublimated enthusiasm for the bodily and spiritual beauty of womanhood found such expression as this, between the age of the Stuarts and our own?" Mr. Traill did not hesitate to affirm his conviction that "alike in wealth and dignity of imagination, in depth and subtlety of thought and in magic and mastery of language," England possessed in this little volume the evidence of "a new poet of the first rank." Coventry Patmore in *The Fortnightly Review* hailed the new-comer as a disciple of their common master, the Florentine Poet of Fair Love, and expressed the opinion that "Mr. Thompson's qualities ought to place him in the permanent ranks of fame with Cowley (and with Crashaw)." "The Hound of Heaven," which is generally regarded as Thompson's masterpiece and was characterized by Burne-Jones as the finest mystical poem since Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," appealed to Coventry Patmore as "one of the very few great odes of which the language can boast."

It is easy to trace in "The Hound of

Heaven" the symbolic representation of the poet's own unhappy career. This strange and mystical vision is concerned with "the flight of a soul from the threat of that Divine love which has marked it down and follows it across the world, forbidding it human affections, beauty, the love of children, knowledge, art, nature herself, while it holds on its flight from the claims of its Savior." Others of his poems prefigured the spiritual travail and the physical suffering through which he passed. "No nineteenth-century poet's soul," says Christian Gauss, "had been so uneasy in its body; none had felt such spiritual torture, not even Verlaine in the prison at Mons."

Thompson's muse has been described as "a strange interpenetrating of the ascetic and the esthetic, hungry yearnings that seemed directed at once at heaven and the flesh." For five years he starved in the streets of London, carrying in one pocket, so it is said, the dramas of Aeschylus, and in the other the poems of Blake. Of that dreadful period Wilfrid Scawen Blunt writes in *The Academy*:

"I gathered from him that at first his father gave him a small allowance of a few shillings a week, and put him in the way of getting business employment; but that, finding that he failed repeatedly to keep his situations, he finally withdrew all help, and left him to his fate. From a business point of view, the poor poet must have always been a hopeless failure, a thankless subject to befriend, for he was utterly lacking in every quality that commands success, even in the power of applying himself consecutively to the work he loved. As it was, he drifted down the stream of life in London almost without an effort, and by the end of his second year there, in spite of what we know was in his brain of literary power for verse or prose, he had become a mere waif upon the streets, the most pitiful of the destitute poor—an educated man submerged. Work with his hands he could not do. 'For that,' he told me, pathetically, pointing to his poor, weak arms, no stronger than a child's, 'I was physically unfit.' All he could do was to earn the few daily pence he needed by such half mendicancy as the English law allows, the sale of matches in the streets, attendance at theater doors at night as a caller of cabs, and casual messenger. He needed about eleven pence a day to live, and when this was won his daily, or rather his nightly, work was over, and he retired to rest under the Covent Garden arches, or on the waste ground hard by, where the refuse of the great market is thrown. He had no other lodging. What wonder, then, that he took habitual refuge from the cold and wet of those unhousted hours, waiting the policeman's order to 'move on,' in the drugs which his medical training gave him a knowledge of, and helped him to procure."

Yet even this darkest period had its literary fruitage in such frail and marvelous poems as the following:

Forlorn and faint and stark,
I had endured, through watches of the dark,
The abashless inquisition of each star;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheeled car,
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled
of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee a spring flower, but a
flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of spring,
And through the city streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, loveliest, tender
thing,
And of her own scant pittance did she give
That I might eat and live:
Then fled a swift and trackless fugitive.

Finally came the day of his deliverance—"a rescue," Mr. Blunt remarks, "as dramatic as anything in the history of literature." Thompson had been living for five years the squalid life of the streets, suffering every imaginable privation; and at last, like Chatterton, he made up his mind to die. From time to time he had been striving to win his way into the literary heaven of print by addressing publishers and editors with specimens of his verse and prose, written for the most part on scraps of paper gathered from the gutters. All his effort had seemingly been in vain. No favorable answer had ever encouraged him. Among others, he had addressed the editor of a Roman Catholic magazine, sending him, with some verses, an essay treating of the relation between Soul and Body. It had reached the editor in a soiled envelope, and had been consigned to a pigeon-hole unread. For six months it lay neglected, and then one day the editor, being short of material, took it down and examined it. He was amazed at its quality, and published both essay and verses. But when he tried to reach the author he was at first unsuccessful. Thompson had lost courage and no longer went to the Post Office for his mail. The poet's despair was only intensified when he saw his verses in print and came to the conclusion that all reward had been denied him. He purchased a dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles, and retired to his nightly haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden Market, resolved on death. Then by his own narrative the following incident occurred:

"He had already taken half the fatal draught

when he felt a hand upon his arm, and looking up saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and, at the same instant, memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed. And so with Thompson it happened; for after infinite pains the editor had that very morning traced him to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand."

This was the beginning of a new life for Thompson. His good Samaritan fed and clothed him, and found him lodging, first in a hospital, for he needed bodily cure, and rest for his mind's health in a monastery in Sussex. Here he came into his intellectual inheritance, and found in it salvation. At the foot of the Sussex Downs during the next two years he wrote nearly all the great poetry the world knows as his, "In Dian's Lap," "The Hound of Heaven," "Sister Songs" and the splendid "Ode to the Setting Sun" which Mr. Blunt calls "the finest of its kind since the odes of Shelley." To quote again from the *Academy* article:

"It was the highest point he reached in life and fame, the one short period of exceeding peace, sound health and quiet happiness his soul was to know. Guarded from evil by his Premonasterian hosts, he was, for the first time in his town existence, to wander freely among woods and fields and flowers. From his simple country surroundings he drew his inspiration, things new to him and strange, and for that reason felt the more vividly. A short space of happiness it was, the only one he could boast of in his life, for he had cast aside his town habits, and his success was a sufficient anodyne.

"But Thompson, alas! was essentially a town-dweller, nursed in the grime and glare of gaslit streets, and his heart hungered for them still. The country was never his true home, nor did he ever learn to distinguish the oak from the elm, or to know the name of the commonest flowers of the field, or even of the garden. From his new paradise at Storrington he wandered back into the world of London, which was to be his doom. Twice again the friends who had first rescued him, in their untiring zeal, sought to apply the remedy which had produced such fair results. They found a home for him awhile with the Franciscan friars at Crawley and Pantasaph, but no new blossom of happy verse resulted, and little by little his life settled down into the way of death he had chosen with hardly an effort to avert the end."

On the day of Thompson's burial, his coffin contained roses from the garden of George Meredith, with Mr. Meredith's inscription, "A true poet, one of a small band;" and violets from kindred turf went to the dead poet's breast from the hand of her whom he sung in poems which Patmore said that Laura would have coveted and Lucretia claimed.

Religion and Ethics

THE THREE GREATEST PORTRAYALS OF CHRIST



GERMAN religious painter, Ludwig Fahrenkrog, has recently challenged the traditional conception of Christ's physical appearance as false and untrustworthy. "Christ certainly never wore a beard," he states positively, "and his hair was closely cut." In support of this contention, Herr Fahrenkrog cites historical evidence. He points out that the oldest representations of the face of Christ, found chiefly in the catacombs of Rome, picture him without a beard; that all the Christ pictures down to the beginning of the fourth century at least, and even later, are of this kind. "The further fact," he continues, "that Christ must in his day have worn short hair can be proved from the Scriptures. Among the Jews none but the Nazarites wore long hair. Christ was indeed a Nazarene, but not a Nazarite; the facts of his life supporting this view . . . Like the rest of the Jews he must have worn his hair short."

In view of the overwhelming number of painters who in all ages have portrayed Christ in the conventional fashion, it is hardly likely that this argument will win general credence. But it is at least significant that two of the three greatest portraits of Christ ever painted show him without a beard.

The three supreme paintings in question are Leonardo Da Vinci's, Michelangelo's, and Raphael's, and something of their story is told by James Burns, in a new and richly illustrated volume.* The Da Vinci portrait is a part of the larger and world-famous "Last Supper," painted on an end wall of a Dominican convent in Milan, and now, alas! almost obliterated. To quote from Mr. Burns's description:

"The picture offers a profound psychological study in human emotions. Christ has just spoken the ominous words, 'One of you shall betray me,' and the agitation which sweeps over the company of disciples gives opportunity for the most varied expression and the most dramatic movement. This agitation is in startling contrast with the calm of the central figure, and all the movement in the varied scene is dominated by his presence. His head is bowed, his eyes are downcast; yet

the whole attitude, expressive of patient grief, of divine resignation, subjects all other emotion in the picture to itself, and profoundly moves the beholder. The triumph of genius is reached by making the active and dramatic emotion of the disciples subordinate to the quiet and patient grief of the Christ.

"Leonardo's study of the face of Christ, over which he was said to have pondered for half a lifetime, would have been quite lost to us were it not that a finished study of it happily exists, and is preserved in the Academy of Fine Arts in Milan. [It is this study which is here given in illustration.] Of all the conceptions of the face of Christ imagined by man and painted on canvas, this is by common consent regarded as the most beautiful. It is Christ at one of the saddest moments of his life; his eyes half closed, his face so calm and yet so grief-laden, speak of a sorrow which none can share. Amid the eager questionings he is silent. The betrayer is there, but Christ will not betray him. Afterwards, when the first rush of excitement is over, he is to dismiss him, solemnly, quietly, finally. Even now the shadows are rushing around him whom evil has won to its ministry, and claimed as its own. In a few moments it will be night, and the darkness will wrap itself around him, and hurry him to his cursed mission and his doom. Then the face of the Christ will change, the eyes open, the features strengthen, the frame brace itself with bands of steel, as he says, arising from the table: 'Arise, let us go hence.' But here it is the Christ of the wounded heart we see; for one whom he has come to seek and to save is lost, and cannot be found.

"As an interpretation of this divine emotion this study is sublime and unapproached. Its beauty haunts the imagination, its pathos moves the heart."

The transition from Da Vinci's conception to that of Michelangelo, in "The Last Judgment," is a violent one. The Christ depicted on the roof of the Sistine Chapel looks down with threatening eye and upraised arm upon the awed worshipers below. "Michelangelo's conception of the Christ, massive and wrathful," says Mr. Burns, "is a revelation of his own perturbed yet titanic genius. All he did, as all he was, is on the scale of the tremendous. Agitated in heart, wounded in spirit, his labors were those of Hercules: he could not rest, and he would not die." Mr. Burns writes further:

"To his somber genius the conception of Christ as the Gentle Shepherd had few attractions. It was into his conceptions of Christ as Judge that he poured all the passion of his stormy soul, and

* THE CHRIST FACE IN ART. By James Burns. E. P. Dutton & Company.



"THE PATIENT SUFFERER"

Leonardo Da Vinci's conception of Christ, as expressed in his world-famous picture, "The Last Supper," in Milan.

that he sought to recover all the lost splendors of classic art. His picture of the 'Last Judgment,' is the most famous of his works. It engrossed his whole time and strength for eight years, and was unveiled on Christmas Day, 1541, 'for the amazement of Rome and of the world.' It remains an 'amazement' until this day, and the subject of never-ending controversy.

"Whether we incline to regard the figure of Christ as that of a 'wrathful giant,' or a 'God,' there can be no doubt that it is a mighty conception. The face has nothing of the spirituality of Angelico, or the haunting loveliness of Da Vinci, but it is the conception of a Titan who could call the thunder and lightning to his aid, and who could steep his brush in all the anguish and agony of his own tempestuous soul. For to Angelo the times were out of joint. Incensed and outraged, he bade defiance to the world, to its low follies and its crimes. The Christ the world needed was to him a moral Hercules who would sweep into the gulf the society abandoned to its lusts and secret crimes, and build out of the ruins a kingdom of righteousness. At the very time he was painting this picture he wrote to Vittoria Colonna, the one person in the world whom he admitted to share his inmost thoughts: 'I am going in search of truth with uncertain step. My heart, always wavering between vice and virtue, suffers and faints, like a weary traveler wandering in the dark.'"

To turn from Michelangelo's lurid vision to the portrayal of Christ in Raphael's "Transfiguration" is to pass from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained." The terrors of the "Dies

Irae" no longer overwhelm us. The soul of Raphael was as sunny as Michelangelo's was somber; it was his delight to paint gentle-faced Madonnas and sweet Infants, and to set them in an Umbrian landscape of such heavenly peacefulness as to make us dream of the Paradise of God. In his supreme picture he shows us a Christ glorified, uplifted and radiant.

A most sympathetic description of Raphael's "Transfiguration" is given by Mrs. Jameson in "The History of Our Lord." She says:

"In looking at the 'Transfiguration' we must bear in mind that it is not a historical but a devotional picture—that the intention of the painter was not to represent a scene, but to excite religious feelings by expressing, so far as painting might do it, a very sublime idea.

"If we remove to a certain distance from the picture so that the forms shall become vague, indistinct, and only the masses of color and the light and shape perfectly distinguishable, we shall see that the picture is indeed divided as if horizontally, the upper half being all light, and the lower half, comparatively, all dark. As we approach nearer, step by step, we behold above the radiant figure of the Savior floating in mid air, with arms outspread, garments of transparent light, glorified visage upturned as if in rapture, and the hair lifted and scattered as I have seen it in persons under the influence of electricity. On the right, Moses, on the left, Elijah, representing respectively the old Law and the old Prophecies,

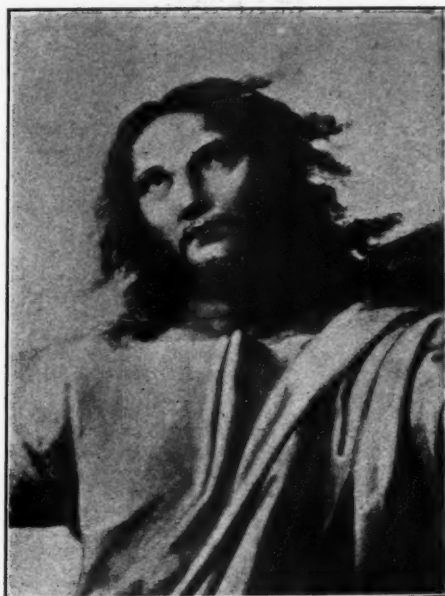


"THE WRATHFUL JUDGE"

Michelangelo's somber depiction of Christ. A detail from "The Last Judgment" on the roof of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

which both testified of him. The three disciples lie on the ground, terror-struck, dazzled. There is a sort of eminence, or platform, but no perspective, no attempt at real locality, for the scene is revealed as a vision, and the same soft, transparent light envelops the whole. This is the spiritual life, raised far above the earth, but not yet in heaven. Below is seen the earthly life, poor humanity struggling helplessly with pain, infirmity and death. The father brings his son, the possessed, or, as we should now say, the epileptic boy, who oftentimes falls into the water, or into the fire, or lies groveling on the earth, foaming and gnashing his teeth; the boy struggles in his arms—the rolling eyes, the distorted features, the spasmodic limbs are at once terrible and pitiful to look at. Such is the profound, the heart-moving significance of this wonderful picture. It is, in truth, a fearful approximation of the most opposite things. The mournful helplessness, suffering, and degradation of human nature are placed in immediate contrast with spiritual life, light, hope—nay, the very fruition of heavenly rapture."

"It is the wonderful power and beauty of the face and figure of Christ," says Mr. Burns, "which gives this work its overwhelming attraction." He adds: "While Da Vinci has painted the Patient Sufferer, and Angelo the Wrathful Judge, Raphael has portrayed the Risen and Glorified Redeemer."



"THE RISEN AND GLORIFIED REDEEMER"

Raphael's portrayal of Christ in "The Transfiguration," in the Vatican at Rome.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFLICT BETWEEN A GREAT FATHER AND A GREAT SON

A REMARKABLE religious document has just appeared in England. It is entitled "Father and Son," and is published anonymously.* But while the author disclaims any effort either to reveal or to hide his personality, he is everywhere recognized as Edmund Gosse, the distinguished literary critic; and the "father" of whom he writes is Philip Henry Gosse, a friend of Darwin and Charles Kingsley, and in his day a great zoologist. The book is, in fact, the record of a long struggle between two temperaments and two consciences, and it is written with a purity of style commanded by few English-speaking writers in our day. The personalities involved may be described as the representatives of two epochs of human thought and development. Philip Gosse, the father, was the champion of a dying Calvinism; Edmund, the son, is a man of the modern spirit. In the largest sense, the book is a por-

trayal of that never-ending conflict between the older and younger generations which constitutes the theme of Turgenieff's novel, "Fathers and Sons," and of Sudermann's play, "Magda." "There is not a father," says one London critic, "but could learn something of consideration and sympathy from its perusal, nor a son but should follow its course with a kind indulgence. And since everyone is either parent or child, there is no one but should find in it some personal appeal to the most primitive and the most enduring of all human associations."

To read of the home into which Edmund Gosse was born is to catch glimpses of a world not unlike that of the stern Puritan pioneers in New England. Not only the father, but also the mother, were intense religionists, belonging to the strict and almost fanatical sect of Plymouth Brothers. They married late in life and dedicated their boy, like the infant Samuel, to the service of the Lord. "For over three years after their marriage," says Mr. Gosse, "neither of my parents left London for

* FATHER AND SON: BIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. Charles Scribner's Sons.

a single day, not being able to afford to travel. They received scarcely any visitors, never ate a meal away from home, never spent an evening in social intercourse abroad. At night they discussed theology, read aloud to one another, or translated scientific brochures from French or German. It sounds a terrible life of pressure and deprivation, and that it was physically unwholesome there can be no shadow of a doubt. But their contentment was complete and unfeigned." The writer continues:

"Here was perfect purity, perfect intrepidity, perfect abnegation; yet there was also narrowness, isolation, an absence of perspective, let it be boldly admitted, an absence of humanity. And there was a curious mixture of humbleness and arrogance; entire resignation to the will of God and not less entire disdain of the judgment and opinion of man. My parents founded every action, every attitude, upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, and upon the guidance of the Divine Will as revealed to them by direct answer to prayer. Their ejaculation in the face of any dilemma was, 'Let us cast it before the Lord!'

"So confident were they of the reality of their intercourse with God, that they asked for no other guide. They recognized no spiritual authority among men, they subjected themselves to no priest or minister, they troubled their consciences about no current manifestation of 'religious opinion.' They lived in an intellectual cell, bounded at its sides by the walls of their own house, but open above to the very heart of the uttermost heavens."

No fiction of any kind, religious or secular, was allowed in the house. The parents felt that to invent a story of any kind was a sin. "Never in all my childhood," Mr. Gosse tells us, "did any one address to me the affecting preamble, 'Once upon a time!'" I was told about missionaries, but never about pirates. I was familiar with humming birds, but I had never heard of fairies." As the boy grew older he was permitted to read books of travel and natural history. But when his father gave him "Tom Cringle's Log," he advised him to read the descriptions of the sea and of the mountains of Jamaica and to "skip" the pages which told of imaginary adventures and conversations. Religious books, however, were always at hand. The child was expected to extract spiritual nutriment from theological treatises by Jukes and Newton's "Thoughts of the Apocalypse." He confesses that the very sight of such volumes afterward became an abomination to him. In an understanding of the various books of the Bible he was ceaselessly drilled; but everything was interpreted from a narrow evangelical point of view. The father and son read together the "Epistle to

the Hebrews." "The extraordinary beauty of the language," Mr. Gosse recollects, "made a certain impression on my imagination, and was (I think) my earliest initiation into the magic of literature. But the dialectic parts of the Epistle always puzzled and confused me."

Edmund's mother died, and in the course of time her place was taken by a step-mother, but the strict régime went on uninterrupted. In this Calvinistic household Sunday was the most important day of the week and was duly solemnized by services held, under the father's leadership, in the "Room" of the Plymouth Brethren. The son has preserved for us an accurate record of how the Sabbath Day was spent:

"We came down to breakfast at the usual time. My father prayed briefly before we began the meal; after it, the bell was rung, and, before the breakfast was cleared away, we had a lengthy service of exposition and prayer with the servants. If the weather was fine, we then walked about the garden, doing nothing, for about half an hour. We then sat, each in a separate room, with our Bibles open and some commentary on the text beside us, and prepared our minds for the morning service: A little before 11 A. M. we sallied forth, carrying our Bibles and hymn-books, and went through the morning-service of two hours at the Room; this was the central event of Sunday.

"We then came back to dinner,—curiously enough to a hot dinner, always, with a joint, vegetables and puddings, so that the cook at least must have been busily at work,—and after it my father and my step-mother took a nap, each in a different room, while I slipped out into the garden for a little while, but never venturing further afield. In the middle of the afternoon, my step-mother and I proceeded up the village to Sunday school, where I was early promoted to the tuition of a few very little boys. We returned in time for tea, immediately after which we all marched forth, again armed, as in the morning, with Bibles and hymn-books, and we went through the evening-service, at which my father preached. The hour was now already past my week-day bed-time, but we had another service to attend, the Believers' Prayer Meeting, which commonly occupied forty minutes more. Then we used to creep home. I often so tired that the weariness was like physical pain, and I was permitted, without further 'worship,' to slip upstairs to bed."

It may well be imagined how a boy of Edmund Gosse's temper chafed under this discipline. His whole life was cramped and repressed. He was as yet only dimly conscious of the intellectual powers that were to give him, in later years, a dominating place in the literary world. But "through thick and thin," he says, "I clung to a hard nut of individuality

deep down in my childish nature. To the pressure from without I resigned everything else, my thoughts, my words, my anticipations, my assurances; but there was something which I never resigned, my innate and persistent self." Even in a Devonshire village he came into touch with some of the larger influences of his time. One day he met the great playwright, Sheridan Knowles. He heard of Shakespeare, and a great enthusiasm was kindled in his soul; but when readings of "The Merchant of Venice" were begun, at Mr. Knowles's suggestion, in the school which the boy attended, they were soon mysteriously stopped. "I never knew the cause," the narrative continues, "but I suspect that it was my father's desire." The boy saved up his pennies and bought the dramatic poems of Ben Jonson and Marlowe. His father was horror-stricken, and promptly committed the volume to the flames. On another day Edmund was entranced by some pictures he had seen of the Greek gods, and he asked his father to tell him the meaning of these noble figures. The answer was direct and disconcerting:

"He said—how I recollect the place and time, early in the morning, as I stood beside the window in our garish breakfast-room—he said that the so-called gods of the Greeks were the shadows cast by the vices of the heathen, and reflected their infamous lives; 'it was for such things as these that God poured down brimstone and fire on the Cities of the Plain, and there is nothing in the legends of these gods, or rather devils, that it is not better for a Christian not to know.' His face blazed white with Puritan fury as he said this—I see him now in my mind's eye, in his violent emotion. You might have thought that he had himself escaped with horror from some Hellenic hippodrome."

The father, meanwhile, was himself undergoing something of a spiritual crisis. This was the period when the Darwinian hypothesis of organic evolution by natural selection had burst upon the world like a great light, and he was torn between two aspects of truth. "There is a peculiar agony," as Mr. Gosse observes, "in the paradox that truth has two forms, each of them indisputable, yet each antagonistic to the other." As a great naturalist, the father could not escape the logic of Darwin's position; as a believer in the literal and divine inspiration of the Bible, he could not accept it. He ended by writing a book in which he endeavored, with all the intellectual resources at his command, to reconcile the Darwinian theory and a literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. It was a futile

task, and he won the approval of neither the conservatives nor the radicals.

While the father was thus turning his gaze more and more longingly toward the ideals of the past, the son, as has been indicated, was pursuing his own solitary path in the opposite direction. His progress was still blind and intuitive. "My brain," he says, "was full of strange discords, a huddled mixture of 'Endymion' and the Book of Revelation, John Wesley's hymns and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Few boys of my age, I suppose, carried about with them such a confused throng of immature impressions and contradictory hopes. I was at one moment devoutly pious, at the next haunted by visions of material beauty and longing for sensuous impressions. In my hot and silly brain, Jesus and Pan held sway together, as in a wayside chapel discordantly and impishly consecrated to Pagan and to Christian rites." This unwholesome excitement, as might have been prophesied, bubbled up violently and finally reached a climax.

"It was a summer afternoon, and I had escaped from going out with the rest of my school-fellows in their formal walk in charge of an usher. I had been reading a good deal of poetry, but my heart had translated Apollo and Bacchus into terms of exalted Christian faith. I was alone, and I lay on a sofa, drawn across a large open window at the top of the school-house, in a room which was used as a study by the boys who were 'going up for examination.' I gazed down on a labyrinth of gardens sloping to the sea, which twinkled faintly beyond the towers of the town. Each of these gardens held a villa in it, but all the near landscape below me was drowned in foliage. A wonderful warm light of approaching sunset modeled the shadows and set the broad summits of the trees in a rich glow. There was an absolute silence below and around me, a magic of suspense seemed to keep every topmost twig from waving.

"Over my soul there swept an immense wave of emotion. Now, surely, now the great final change must be approaching. I gazed up into the faintly-colored sky, and I broke irresistibly into speech. 'Come now, Lord Jesus,' I cried, 'come now and take me to be forever with Thee in Thy Paradise. I am ready to come. My heart is purged from sin, there is nothing that keeps me rooted to this wicked world. Oh, come now, and take me before I have known the temptations of life, before I have to go to London and all the dreadful things that happen there!' And I raised myself on the sofa, and leaned upon the window-sill, and waited for the glorious apparition.

"This was the highest moment of my religious life, the apex of my striving after holiness. I waited awhile, watching; and then I had a little shame at the theatrical attitude I had adopted, altho I was alone. Still I gazed and still I hoped. Then a little breeze sprang up, and the branches danced. Sounds began to rise from the road be-

neath me. Presently the color deepened, the evening came on. From far below there rose to me the chatter of the boys returning home. The tea-bell rang,—last word of prose to shatter my mystical poetry. "The Lord has not come, the Lord will never come," I muttered, and in my heart the artificial edifice of extravagant faith began to totter and crumble."

The definite rupture between father and son came several months later. Edmund had removed to London and was living there alone. On one of his visits home the father began the customary interrogations regarding his son's spiritual conduct. Was he "walking closely with God?" Was his sense of the efficacy of the Atonement clear and sound? Had the Holy Scriptures still their full authority with him? "My replies on this occasion," says Mr. Gosse "were violent and hysterical." He adds:

"I have no clear recollection what it was that I said,—I desire not to recall the whimpering sentences in which I begged to be let alone, in which I demanded the right to think for myself, in which I repudiated the idea that my father was responsible to God for my secret thoughts and my most intimate convictions."


Edmund returned immediately to London, and the father despatched a long letter after him, hoping, even yet, to win him back. But

the rupture, in a spiritual sense, proved permanent, and from that time on the father and son walked in opposite hemispheres of the soul, with the "thick o' the world" between them.

Surveying the whole struggle, after a lapse of forty years, Mr. Gosse makes the significant comment:

"Let me speak plainly. After my long experience, after my patience and forbearance, I have surely the right to protest against the untruth (would that I could apply to it any other word!) that evangelical religion, or any religion in a violent form, is a wholesome or valuable or desirable adjunct to human life. It divides heart from heart. It sets up a vain, chimerical ideal in the barren pursuit of which all the tender, indulgent affections, all the genial play of life, all the exquisite pleasures and soft resignations of the body, all that enlarges and calms the soul, are exchanged for what is harsh and void and negative. It encourages a stern and ignorant spirit of condemnation; it throws altogether out of gear the healthy movement of the conscience; it invents virtues which are sterile and cruel; it invents sins which are no sins at all, but which darken the heaven of innocent joy with futile clouds of remorse. There is something horrible, if we will bring ourselves to face it, in the fanaticism that can do nothing with this pathetic and fugitive existence of ours but treat it as if it were the uncomfortable ante-chamber to a palace which no one has explored, and of the plan of which we know absolutely nothing."

THE FASCINATION OF PESSIMISM

N first thought nothing could seem stranger than that a doctrine which assumes the world and everything in it to be evil should have a fascination. Yet down through the centuries the doctrine of pessimism has lured and enthralled the mind of man. As the religious devotee clings to his codes of discipline and self-mortification, as the sorrowful heart hugs its secret griefs, so humanity in all ages has cherished and preserved the philosophy of pessimism. It dogs the brightest visions of thought as persistently, as inevitably, as the black shadow cast by sunlight.

The pessimistic doctrine, as Louis J. Block, a writer in *The Sewanee Review*, points out, has had many forms, but their central purport is everywhere the same. He says:

"The outward clothing of thought varies with the climate and skies and scenery amid which

it rises into temporal manifestation, but the thought in itself passes through its own modifications, and displays everywhere its unchanging and eternal characteristics. That all pleasure is hollow and self-limited, and, if pushed too far in its headlong course, must end in its opposite, pain, is a message which we hear announced in every variety of accent and cadence. That the activities of mankind are devoid of genuine results, and that what we now esteem indispensable for the best behoof of all will be found as futile as so many precedent efforts, is dinned into our ears by the saint and the sinner. That the search for truth is a hopeless undertaking, and ends only in a labyrinth, wherein we more and more lose our way, the farther we penetrate, is told us by the skeptical scientist on the one hand, and the believer in a mysterious faith or illumination on the other. The bold speculator on this state of affairs does not shrink from the perilous precipice toward which he is ever moving, but makes the plunge at once by affirming the meaninglessness of all life, the nothingness of all its endeavors, and the exquisiteness of the extinction which is certain, and whose recognition is the one infallible good in which an experience perforce must terminate."

There must be something, Mr. Block asserts, in this dark conception which has a real and organic relation to life and thought, or it would not persist as it does, and appear and reappear all through the course of history. No religious or philosophical system has been able to ignore it. It fascinated the Greek mind, and has left its blight on the Hebrew. Above all, it impregnated and saturated the Oriental nature. As Mr. Block declares:

"Asia has never done anything by halves. Her civilizations have been colossal, her arts have had the same characteristics, her tyrannies have been beyond those of other lands. The native of Hindostan found his life crushed into forms which stifled every hope and every aspiration. His Gods were not only jealous Gods, but resolutely refused to recognize more than a very small segment of his existence. He was born into a caste, and out of it he could move only through incredible and next to impossible renunciations and asceticisms. The favored Brahmin stood at the doors of Heaven, and denied entrance to anyone not of his creed and kind. The sovereigns squandered on their moods and pleasures the immense earnings of their groaning subjects. The human will everywhere was depressed and aborted, the objects which alone make life worth the living were unattainable, and the inevitable consequences ensued. The pessimistic doctrine hung over the whole land, a vast cloud obscuring the sun.

"Under those deep blue skies and amid that tropical scenery the thought of men flew far, and the imagination woke to a strange and intense life. Denied outer expression, except on the large scale which the monarch demanded, the nation fell back into a dream consciousness, in which the reality of the world faded away and vanished. The whole outer realm swam in a mist of illusion, and it was doubtless a comfort and a consolation to believe that all this scene of crime and cruelty and rapine had no genuine existence, was only a changing vapor speeding before the eyes, an error of the sense-ridden consciousness, maya, a disastrous vision from which the sooner riddance was obtained the better."

The Stoic and Epicurean philosophies of the Roman were, in the last analysis, but efforts to escape from the pain of living. Both solutions were negative, and, as time proved, ineffective. The Stoic cultivated a majestic serenity, hoping thereby to rise above pain and pleasure. The release which he sought was not, as in the Oriental philosophies, an objective calm, but an inward peace. The Epicurean, on the other hand, turned, in the Sybaritic spirit, to refinement, exquisite delights, poetry, music. These were the flower of living; and as to the morrow, why when we arrived it would not be at all! In Walter Pater's philosophic masterpiece, "Marius the

Epicurean," the two world-views are brought into contact and interaction. Marius is associated with the Stoic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, but finds in him some inexplicable defect. His own Epicurean views also fail to satisfy his deepest needs, and he finally prepares to take upon himself the martyrdom of a higher and more positive faith.

In the Middle Ages the pessimistic cloud assumed a new guise. One might suppose that with the dominance of Christianity and a belief in God as the Father of men, the world would have appeared as a beneficent scene of action. But, as it happened, the belief in the goodness of God was offset by an even more impassioned belief in the powers of evil. The excessive stress on the soul led to an abandonment of the external scene to Satan. Everything natural became, just because it was natural, the source of all evil and unhappiness. To quote further:

"The mystics of the time afford a marvelous study. They recognize and express with fierce intensity the evils which beset the state of man, and they present to him an outlet from these evils which is not wholly unlike those which had been offered in previous periods. There came the same tremendous injunction to renounce and to re-renounce, to flee from friends and home and to seek sanctuary in convent and monastery, or to abandon humanity altogether and hide in the mountains or the deserts. Then again by fastings and meditations to attain unto the ultimate good. This ultimate good is again described as the indescribable, as the light which is darkness, as the life which is death. In swoons and trances the ecstasy is attained, but no man having attained can speak of it, as it is wholly beyond all speech, all thought, all reason. It is not the essence of the world, it is more than essence; it is not the mind of man, it is more than the mind of man; it is not rational, it is more than rational; it is supereminent, superluculent, superaffable."

In modern times, the two supreme pessimists are the Germans, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. Here for the first time we find pessimism self-conscious and fully aware of the trend of its own doctrine. Schopenhauer, strangely enough, presents the energizing power behind the universe as a Will which the will of man must repudiate. Our intelligence demonstrates the existence of an Unintelligent which is yet greater than itself. More logically, Von Hartmann calls his deity the "Unconscious." To quote again:

"The Unconscious is some mysterious clairvoyant unity of Will and Reason or Idea; a colossal shadowy soul, whose blind intelligence strikes with more or less accuracy through the reach of eons at its own existence; how the Conscious arises out of it is a problem with

which he deals very unsuccessfully, and why he continues to live is a question which he has elaborately tried to answer. Principally because one death more or less would be of small avail; the whole race must learn how much better it is not to be than to be, and then pass over into that bliss which is again wholly past description because all description implies a conscious and well defined exercise of intelligence. Von Hartmann has written a most interesting book on the 'Religion of the Future,' in which all religions will finally merge, and whose substance is the renunciation of all life in the wholly blank and vague and limitless immensity, which knows nothing of itself and which is so aberrant from its fundamental condition as to produce, contrary to its inherent nature, conscious beings who must suffer and wail and agonize as long as they are conscious."

What is the final significance of pessimism? asks Mr. Block. It will hardly do, he thinks, to sweep so vast and portentous a movement into the abyss with the simple statement that it is a vagary of the human consciousness, or to regard it as one of the many ways in which the erring mind of man deceives itself. It is far too large and organic for that; it seems to

belong to thought itself; it even appears an essential and necessary concomitant of optimism. Mr. Block writes, in concluding:

"Can we hold both optimism and pessimism and attempt to unify them? Perhaps such is the final word, and with the full recognition of evil in all its darkness and windings and subtle penetrativeness, we may discover that the solvent word is Victory, the conquest of the right over wrong, the mastery of the dark by the light, the overpowering of the base by the noble.

"If one asks further why any such conflict should be, it may be answered, with what validity the reader must decide, that completeness would not be complete save as it included and dominated all incompleteness, that goodness would not be goodness save as it overmastered evil. The pessimistic thinkers virtually concede this in placing at the head of their systems the blank nothingness to which they address self-contradictory hymns of praise and thanksgiving. Without the conflict and the victory, goodness would indeed be only a self-contained and transcendental sameness, which could not know itself, much less know another. Whatever is, is right, whatever is, is wrong, but the concrete reality is infinite self-realization, infinite potency, infinite triumph."

MRS. EDDY'S DUAL DOCTRINE OF MARRIAGE

THE casual reader of "Science and Health," the text-book of the Christian Science religion, might reasonably assume that the indefiniteness of Mrs. Eddy's teaching on the question of marriage is due to the obscurity of diction that characterizes all her writings. But in the mind of the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, a Massachusetts clergyman who has just published a keen criticism* of Christian Science, there is more than a suspicion that Mrs. Eddy has purposely veiled her views on this subject. He suggests that she has one view of marriage for her followers and another for the world; that she is secretly encouraging a "dangerous theory" in regard to the marriage relation, and disavowing it through her official representatives when pressed by a hostile public. Mr. Powell says that he has read and re-read in seven editions of "Science and Health," ranging from 1875 to 1906, Mrs. Eddy's chapter on marriage. He finds in it many high ideals, many practical suggestions. "It is gratifying," he thinks, "to hear any woman, and especially a woman whose matrimonial experiences have been so varied and so unsatisfying that she writes,

marriage 'is often convenient, sometimes pleasant, and occasionally a love affair,' lift her voice against divorce and counsel married people to stay married until death." He is confident that some families have been blessed by the conversion of their members to Christian Science, that "many a husband has been reclaimed from dissipation, many a woman from frivolity," by the call of the spiritual in "Science and Health." And yet, he continues:

"Allowing liberally for all that, Christian Science is in essence ascetic. Mrs. Eddy says it is, and she should know. 'Is marriage nearer right than celibacy?' she inquires, and then replies, 'Human knowledge inculcates that it is, while Science indicates that it is not.' By its insistence on the unreality of matter Christian Science logically disavows the sacramental character of marriage, makes it but a temporary stage in the development of the race, and loosens the ties affection or kinship forms."

It is true that Mrs. Eddy claims Biblical authority for her marriage doctrine; but her interpretation of certain Scriptural points will hardly commend itself to other than Christian Scientists. She explains the Virgin-birth of Christ by identifying Christian Science with the Holy Ghost: "The Science of being overshadowed the sense of the Virgin mother, with a full recognition that Spirit is the basis of being." She calls the birth of Jesus "what

* CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: THE FAITH AND ITS FOUNDER. By Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

every one's should be." "Now what does this mean?" asks Mr. Powell. "What can it mean but this: that as the Holy Ghost, who Mrs. Eddy says is really Christian Science, once overshadowed a woman and the Virgin-birth was the result, so will it be again when women submit themselves to Christian Science as the mother of the Master did."

In the first edition of "Science and Health," published in 1875, Mrs. Eddy makes the following statement:

"The material world at a future time will become a spectacle of disorder and dismay on one hand, and of Science on the other. There will be convulsions of mind and consequently of matter, spasms, earthquakes, famine and pestilence. Sick-ness will become acute and death more sudden: but to those who understand this hour, as explained in the Science of being, length of days will increase, and harmony and immortality be near, even at the door. Knowledge will then diminish and lose estimate in the sight of man: and *spirit instead of matter be made the basis of generation.*"

In 1881 we find Mrs. Eddy writing: "The time cometh when there will be no marrying or giving in marriage. . . . Soul will ultimately claim its own, and the voice of personal sense be hushed." Seven years later she makes the statement, "Marriage is the only legal and moral provision for generation among the higher species," but then neutralizes the words by hinting that marriage will no longer exist when people learn that "generation rests on no sexual basis." In 1898 she argues that reproduction is due to belief, and offers the following illustration: "The propagation of their species by butterfly, bee and moth, without the customary presence of male companions, is a discovery corroborative of Science of Mind."

So far we are dealing with what may be termed the esoteric side of the Christian Science marriage doctrine. To the initiate it is plain enough. But Mrs. Eddy evidently feels that as yet it is doctrine too sublimated for the great mass of humanity. In the latest editions of "Science and Health" she seems to shrink from admitting the public into her innermost confidence. She vows in 1906 that the only person she has ever known who believed in agamogenesis "was suffering from incipient insanity," and hints that she is not that person. "But it is difficult," remarks Mr. Powell, "to take Mrs. Eddy seriously when in the next paragraph appears the sentence that 'proportionately as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be spiritually discerned;' when later in the

book there reappears the analogy of the butterfly and bee and moth; and when she states outright that 'to no longer marry or be given in marriage' does not mean race suicide." Mr. Powell goes on to comment:

"But if we have failed to grasp the meaning of Mrs. Eddy's words, if we are to be guided solely by her latest, not her earlier, utterances, and to assume that the correction of some passages implies the correction of all, if Mrs. Eddy does believe with heart and soul in the perpetuation of the species sacramentally through marriage in the years to come as in these ages past, why does not the great organ in the Mother Church at Boston more frequently peal out the wedding march? Why is no Christian Scientist specially commissioned to solemnize a marriage? Why is the Church Manual, which is so explicit in its directions on all other themes, silent as to marriage, except for this one ominous note: 'If a Christian Scientist is to be married, the ceremony shall be performed by a clergyman [of some other fold] who is legally authorized?' And why has not the Mother Church in Boston, with its seating capacity of five thousand and its resident membership doubtless larger, made provision for a larger Sunday-school than one of two hundred and fifty members?"

"Is it conceivable that informed Christian Scientists are ignorant of these facts which an outside student has so easily unearthed? Certainly no Christian Scientist can be uninformed who was at a Christian Science service anywhere on Sunday, May 5, 1907. For according to the directions of the *Christian Science Lesson Quarterly*, which has the sanction of the Sage of Pleasant View, every Second Reader in the world read to the Christian Science thousands everywhere on that day these words from the Bible: 'After this I looked and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.' And then the First Reader antiphoned in voice sonorous and mellifluous: 'Proportionately as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be spiritually discerned.'"

In Mr. Powell's judgment, the marriage doctrine promulgated by Mrs. Eddy is "the gravest defect of the Christian Science system." He says:

"Some men may for good reasons remain celibate as Jesus did, and there is on them no reflection. Some women may be virgins till the last, and that, too, is apparently the will of God for some. But the norm is never celibate or virginal. The norm is marriage because only in perfect union of a man and woman is there at the same time promise to the individual of completeness, and to the race perpetuation in circumstances that ensure the proper training of the young."

"You will seek in vain in the pages of 'Science and Health' for any evidence that this fact, perhaps the most important fact in sociology, has any place in Mrs. Eddy's mind."

THE WEAK POINT IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SYSTEM

THE fundamental weakness of the Sunday school, as at present organized, undoubtedly lies in the amateurishness and inefficiency of the average teacher; and the conviction seems to be growing in the religious world that unless some improvement in this respect can be inaugurated, there is danger of the Sunday school becoming a positive hindrance to religion. Not long ago a Lutheran clergyman went so far as to declare, in some remarks before the New York Board of Education, that he regarded the Sunday school as "the greatest foe religion has to contend with." The editor of the Baptist weekly, *The Examiner*, while disagreeing with this extreme judgment, adds his own conviction that "as a substitute for parental and pastoral instruction the Sunday school, on the present basis, is wretchedly inadequate."

An English clergyman, the Rev. E. H. Rycroft, has lately contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* a forcible criticism of existing methods of instruction in the Sunday school. He says:

"A Sunday-school teacher generally offers herself, and as a rule the teacher is a 'she,' not because she possesses the gift of teaching, but because, moved by the spirit of religion to offer herself for some pious or charitable work, she is told by her clergyman or minister that a class is vacant in the Sunday school, and that she will do good work if she becomes responsible for its instruction. Experts in education, who watch the faces of a class in the elementary school as an experienced teacher instructs the children, are aghast as they see the bored, listless look on the faces of these same children trying to sit still and 'be good' in the Sunday school. The children know well enough that they are learning nothing. They want to be good. Human nature, tho, is bound to triumph even in a Sunday school. Often and often the onlooker sees a teacher, in despair as she thinks, but happily as he thinks, turn to read some fairy tale, or an allegory, or possibly to talk about the coming wedding which is, for the moment, the excitement of the parish."

"But what all this time has the real teacher been doing, if such a one be found in the school? She can teach, she wants to teach; the class can learn from her, and so want to learn. But it is hopeless with such a shuffling of feet, and 'Maggie Jones, be quiet!' 'Thomas Smith, sit still,' going on all around. Teachers' meetings may be arranged, skeleton lessons drawn out, even model lessons given. Of what value, tho, can these be unless the teachers themselves are able to use the materials or models supplied? The clergy and ministers cannot do much. They need their energies for the church and chapel. Indeed, many an empty seat bears silent witness to the overwrought state of the preacher."

Mr. Rycroft feels that the evils inherent in the Sunday-school system are so deep-seated that they cannot be cured. He proposes to abolish the Sunday school. "Sunday," he argues, "is a day that seems to have been ordained for worship and rest, not for instruction. And if one-twentieth part of the energy now put into Sunday schools were put into the organization of children's services, there would probably be a wider and more satisfactory appreciation of worship than is now the case."

Less drastic remedies commend themselves to other clergymen. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, is endeavoring to raise the standard of teaching in his Sunday school by paying the instructors. Dr. J. T. McFarland, of the Sunday School Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has started a new periodical devoted to the training of teachers. He says:

"Never has the necessity for a more thorough training of Sunday school teachers been quite so pressing as now. The general advance in the educational world is making the haphazard method of teaching the Sunday school intolerable. We are about, under the pressure of this general progress, to introduce the system of graded courses; and the successful operation of this system will depend absolutely upon a better-trained force of teachers. We must train our teachers or fall to the rear in the Sunday school march."

In line with this same general tendency, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, through its General Convention, has adopted a scientific report on Sunday-school instruction which is to be placed in the hands of every rector and superintendent in the church. This report is commended by *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) as a notable contribution to the forward movement in the Sunday school. The same paper goes on to comment:

"The old, ignorant way of teaching will have to yield to methods induced from child-study and some application of the principles of modern pedagogy. The unwillingness to depend any longer upon teachers, few of whom have enjoyed good educational advantages, and whose age and term of service are both decreasing, is very full of encouragement for a wiser administration of our system of education. Here, we believe, we find the *crux* of the whole situation; the teaching must be more competent, and to this end teachers must be trained to the new conceptions of the work. The superintendent of one of the most thoroughly organized schools in the church has said that he lays all his stress on the selection of

teachers, their training and their retention when experienced. The normal class is as regularly taught as the teachers' meeting, with the result that there is no lack of qualified substitutes for absentees, and there is a spirit of attachment to the office which makes men even choose the post of teacher rather than that of vestryman. This is the chief part of the secret of one great

success, and the investigations of our experts seem to indicate this as their conclusion as to the one fundamental need of improvement. Other things will naturally follow and supplement the increased usefulness of the teachers, and the fact that such details are being critically studied and experimented with is the best augury that a new day has dawned for the Sunday schools."

THE "LIVING FAITH" OF AN AGNOSTIC



It may be true, as Prof. Earl Barnes points out in a new and suggestive brochure,* that we have no absolute knowledge of anything and that the men who know the most are the men who recognize that they know the least; but it is very certain that humanity cannot live without definite intellectual standards of some kind. If knowledge is withheld, we guess at the truth; if we cannot grasp certainty, we make ventures in faith. Professor Barnes is himself no exception to the general rule. The agnostic in his attitude toward the ultimate problems, he feels the need of a "living faith." His treatment of a seemingly negative subject—"Where Knowledge Fails"—ends on a positive note.

It is profitable, as Professor Barnes reminds us, to reflect, once in a while, on how little we actually know. A realization of human ignorance is the first step toward a fuller knowledge, and puts us in a proper attitude of humility toward the universe. Sometimes it seems as if we knew nothing at all. We *assume* that there is an external world in which we live, that it speaks to us through our senses, and that our senses correctly report its phenomena. We *believe* that we are personalities possessing minds which recognize real objects. But as a matter of fact, says Professor Barnes, "we know little of our own natures, little of the world around us, little of our relations to what we consider the eternal verities of time, space and causation."

At the outset of his inquiry, Professor Barnes asks a question that almost every man is bound to ask himself at one time or another: Have I a central ego, a self, which, sitting above all sensibility, understands, hopes, longs, fears, and chooses? The great philosopher, Descartes, who faced this problem centuries ago, came to the conclusion that the only thing he could not doubt was his own doubt. Now doubting implies a doubter, so the

very fact that he doubted proved that he existed. Such an argument may seem fantastic. We feel so sure of our central self that we think we can apprehend it by actual experience. "Still," remarks Professor Barnes, "when we begin the process, the self eludes us. We can find sensations and then more sensations, until, like Hume, we are driven to declare that the stream of consciousness is all that exists." Prof. William James, in his masterly work on psychology, is compelled to admit that nowhere can he find, by the methods of natural history, such a central self, distinct from the stream of consciousness that flows through him.

If we turn from this problem of self-consciousness to that of the existence of objects in the external world, the difficulties are equally great. Are there things outside of ourselves that would exist if we were not here to perceive them? One of the keenest minds that the world has ever known—Immanuel Kant—struggled with this problem for twenty years and decided that we could not know. Phenomena were all that he could recognize; the noumena—the "thing in itself"—forever eluded him. This question of the existence or non-existence of the material world is one of perpetual interest to all intelligent minds. Whether there are behind the sounds, tastes, colors and touch-impressions, which we know, real trees and buildings, no one can ever be certain. In this field of human thought and speculation the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other. At the present moment, Haeckel's materialistic philosophy is making vast inroads into German Christianity, while, in America, a directly opposite doctrine, Christian Science, is daily gathering in converts. Professor Barnes thinks it "no wonder that thousands of men and women are drawn to Christian Science, or to other interpretations of Berkeley's philosophy, as a refuge from their inability to know objectivity."

If we cannot know our own selves nor the world around us, we equally fail when we seek

* *WHERE KNOWLEDGE FAILS.* By Earl Barnes. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

for ultimate origins and the proof of immortality. Ever since men have lived, they have asked: Whence do we come? Whither do we go? Every religious system offers some kind of answer to these questions. But can it be said that any religious teacher has ever revealed the mysteries of birth and of death?

Proceeding to a different range of questions, Professor Barnes asks:

"What is my relation to the external world around me? It is springtime and the earth is flooded with sunshine. It is glorious with all the evidences of new life springing from the older life under and around it, and my heart goes out to it and I feel that this world is a fitting expression of myself. I must go out and take possession of it. All our brighter talk, the songs we sing from day to day, nearly all of poetry and art speaks of my relation to this great world. What is that relation? The men and women of San Francisco are struck down by the forces which move nature, and they are filled with bewilderment and dread and despair. And still the spring morning fills my heart with gladness and song. Which of us is right?"

"To-night the moon will ride in splendor through the heavens. Is it but a dead stone acting as a reflecting mirror to light this earth at night? If that be true, then is our earth itself moving on to the same fate? Is it to become in turn a dead stone incapable of supporting life? If so, where is there any reason for that solution of life which pleads for the continuous development of superior qualities? Why develop them if at their best they are to be starved and frozen out of existence on a barren rock? What is the fundamental truth behind all pantheism? Does the ocean, do the stars and the hills and the trees and the birds speak to my soul? Have I communion with life in them, or is it all but an illusion?"

"And in all these questions is involved the problem of my own use and value. What is my personal significance in this world? Am I or am I not important? In the days before Jesus Christ, the individual was generally not significant; if in Greece or Rome a child was born deformed, he was condemned to death. Since the coming of Christ, no thoughtful man or woman would accept a theory of life which proposed to destroy the frailest child. This is because the individual has become so deeply significant; his soul is felt to be related to the whole web of the universe and all existence would suffer through his loss, and he would himself suffer some infinite wrong. Christendom has held this doctrine for almost two thousand years, and yet no man can prove it. All rational proof turns the other way. Reason shows me that I am not deeply significant."

We stand, all of us, confronting an unknown universe and infinite problems which we are seemingly incapable of solving. Two different lines of escape are offered. The first lies through the church. It is only for those who are able to accept without question the basal claims of chapel, mosque, synagogue, or tem-

ple. The second lies through human service. It is for those who find in altruism and world-improvement their highest inspiration. Professor Barnes confesses that neither of these ways of escape meets his own need. He cannot accept the authority of priest and dogma, and he does not feel that service, in itself, is enough. "It is not through service that we shall escape from loneliness, except as work is taken as a mental opiate."

And so, perforce, a man of Professor Barnes's temper is thrown back on his own intelligence. Intelligence is admittedly defective. If it were all, we might despair of arriving at any satisfactory solution of any human problem. But it may be united with another faculty—the no less real, though less obtrusive, faculty of *faith*. We cannot live a single hour without faith of some kind. Every act of daily and business life, every relation of love and friendship, is based upon faith. The most elementary form of faith, as Professor Barnes defines it, rests on cumulative experience and observation. We have seen the sun rise for so many days that we may assume, with a degree of faith amounting to certitude, that it will rise again to-morrow morning. It is this kind of faith that furnishes the hypothesis of science, and that lies behind all new discoveries. "Columbus was admiral over his ships, but Faith was his master."

There is a more advanced kind of faith also grounded in experience, but covering a much wider area. It rests, in a last analysis, on the nature of our minds and of our human needs. We are justified by this faith in believing that the external world is limited by temporal, spacial and causal relations because our thinking has these limits. It also justifies us in believing in God and immortality if we cannot think without them. Professor Barnes elaborates this argument:

"There may be no universe to fit my modes of thinking and feeling; but beliefs that accord with those modes are for me necessary and respectable."

"And if one will go further and admit that this is a sane and orderly universe then there seems increased reason for believing in realities that fit the most persistent longings and beliefs of humanity. It is true that this involves a major premise which is incapable of proof, but it has the warrant of necessity to an extent far greater than that of any distinctly theological premise. I must believe that this is a sane universe in order to go on living, for why should I will or act at all if my being is involved in a disordered jumble of accidents? And if I accept a belief in the sanity, the orderliness, the law-abidingness of the universe then it must be true that those who

reach out through their beliefs, and consequent practices, along the line of the constitution of things will gain an advantage over those who move counter to reality. Those who feel most truly the fundamental realities of life will survive and their children will follow them. Those who have erratic and wrong beliefs, and consequent wrong conduct, will be eliminated. The wise shall inherit the earth; and in those who have inherited the earth I look for a growing wisdom. Hence persistent and widespread beliefs have a probability in them due to their being widely accepted and persistent. As Lincoln said: "You cannot fool all the people all the time."

Applying this form of advanced faith to the mysterious and apparently insoluble problems that have vexed humanity, Professor Barnes finds that it yields a working hypothesis in every case. We may be unable to *know* positively that there is a central norm of selfhood, but we can have faith that there is. Even Descartes and Hume found it necessary to postulate such a faith. As far as we can look back over the history of humanity, the "I" has been dominating and imperative. Out of experience based on widespread and persistent belief, we may take it for granted that there *must be* a selecting and directing self. We do not know what it is like, nor where it resides, nor how far it is subject to change, nor how far it is free to choose; but we still have a right to believe in ourselves as the center of our known universe.

Is there an external world around us corresponding in some degree to the objectivity which we generally attribute to it? Again, tho we cannot know, we can have faith that there is. From the point of view of utility or morals, an idealistic philosophy may often seem as good as any other, but the overwhelming consensus of opinion seems to demand an objective existence. And so, by an act of faith, we may accept it, as Kant did.

Is there a God in the universe? We cannot answer; but the universe seems, on the whole, a sane and orderly system, and most men and women have believed in some Supreme Power, or Unknown Cause, or God. We are almost compelled to accept God, for the same reason that we accept belief in ourselves or in objective existence.

What is our origin and what is our end? No one can tell. It is inconceivable that life is created by sex-passion. The creative force seems to be something utterly transcending conscious life, and sex is but its instrument. There are times when every human creature is conscious of "sympathy-memories reverberating out of an infinite past." We must have

lived before. From the theories of reincarnation embodied in the teachings of Plato and of Buddha down to the theory of continuous germ plasm in modern biology, the world of thought has ever been preoccupied with the continuity of life.

The same train of reasoning may be applied to the problems of immortality. We cannot believe in annihilation, it does not seem reasonable to us; and so we believe in persistence. The feelings and opinions of mankind as a whole sustain this position. We accept immortality for the same reason that we accept the law of the conservation of energy.

As the last object of faith, Professor Barnes takes up the question of personal significance:

"In each of these inquiries is involved my own personal significance. Am I important in a large and eternal way, or am I but a grain of sand, a human atom too small to count? The selected wisdom of the ages declares for my significance. Murder has always been the most hideous of crimes and in the protection of one's life all other acts are condoned. In the last two thousand years, as we have already said, the value of the human soul has been lifted to an elevation never before attained, and this conception is spreading steadily over the world. In periods of despotic power tyrants have held the lives of their subjects as of trifling value; in times of depression individuals have sought death and oblivion; poets and philosophers have sometimes declared man petty and his worth infinitesimal; but the great body of feeling and belief has insisted that man is significant and of infinite worth. My own feelings clamor for this belief and I accept it. 'It is a little thing, my life, but it is my life; which is to say, it is the center of everything, the heart of the universe.'"

These illustrations of the workings of a living and reasonable faith suffice to elucidate Professor Barnes's point of view. It will be recognized as essentially the "pragmatic" point of view, voiced so ably during recent months by Professor William James. Like Professor James, Earl Barnes looks toward results, rather than toward *a priori* theories. His beliefs are frankly based on his needs. He says, in concluding:

"I shall be told that this statement of belief is too vague for human needs; but I deny the charge. I am interested only in justifying the beliefs in general. The form and detail will change with each morning's sun. But so do the beliefs of Science, or any other theology, change from day to day. Even among orthodox believers of any sect each person has a different conception of God or of immortal life. In fact, each person's concepts change constantly with his changing experiences of life, just as his concept of a friend or of a brother changes. I am not concerned with the details; I am pleading only for the right of a man to believe what he

cannot fully know without forfeiting his intellectual respectability.

"And meantime we must remember that if faith be allowed to gather around itself vested interests, then it will again become a tyrant. 'Faith is the sense and the call of the open horizon.' Its field of activity must be strictly limited to the regions that lie over the border of knowledge. Where my senses are adequate and my reason fairly secure I must follow their decisions. I must not appeal to faith when I have to earn a living or when my child has diphtheria. It must not determine the geological periods of the world's history, or the historical worth of a sacred manuscript. All that can be known must be known; and faith must never hesitate to make

way for knowledge. As men develop they will know increasingly and knowledge will gradually occupy the domains where once faith alone could travel.

"And even in its own legitimate fields the declarations of faith must be recognized as different from those of knowledge. They are but the first faint glimpses of something on the horizon which may be and probably is land. As the ship draws nearer and the sailors make out the coast line and the trees, these guesses must give way to knowledge and faith must move on once more. But we need not fear that faith will be crowded out of life; the horizon always widens and we are but at the beginning of the gates of life."

THE PAPAL WAR ON MODERNISM

THE publication of the Papal Encyclical against Modernism, following and explaining the recent Syllabus of Errors (see CURRENT LITERATURE for last September and October), is regarded by the New York *Independent* as "the most important, the most ominous, event in the history of the Christian church that has appeared since the declaration of the dogma of infallibility by the Vatican Council," and as one "likely to be even more important than that." It has shaken the religious world to its base, and provoked a multitude of polemical articles in every civilized country. If any doubt has heretofore existed as to the attitude of the Vatican toward modern theology, that doubt is now dispelled. The new Encyclical brands Modernism as "the synthesis of all heresies." It is a declaration of war—war to the bitter end—against all that is most typical in advanced religious scholarship.

In view of the length and difficulty of the Papal document and the confusion that exists, even in intellectual circles, regarding the exact meaning of the term "Modernism," an authoritative interpretation is to be welcomed. Such is afforded by a leading article in *The Nineteenth Century* from the pen of the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon J. Moyes, of Westminster Cathedral, London. He points out that the word "Modernism" is not of the Pope's minting; it was used by the Modernist writers themselves to describe the characteristic spirit of their thought and writing. The Modernist views are very generally identified with a form of belief that finds the origin of all knowledge of God in the soul's internal sense and experience; but, according to this Roman Catholic authority, the identification is misleading. He

characterizes Modernism as "a group of beliefs, manifold and various, but more or less interconnected so as to form a system," and proceeds to classify these beliefs under five main heads, contrasting in each case the "Modernist" and the "Roman Catholic" points of view:

(1) NON-INTERVENTION OF THE DIVINE IN HISTORY.—A fundamental tenet of Modernism is the entire separation of the domain of faith from that of history. These two domains are held to be as circles which do not intersect in any part of their area. All that is divine or supernatural is assigned to the one; all that is visible or verifiable is claimed for the other. It follows from this that all parts of the Scripture which narrate facts of a miraculous or supernatural character may be treated as devoid of historical reality. Most of all, this principle of the non-intervention of the divine in history affects the concept of Christ. The tendency of the Modernist is to deny the miraculous elements in the life of Christ. Roman Catholicism, on the other hand, holds that Christianity is nothing if not the religion of the Incarnation, and that the very meaning and the whole significance of the Incarnation is precisely that the divine *did* enter into human life and history.

(2) THE EVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.—A second tenet of the Modernist system tends to represent the mind of Christ as the fruit of an exalted religious experience different not in kind, but only in measure, from the knowledge and experience common to the prophets and to the great founders and leaders of other religions than Christianity. It also inclines toward a representation of Christ as one limited by the conceptions of his age, and only gradually expanding into a consciousness of his Messianic mission. Some of the Modernist writers assert that Christ, during the greater portion of his life, was unconscious of his own divinity; that he had no conception of the church which was later to be founded by his followers; that he lived and died without any suspicion that he was the Savior of Mankind. All this is far removed from the Roman Catholic standpoint. Roman Catholicism will not tolerate comparisons that put Christ on the same plane, or the upper end of the same

inclined plane, with other teachers. It asserts his supremacy and essential divinity. It does not deny that there may have been evolution, in the sense of progress, in the knowledge in the human mind of Christ, but it maintains that such evolution must be compatible with "the unspeakably close and personal union which subsisted from the beginning between Christ's human soul and his Godhead."

(3) **THE SENSE-ORIGIN AND INSTABILITY OF DOGMA.**—Perhaps the most fundamental and far-reaching of all the differences between Modernism and Roman Catholicism is to be found in the concept of dogma which the Modernist derives from his root principle as to the origin of religion. The Roman Catholic position is that dogma is the revelation of God to man through the writings of the prophets and the words of Christ. The Modernist position is that religious truth is manifested primarily through the conscience and religious *sense* of man. Man receives from God a *feeling* of religious experience, which he translates into terms of dogma. The intellectual transformation is not God's work, but man's, and is susceptible to error. The instability, as well as the fallibility, of dogma becomes a necessity of this system.

(4) **THE DENIAL OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE SACRAMENTS BY CHRIST IN PERSON.**—It is a principle of Roman Catholic faith that the sacraments are divine in their institution and perpetuation, and that they involve objective supernatural changes, such as the Real Presence, Transubstantiation and baptismal regeneration. The Modernist tends to regard the sacraments as symbols, humanly instituted.

(5) **SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY.**—The Modernist conception of the church is that of a collectivity of consciences, teaching and ruling through a governmental régime established by the people. It is rooted in the idea of a spiritual democracy in which conscience is invested with a universal suffrage. To Roman Catholicism the founding and the commissioning of the church was the personal work of Christ, who not only laid her foundations in the Apostles and charged her to teach the nations, but sent down upon her his Holy Spirit for the purpose. Her powers are thus derived from Christ and his Apostles, and her teaching, ministry and government are necessarily Christocratic and Apostolic. The theory that would make of the church a spiritual democracy, or a fold in which the sheep ultimately commission, teach and control the shepherds, is held to be a complete perversion and inversion of the divine order.

In other words and very briefly, says the Canon of Westminster, the Pope has condemned Modernism for the following reasons:

"(1) Because the Modernists have denied that the divine facts related in the Gospel are historically true.

"(2) Because they have denied that Christ for most of his life knew that he was God, and that he ever knew that he was the Savior of the world.

"(3) Because they have denied the divine sanction, and the perpetuity of the great dogmas which enter into the Christian creed.

"(4) Because they have denied that Christ

himself personally ever founded the church or instituted the sacraments.

"(5) Because they deny and subvert the divine constitution of the church, by teaching that the Pope and the bishops derive their powers not directly from Christ and his Apostles, but from the Christian people."

Not the least significant feature of the new Encyclical is its program of methods. It is openly committed to a policy of inquisition and prosecution. It proposes the establishment of censors in every community to detect error and to tear subversive books from the hands of the laity. Heretical teachers are to be driven from their parishes, or, if professors in colleges, are to be expelled from their seats. Error is to be combatted "even to the shedding of blood."

And how has this Encyclical been received by the Roman Catholic hosts? In the main, it must be admitted, with silent approval. Only a few have had the temerity to criticize the Papal edict. Father Tyrrell, the rebellious English Jesuit lately deprived of the sacraments, writes to the London *Times* protesting against "a document destructive of the only possible defense of Catholicism and of every reason for submitting, within due limits, to ecclesiastical authority—a document which constitutes the greatest scandal for thousands who, like myself, have been brought into, and kept in, the church by the influence of Cardinal Newman, and of the mystical theology of the Fathers and the Saints." A group of Italian priests have issued a spirited volume entitled: "The Program of the Modernists: A Reply to the Encyclical." There are other evidences of unrest and dissent. But, on the whole, the Roman Catholic phalanxes have stood solid, and the conservatives have strengthened their hold. Recalcitrant Italian priests have been excommunicated. The Archbishops of Algiers and Avignon, and the Bishop of Tarentaise, in France, have resigned their offices, and their resignations have been accepted at the Vatican. Cardinal Richard of Paris has appointed a Vigilance Committee to pass judgment on new books, and a board of censorship to examine all Roman Catholic writings intended for publication. A leader of the Catholic Reform Party in Bavaria, Father Josef Müller, has fallen under the Papal ban. Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, has forbidden Roman Catholic students to attend the lectures of one of the leading German Modernists, Prof. Johann Schrörs, of Bonn University. The editor of a Modern-

1st review in Munich, Abbé Müller, has been suspended.

In this country the Encyclical has excited but little comment in Roman Catholic circles. "Modernism has few, if any, open advocates in America," according to Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston. The Archbishop adds a word of warning, however, against "the school of perverse or misguided men who, arrogantly assuming a right not theirs, would reconcile the Catholic Church with what they imagine the modern age demands; who would reconcile at any cost Catholic philosophy with the principles of a realistic and rationalistic age; who would bend the inflexible truths of God to the spirit of an age that threatens to become godless; who would compromise Catholic spiritual and moral ideals to a 'matter-of-fact' age which demands tangible proof for even what transcends the power of the senses." The New York *Freeman's Journal*, and other Roman Catholic journals, hail the new manifesto as timely and "epoch-making."

The comment of Protestants, it need hardly be said, is almost uniformly hostile to the Papal edict. Prof. Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, who has been a close and sympathetic student of Roman Catholic affairs, and who had an audience with the Pope two years ago, confesses frankly his disappointment at the increasingly reactionary policy of the Vatican. "The condemnation of Modernism," he says, "is not only a caricature and grievous misrepresentation of the modern spirit; it goes into such details, and strikes with such a venomous temper, that it is impossible for any Catholic, who has in him the least spark of the life of the modern world, to escape." Professor Briggs writes further (in *The Independent*):

"This Encyclical divides the Catholic Church throughout the world more distinctly than it has ever been divided before into irreconcilable camps, between which a war of extermination has been declared. It makes such a detailed and variegated description of the Modernists that are condemned that it is difficult to see how any priest or layman who thinks in modern lines, or lives in modern ways, can avoid it. In all probability the Vatican desires, for the present at least, to confine the harsher features of this Encyclical to Catholic countries and to avoid any conflicts with American Catholics, upon whom Rome relies for increased financial support; and therefore it may be quite possible for the American Episcopate to ward off the severity of the attack from this country for the present. But it is difficult to think that the Catholics of America will submit to such a censure without a protest, or that they will hold back from sustaining their

brethren in Europe in their life and death struggle, upon which the whole future of the church depends."

The Living Church (Milwaukee) declares that "the excesses into which the Pope falls in the course of his laudable attempt at a much-needed reform, cannot fail to cause regret to men conversant with the intellectual movements of the day, and consternation to those seriously engaged in combating modern intellectual attacks upon Christianity;" and the Boston *Congregationalist* says:

"It is a cruel dilemma to which Father Tyrrell and his friends are forced. They must either stultify their intellects or be cut off from the ordinances on which they have been taught that salvation depends. Perhaps, however, it is in the ultimate interest of the world that the Pope should be unrelenting. Men seldom throw off a yoke to which they have all their lives been accustomed until it is made intolerable."

The Church Standard (Philadelphia) thinks the Papal pronunciamento "as fatally malapropos as Mrs. Partington's ingenious attempt to sweep away the ocean with her broom." It goes on to comment:

"The Papacy to-day is waging war against the whole body of its own 'Intellectuals.' It has persistently fought human reason, and is now fighting the instinctive sense of human justice. It refuses to accommodate itself to inevitable ways of thought, and tries to rehabilitate mental habits which are outgrown beyond any hope of recovery. Galileo is now said to have been condemned merely for his phraseology; but the truth he stated has survived the censure, which would have destroyed modern astronomy if it had not been totally disregarded. The Roman Church will know how to make room for historical and critical truth when it has been established; in the meantime it denounces the scholars and the methods by which alone that truth can be gained."

"The outlook is sufficiently dreary; but must the Church of Rome remain unchanged? If reform be such a confession of absolute error as to be most unlikely, why should not there be a revolution that will sweep away the accumulated and strongly entrenched usurpations and superstitions? We do not see why that church should not be reconstituted, as many civil governments have been, on a constitutional and democratic basis. We can discern no smallest sign of such an event; but the Spirit of God has by no means deserted that great institution, and is equal even to such a marvelous reconstruction as this. Nothing less than the most radical treatment can meet the demands of the case. In the meanwhile, the influence of the present Pope is enlisted in the effort to keep the church as it is, to present it without apology or suspicion of any need for improvement, to remove it as far as possible from the currents of modern life, to make its requirements the one thing the modern man can afford to pass by without consideration."

IS RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM DECADENT?



HERE are at present eight hundred and four religious periodicals published in this country. Most people will be surprised to know that there are so many. It is certain that the religious journals do not exert an influence at all in proportion to their number. While the power of the daily papers is steadily growing, that of religious journalism seems to be on the wane. Many families subscribe to the organs of their denominations as a kind of duty. Even clergymen may sometimes be heard to confess that they find the denominational papers, with few exceptions, dull and uninteresting. The *New York Evening Post* can hardly be charged with exaggeration when it says in a recent issue:

"That many religious papers lack interest is undeniable. The material that fills their columns is conventional; cut and dried comment on church affairs, machine-made exposition of the Sunday-school lesson, a commonplace sermon by that rising young divine, Dr. Smith, an article urging the laity to be less critical of a pastor who is doing his best and to 'hold up his hands,' a poem of the mother-home-and-heaven type, and items about a new church in the Bronx and a pipe-organ at Syracuse. All this, intelligent men must admit, is pretty thin milk, even for babes in Christ. The advertising is correspondingly slender; notices of books issued by the denominational publishing houses, cards of bell-founders and dealers in ecclesiastical specialties, and a few other miscellaneous matters. The desperate straits of the advertising manager is shown by his acceptance of advertisements of patent medicines—'tonics'—and of speculative ventures in land, oil-wells, and mines, none of which could secure space in a reputable secular paper."

The question of the alleged decadence of the religious press comes up from time to time at church congresses, and is constantly being discussed in the religious papers. But *The Sunday School Times* (Philadelphia), in a carefully prepared article entitled, "What is the Outlook for Religious Journalism?" denies that there is decadence, in any real sense. It points to the fact that twenty years ago there were only 581 religious periodicals in the United States. Five years ago there were 836; three years ago there were 818; last year there were 809; this year there are 804. These figures include quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies. Twenty years ago, four of the 581 religious papers had a circulation of 100,000 or over. Today the four have become thirty-six. In other words, the total number of religious

papers today is almost half as large again as it was twenty years ago. The 100,000 class today is nine times as large as it was twenty years ago. "These facts," remarks *The Sunday School Times*, "do not look as tho the field of the religious paper had disappeared yet." The same journal goes on to comment:

"We can set it down that religious papers are not in the business of entertainment, tho many legitimate secular papers are. The religious paper can make little appeal to the lighter or the purely secular side of people's interests and sensibilities; in any such attempt it is wholly out-classed by the journalism that finds a chief field there. But it has a clear title to the field of the deepest interests of men and women. And this field will go out of existence when the art of reading and the Kingdom of God are done away with. Not before.

"Are religious papers measuring up to their field? For if they are not, it will be taken away from them, and the great needs of that field will be met by other agencies. The figures of decrease in the total number of religious papers in recent years would seem to show that some papers did not measure up. The decrease in circulation of certain papers that have survived the sharp struggle, would seem to show that they have not done all that they might do to meet the demands of the religious life of this age. The past few years has been a time of weeding out and a time of discipline; costly but richly profitable in the end, as such experiences always are.

"But there are religious papers that have increased in circulation—which means in the scope of their appeal—during this very period when some were having the opposite experience. What is the reason? Simply this: they have been getting closer and closer to the everyday needs of the religious life of everyday men and women. They have dropped preconceived editorial notions of what people ought to have, and they have sought to discover what people really needed, and how to give it to them in usable shape."

In spite of this optimistic review of the situation, the dispassionate student of religious journalism in America can hardly fail to have noticed during recent years a weakening grip, a decrease in vitality. There are a few excellent religious journals, but the number is not growing. The tendency seems to be for denominational papers to give way to such broadly religious, but non-sectarian, weeklies as *The Outlook* and *The Independent*. Perhaps the *New York Evening Post* reveals the true inwardness of this tendency when it says: "The difficulty, we suspect, with our religious contemporaries is that they are denominational in an age which cares very little about sectarian lines. The limited circulation is evidence of a limited interest in the denomination as such."

Music and the Drama

HOW THE FINANCIAL FLURRY AFFECTS THE DRAMATIC SEASON

THE present dramatic season has been remarkable chiefly for its failures. Numerous playwrights, including Charles Klein, Henry Arthur Jones, Augustus Thomas, George Ade, Milton Royle and Martha Morton, have suffered direful defeats. "Where," asks Daniel Frohman, "is one to look for a survival of the American drama?" The only American playwright-manager to whose standards victory has persistently clung, in spite of the black weeks in finance, is Mr. David Belasco. David Warfield, in "A Grand Army Man," produced by Belasco, plays to full houses, and "The Warrens of Virginia," a play of the war, by William C. DeMille, also produced by Belasco, is likewise extraordinarily successful. On the other hand, stars of the first magnitude, like Julia Marlowe, Annie Russel, Viola Allen, have commenced their annual appearance unusually late, while others of considerable reputation, like W. H. Thompson, Edwin Arden, Robert Hilliard, have forsaken the drama for the vaudeville sketch. Arnold Daly has returned to his former managers, who received the prodigal with open arms. And Mrs. Leslie Carter, whom disaster has followed since she ceased to shine in the Belasco firmament, is said to have reached the end of her resources.

Plays which, under ordinary circumstances, would have had a season's run, or at least continued long enough in New York to insure their success in other cities, have gone to the wall. According to an estimate in *The Times* there are now several thousand actors without positions. Many players who have been thus placed at liberty to starve have rehearsed without pay from three to six weeks and invested heavy sums in costumes. Henrietta Crosman, it is said, shed bitter tears throughout the entire play of the "Christian Pilgrim," a diluted version of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The actress had lavished a large sum on the production and when New York passed its verdict against the play she was completely prostrated. The Manager of the Madison Square Theater, where Rachel Crothers's

new play disappointed the hopes aroused by her last year's success, closed the house until the immediate effect of the panic had passed away. Prominent actors who formerly scorned engagements outside the metropolis are now to be found on the road. But even of these traveling companies, it is said that no less than one hundred and fifty have returned to New York in the last few weeks.

There is, however, yet another effect to be chronicled. Following the failure of favorite authors, leading managers clamor for a new playwright to make his appearance. Mr. Frederick Thompson, the well known manager, insists that producers are eager for the work of new writers and Mr. Daniel Frohman informs us that he devotes his Saturdays and Sundays practically to the reading of new manuscripts. Mr. Thompson proposed some time ago that the unacted author should submit his plays to a committee consisting of the dramatic editor of the New York *Globe* and Mr. Winchell Smith. He agreed to accept and produce any three plays recommended by this committee. The only stipulations were that the plays submitted must deal with American life and that they must be free from sensuality and closet skeletons. Mr. Daniel Frohman, in conjunction with this offer, prescribes a recipe to dramatic success. "Plays that appeal only intellectually," he avers, "can never hope to win popular favor, and popular favor is the one ultimate test of a play." To quote further:

"The appeal must be to the passions, not to the mind. A play may be a literary masterpiece, and be at the same time utterly worthless theatrically. Managers are eager for new plays—the demand far exceeds the supply. They cannot revive the old successes because experience has taught them that old successes almost invariably make new failures. Environment, method of life, subject of thought, change, and what struck the popular fancy ten years ago awake no responsive echo today. They want new plays, therefore and in order to get them, will neglect no opportunity offered them. They do not want Greek plays, however, for the spirit of the age is toward other things. They do not want blank verse; they do not want cape and sword dramas. They want what the public wants, and the suc-

cessful dramatist is he who can diagnose the public taste of the moment and write to conform with it. Natural ineptitude plus perseverance do not make a playwright."

Mr. Charles Frohman, in *The Theater Magazine*, gives equally frank advice. He says:

"The people of this country want to see plays that can be discussed at the breakfast table. Often, it is true, they will go separately to see plays that are not brought up for extended discussion in the home, but these plays do not win solid success. The history of the drama in this country proves beyond a doubt that the successful play is the healthy play. There must always be a strong love story.

"Nobody wants to listen to political tracts or sociological treatises. If a dramatist selects a political background for his drama he must color it with a convincing love story; with the elements of conflict and renunciation. Even in Charles Klein's 'The Lion and the Mouse,' which was built on a conflict between intellectual power and the power of money, and which achieved wonderful success, had to have its love story. The same author's 'Daughters of Men' did not prove popular because the author did not give

sufficient attention to the love interest. Mr. Klein said to me recently that in the future he was going to put less stress on the problems that are a burden to society and was going to give more attention to love romances.

"In all ages, people have declared that the serious drama was going to the dogs. They said this when Shakespeare was writing 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet' in opposition to the beer gardens on the other side of the Thames. They said it when Garrick was producing knock-about farces because he could not find enough fine plays to keep him going. The discontents are saying it to-day. The truth of the matter is this: bad plays will always fail, and good plays will always succeed. This is the whole philosophy of the drama."

Even Mr. Frohman, however, will hardly deny that the financial depression and its consequent effect on the theater are, at least partially, responsible for the anxiety on part of managers to hear from unknown authors. Thus the ill wind that rose from Wall street may blow no end of good to aspiring playwrights and American drama.

"MY WIFE"—A COMEDY FROM THE FRENCH



HE comedy in which John Drew and Miss Billie Burke are now appearing in this country is an adaptation from the French of Messrs. Gavault and Charnay by Michael Morton. During its long run in Paris it was known under the title, "Mademoiselle Josette, Ma Femme." In London, under its present name, it enjoyed considerable vogue.

Its successful presentation in the United States, at a time when so many of the native plays have proved failures, affords a new illustration of the continuing dependence of American theatrical managers upon European talent. Three of the most popular productions of the present winter—"The Thief" in melodrama, "The Merry Widow" in comic opera, and "My Wife" in light comedy—are importations from Europe.

Mr. Frohman was evidently influenced in the selection of this play by the fact that it offers an ideal vehicle for the talents of his principal star. The leading male character, Gerald Eversleigh, is of a kind that John Drew has made familiar to every American theater-goer—"correct, semi-elderly, disinterestedly unselfish, wearing morning clothes, afternoon clothes and evening clothes at the proper second, a suave paragon exuding smart-

ness in sartorial waves." His ward and subsequently his "wife," Beatrice or "Trixie" Dupre, known in real life as Miss Billie Burke, is a feather-brained but fascinating young person. He marries her at her own request, with the understanding that their marriage is to be an empty and amiable pretense, and that after a year she is to be released from the marriage contract. But before the year is out he falls in love with her. It is this development that furnishes the comedy-interest. The authors of the play ask us to laugh, with them, at the unusual spectacle of a man actually falling in love—with his own wife!

The first act takes place in Gerald Eversleigh's bachelor rooms in London. A gay company is assembled for midnight supper, including his intimate friend, the Hon. Gibson Gore ("Gibby"), Captain Putnam Fuzby, and Miriam Hawthorne, an actress. At the height of the festivities the door-bell rings, and Gerald's ward, Miss Trixie, enters, with Marie, her maid. Gerald leaves his guests in the dining-room and expresses surprise at this unexpected visit. The following scene ensues:

TRIXIE: Now don't be frightened (*throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him*).

GERALD: But I am frightened. I imagined you sound asleep in Paris.

TRIXIE: Yes, so do mama and papa. But you are all wrong.

GERALD: Trixie, what is the meaning of this? What are you doing in London? And where are your mother and father?

TRIXIE: Mama and papa are at the Carlton Hotel. We left Paris in a great hurry and arrived in London about two hours ago. They wanted to leave me at home, but I cried so much—and—here I am—there!

GERALD: So I see; but that's no reason why you should be out at this time of night and I am going to send you straight back to the hotel.

TRIXIE: No, no dear Guardy, please don't! At least not yet. I must tell you this dreadful, this most terrible, thing which is happening to me.

GERALD: A dreadful terrible thing, Trixie!

TRIXIE: Oh yes, oh dreadful! But, Marie, wait for me in the hall.

MARIE (to Gerald): Really, sir, it isn't my fault. If Miss Beatrice hadn't insisted—

GERALD: If Miss Beatrice insisted, no doubt she had good reason.

MARIE: Yes, sir.

GERALD: You may go now, Marie.

TRIXIE: Mama and papa are coming to see you first thing tomorrow morning. This was my only chance of seeing you first. I had to come, and when you know the reason, I'm sure you will say I was right. You know you always do.

GERALD: Well, now, be quick, little girl, and tell me all about it.

TRIXIE: First of all, mama and papa have come over to talk to you about my marriage to Monsieur Perier.

GERALD: Well, quite natural. All nice little girls must marry some time.

TRIXIE: But I don't want to get married, not for (counting on fingers quickly) twelve months.

GERALD: Well, then, don't!

TRIXIE: But I must. I have to be married in six weeks or bring papa's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, and I shall be an old maid as well, and then mama will have grey hairs, too.

GERALD: Of course, mama's grey hair is very serious. But I don't see how your marriage can prevent that catastrophe.

TRIXIE: You see, dearie (taking hold of him)—do sit down! Oh, do! (pulls little stool in front of him and sits)! Once upon a time (Gerald groans) I had an Aunt Caroline, who was very rich—

GERALD (getting up): Yes, yes, I know all about it.

TRIXIE (twisting round on stool and pulling him down into seat): You must be a nice good Guardy, and let me begin at the beginning or I shall never get to the end. When my Aunt Caroline was eighteen, a man proposed to her. She liked him very much—

GERALD: But she said no.

TRIXIE: How did you guess?

GERALD: They always do, hoping to hear it again.

TRIXIE: How clever you are! That's just what she did. But do you know, he never asked her again, and nobody else did either, and she lived for ninety-one years, and died an old maid.

GERALD: Yes, yes, very interesting. But I've some friends waiting for me.

TRIXIE (pulling him down): Let them wait—I haven't finished. My Aunt Caroline, to save me from her sad fate, left me all her money on

condition I was married by my eighteenth birthday.

GERALD (rising): But you won't require saving.

TRIXIE (following him up): But papa does.

GERALD: Papa?

TRIXIE: Yes, he is like you—one of my what-do-you-call-its in the will, and he has put the money into his business.

GERALD: Yes, yes, I know all that. Well?

TRIXIE: And papa says it is not always convenient in business to draw half a million francs out at a moment's notice.

GERALD: I see, your father can't afford to draw the money out, and for his sake you must marry at once?

TRIXIE (nodding head): Yes.

GERALD: And why shouldn't you? You must marry some day, and why not now? Getting married is not such a dreadful terrible thing as you say, and Edmond Perier is a very charming boy. And now you really must go back to the hotel, and do as your mother and father tell you.

TRIXIE (pulling him to chair and sitting on his knee): Oh, but dear, dear Guardy, do listen just a very little bit longer! I haven't nearly finished yet—I—don't like the look of him at all, he is such a tiny little bit of a thing, and he's so young—

GERALD: Oh! he'll get over that.

TRIXIE: And he hasn't any moustache (stroking Gerald's).

GERALD (putting her off his knee and rising): Trixie, all this is very childish of you, and I shall not listen to another word.

TRIXIE: But you must—you must—and you don't know how unhappy I am.

GERALD: Unhappy! But I thought my little girl had fallen in love.

TRIXIE: Yes, I have.

GERALD: Then, my dear child, what's all this fuss about? Since you must marry, and you're in love (looking at watch)—marry him.

TRIXIE (tearfully): Yes, but it's not Edmond Perier!

GERALD: Then who is it?

TRIXIE: Rene Falandres.

GERALD: Oh, that young chap!

TRIXIE: Yes, that's the one. Isn't he nice?

GERALD: Yes—but he's young, too.

TRIXIE: Oh, but Rene has a moustache! That makes all the difference.

GERALD: Well, then there's nothing to be unhappy about (taking up her coat), and when I see your mother and father to-morrow morning I shall explain the whole matter. Edmond Perier shall be dismissed and in six weeks you shall be Madame Rene Falandres. Now come along, little girl.

TRIXIE: But it isn't possible—

GERALD (throwing down coat): Well, what more do you want?

TRIXIE: You're in such a hurry, you don't give me a chance to say a word. Do sit down! I forgot to tell you that father would never consent to my marrying Rene Falandres.

GERALD: Oh, ho, is that all you forgot to tell me?

TRIXIE: I can't remember it all at once.

GERALD: Ah, ha! Now I'm getting to the bottom of things. Your father objects to Rene?

TRIXIE: You see, they are rival firms.
 GERALD: Be explicit. You mean Rene's father and yours?

TRIXIE: Yes, and father is very bitter against Rene on that account. And Rene's father sent him away to travel for a year. He started from Paris yesterday. So you see—

GERALD: You've got yourself into a nice tangle.

TRIXIE: Yes, haven't I?

Rene appears at about this stage, to bid Trixie good-bye prior to his trip to Morocco. He is an ordinary young man, whose attachment for the girl is too theatrical to seem quite sincere. After his departure the conversation between Trixie and her "guardian" is resumed:

TRIXIE: You see, don't you, that I must get out of this—er—tangle.

GERALD: But there is no way out, without losing your inheritance, and your father won't permit that.

TRIXIE: Yes, there is a way out without losing anything. It's Rene's idea, and it's so very easy, so simple, I am quite surprised you haven't thought of it.

GERALD: As it's so very simple, I must be very stupid, for I must confess I can't see it.

TRIXIE: Of course I go on the principle that you are ready to do anything to assure the happiness of your little Trixie.

GERALD: That's the principle I've lived up to ever since the little girl was born. There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for her.

TRIXIE: Then, that being the case, Rene's idea is as good as done, and I can marry at once for papa's sake, and next year I'll marry for my own.

GERALD (*starts*): Eh—what's that?

TRIXIE: Next year I'll marry the man I love.

GERALD: You are talking as tho you could marry on the instalment plan. You can't do that.

TRIXIE: Oh yes, Rene studied it all out for me. I shall marry someone just as a matter of form.

GERALD: Eh?

TRIXIE: And then get a divorce. Once I am divorced I do not require my parents' consent and I shall be free to marry Rene when he returns.

GERALD (*laughing at her*): You don't know what you're talking about.

TRIXIE: Rene does, it's the French law, he looked it up.

GERALD: Rene looked it up, eh? A very promising young man! They may do those mad things in France—

TRIXIE: Oh, no, Rene says it's as easy to get a divorce in France as it is to get married.

GERALD: Well, I don't care what Rene says. Marry just as a matter of form! No man in his senses will ever consent to such an idea.

TRIXIE: Oh yes, he will. He's already promised and he's in his senses, too!

GERALD (*seriously*): Do you mean this, seriously?

TRIXIE: Yes.

GERALD: He must be very fond of you.

TRIXIE: He is.

GERALD: Trixie, who is this man?

TRIXIE (*points her finger at him*).

GERALD (*starting up*): I? (*Looks at her for a moment dumbfounded.*)

TRIXIE: Yes, of course. Who else could it be?

GERALD: It's time you went home to bed.

TRIXIE: Now you needn't get so excited, dear Guardy. Just five minutes more. I'm not asking much—one little short year. Your life need not be changed in the least. I'll tuck myself away in some little out-of-the-way corner. I won't make any noise. You'll never know I'm there. I won't trouble you the least little tiny bit.

GERALD: Won't trouble me! You'll be the death of me yet (*throws himself into chair and laughs heartily*).

TRIXIE: I don't see anything to laugh at, and I think it's most unkind of you. I wouldn't have believed that you could do this when you see I'm serious.

GERALD: My dear, serious, foolish, impossible little girl!

TRIXIE: Impossible—why! Suppose papa and mama had to go away for a very long time, in whose care would they leave me?

GERALD: Mine, of course.

TRIXIE: There you are. Just pretend they've gone away.

GERALD: That's nothing to do with the case.

TRIXIE: You know it's the same thing, only you won't say so.

GERALD (*sitting down and patting her hand*): Now, just to show you how foolish you are, supposing for the sake of argument, I were to consent—

TRIXIE: Yes—yes—

GERALD: What guarantee should I have that your fiance would come back?

TRIXIE: His word.

GERALD: And how about shipwrecks, fevers and other accidents?

TRIXIE (*solemnly*): If Rene should not come back, I should consider myself a widow. So you see, it's quite easy.

GERALD: I see nothing of the kind—and I've just shown you that it's impossible, and if you hadn't been so serious, as you call it, I shouldn't have done that—I should have sent you home at once and refused to listen to another word.

TRIXIE: Then you won't do it?

GERALD: Certainly not.

TRIXIE: And a moment ago you said there was nothing in the world you wouldn't do for me.

GERALD: Yes, but—

TRIXIE: And when I ask you the least little thing you refuse.

GERALD (*laughs*): Least little thing, Trixie—you—

TRIXIE: You're the only one in the world who can help me, who can save me from being unhappy for ever and ever. And without a moment's hesitation you refuse as if it didn't matter—

GERALD: My dear child—

TRIXIE: And instead of being free to keep my promise to Rene I shall be forced to marry Edmond Perier, who you know I hate and shall be the most miserable woman in the world, and it will be all your fault (*breaks down crying*).

GERALD: Don't cry like that.

TRIXIE: I shall cry like that. I never would have believed you could act like this to me.

GERALD: My dear little girl, don't. I can't bear to see you unhappy. You know I'm very fond of you.

TRIXIE (a louder outburst of crying): Y-e-s!

GERALD: And you try to take advantage of it.

TRIXIE: You said you'd do anything to help me.

(Gibby enters; seeing Gerald with arms around Trixie trying to soothe her, turns quickly without a word and tip-toes out.)

GERALD: Now stop crying, and I'll promise you I will not allow you to be forced into this marriage if I can help it.

TRIXIE: Won't you?

GERALD: No, but you must stop crying. It will be all right. I'll talk to your father.

Trixie's father and mother, having missed her, come on the scene in alarm, to find if she has turned up at Gerald's. Finding her, they send her home, and in the ensuing conversation Gerald, realizing the impossibility of changing the father's plans for Trixie's marriage by remonstrance, takes the step Trixie has requested and asks that she be given to him. The parents, highly amused and also pleased, consent.

The extraordinary marriage between Gerald and Trixie takes place, and the second act shows them in a Swiss hotel on their "honeymoon." There are all sorts of absurd developments. Trixie is indiscretion itself, and seems bent on revealing to the whole world the strange nature of the bond that unites her to Gerald. She drops Rene's love-letters along mountain paths, and flirts with all the men in sight. She persuades one French gentleman to lean over a precipice and pluck an edelweiss for her while she "hangs on to" his heels. She exults in her freedom, and Gerald's feelings are ignored. He, on his side, is drawn into an altercation and finally into a duel with her Gallic friend. To add to the confusion, her parents suddenly arrive on the scene, and she gives away the secret of her relation to Gerald by admitting, in an unguarded moment, that his room is "on the other side of the hotel." The mortified husband finally commits Trixie to her father's arms, and flees in wrath to his rooms in London.

But Trixie's parents also forsake her. Her discomfiture is increased by the news of Rene's imprisonment in Morocco for a term of four years. She hastens to Gerald, arriving just as he is in the midst of preparations for another "bachelor" dinner, to which he has invited his old cronies. Trixie again finds herself an unexpected and embarrassing guest. Her husband endeavors, with poor success, to conceal from her the arrangements for the

bachelor dinner, which is to celebrate his re-entry into single blessedness. Some humorous byplay is the result of this attempt. Then the relation between Trixie and Gerald is advanced another step.

TRIXIE: Oh, how cross you look!

GERALD: I am.

TRIXIE: Do you find it such a bore to spend a few minutes alone with your little Trixie?

GERALD: You're not my little Trixie. You belong to a certain Mr. Rene Falandres, who, by the way, can go to the devil for all I care.

TRIXIE: Oh, that's very wicked of you!

GERALD: Now listen to me. It's the last time that I shall give in to your foolishness, the very last.

TRIXIE: Don't speak to me like that. I'm not used to it.

GERALD: Now you're going to cry again.

TRIXIE: No; but I will if you speak to me like that again.

GERALD: Can't you see what I'm going through all on your account?

TRIXIE: It's your own fault. You've always done everything I've wanted you to, without a word.

GERALD (impatiently): Well—it's no use talking about what's past. It's absolutely decided that I arrange for a divorce in a month.

TRIXIE: Very well (sighs). But in the meantime you might be kind and not scold me.

GERALD: I don't mean to be unkind. I'm nervous and impatient sometimes, and when I think of that idiot Rene Falandres, it's enough to—because he's in prison, am I to be condemned to spend four years of my life in this impossible position?

TRIXIE: You needn't be condemned to anything. You needn't wait a month. I will go away whenever you say so (sadly). I'm the only one to suffer through Rene being in prison. I'm the only victim. I'll go.

GERALD: Where will you go?

TRIXIE: To a convent—in France.

GERALD: I won't hear of such a thing! Do you suppose I'm going to throw you over now that you have a real sorrow?

TRIXIE: As long as you keep me near you, as long as I have just a little corner in your heart, I shall never have any real sorrow. (Sits on his knee, her arms round his neck.)

GERALD (looking at her lovingly): Dear little girl (suddenly recollecting himself), you mustn't sit on my knee.

TRIXIE: Why?

GERALD: Oh, you're getting too old for that sort of thing.

TRIXIE: If you would consent to putting off that divorce for four years (seating herself again on his knee), I should learn to be such a nice little housekeeper—and—er—

GERALD (lifting her off his knee): I've told you you mustn't sit on my knee.

TRIXIE: Don't you love me any more?

GERALD: My dear little girl, if we're to go on, you mustn't be so foolish, you mustn't object to my going out.

TRIXIE: Why?

GERALD: Because I'm not an old man tied to the fireside with the gout.

TRIXIE: I should think not (*coming closer to him*).

GERALD: You're a delightful little companion. My affection for you dates back from always, and—I will not have you sit on my knee (*lifting her away*). It's all very charming, but I'm not going to sit here for four years staring at your pretty little face.

TRIXIE: Why not, if it pleases you?

GERALD: Because—because—

TRIXIE: Go on, tell me. You may tell me everything, mayn't you? (*Getting close to him again*.)

GERALD (*taking her by the arm*): Trixie, you will please sit in that armchair over there.

TRIXIE: Oh, very well. I see you don't want me. I'd better go away.

GERALD: Yes. I don't see any other way. You will go to a convent, where they allow visitors, and every Sunday I will come and see you, and bring you the picture papers and some sweets; and during the week, I'll—

TRIXIE: What will you do during the week?

GERALD: Oh, I'll knock about as usual.

TRIXIE: Is it much fun?

GERALD: It's a habit I suppose. Now everything is well understood, and we'll begin under the new arrangement by bidding each other good-night.

TRIXIE: Just as you like.

GERALD: I see no other way.

TRIXIE: Very well, I shall go away to-morrow morning before you're up and not bother you any more. (*Walks away slowly, then turns*) Gerald:

GERALD: Yes.

TRIXIE: When you're knocking about as usual, will you think of your wife, your little make-believe wife, who went away only because you told her to?

GERALD: Of course I'll think of you.

TRIXIE: Good-by. Thank you for all the trouble I've given you.

GERALD: Good-by, little one. You don't know how much I shall miss you when you're gone.

TRIXIE: Suppose I don't go?

GERALD (*a slight pause. Then murmuring*): Trixie! Trixie! (*Takes her in his arms and for the first time kisses her on the lips. With a frightened little gasp she stands looking at him wonderingly for a moment, then runs out of the room. Gerald stands quite still for a few seconds.*)

GERALD: Trixie, my little Trixie, I love you.

The last act transpires in Gerald's rooms. He is shown in the seventh heaven of delight, vainly endeavoring to communicate his sense of ecstatic rapture to his friend, "Gibby." "I've wasted my years with such as you," he cries. "Yes, it's been nothing but a wild waste, because there was no love in my life, I traveled, I searched everywhere, it was useless, she did not exist, and I went on—a waster—until suddenly all was changed, and I found close to me what I had been blindly searching for—my ideal—my love!" He is tormented now by the possibility that his love is not returned, and in the midst of his torment comes

the news that Rene has been unexpectedly released from prison and may be expected at any moment! As he discusses this menacing prospect with "Gibby," Trixie's voice is heard calling outside the door.

TRIXIE: Gerald! (*He starts, hesitates a moment, and then goes slowly to center, and, as if afraid to meet her, sinks down.*)

GERALD: Does she love me? Does she love me? (*His head in his hands like a man awaiting sentence. There is a slight pause, and the door opens. Trixie enters slowly.*)

TRIXIE: Gerald! (*No answer.*) Gerald! (*He rises.*) Gerald, I want to stay. (*With a glad cry he springs to her side, raising her face to his.*)

GERALD: For always?

TRIXIE (*nodding her head*): Yes.

GERALD: My darling (*takes her in his arms*)! My wife!

At this critical juncture Rene is announced. Trixie tells Davies, the butler, not to let him in, and Gerald meditates a swift retreat. But saner counsels prevail, and the visitor is admitted. Then comes the bewildering climax:

DAVIES (*announces*): Monsieur Filanderer! (*Rene enters quickly, and, seeing Gerald, stops short and hesitates; there is an awkward pause, during which both men appear vastly uncomfortable.*)

RENE: Mrs. Eversleigh!

GERALD: Monsieur Falandres!

RENE: I beg you will excuse this late visit, Mr. Eversleigh.

GERALD: Not at all—(*slight pause*)—er—very pleased to see you—er—will you sit down?

RENE: Er—er—merci. (*Sits. Immediately jumps up.*) Mr. Eversleigh, we had an agreement together.

GERALD: I'd rather not be reminded of it.

RENE: Will you permit me to thank you for your great kindness?

GERALD: Not at all—not at all.

RENE: We have some time ago made each other a promise.

GERALD: Quite so. Have a cigaret? (*Takes out case.*)

RENE: Thank you. I am too nervous to smoke.

GERALD: Oh, very well, just as you like (*takes out cigaret and lights match*).

RENE: Mr. Eversleigh, when one gentleman has given his word to another, and he does not keep that word, what do you think of him? (*Gerald forgetting match, burns his fingers—throws it down.*)

GERALD: Well, I—er—the explanation—er—of such—er—may I offer you a whiskey and soda? (*Goes to table, pours out whiskey.*)

RENE: No, I don't want whiskey.

GERALD (*quickly takes whiskey and drinks it neat. Thus fortified, he continues*): Well, I—er—as I said—I should say that before condemning the gentleman, one should examine—or rather look for the motive which led him to act in this way. The motive, you know! The motive! The most important thing is the motive!

RENE: Quite so.



THE BEST DRESSED ACTOR IN AMERICA

Mr. John Drew in his new play, "My Wife," appears in a typical rôle as a correct semi-elderly bachelor, wearing morning clothes, afternoon clothes and evening clothes at the proper second.

GERALD: Quite so.

RENE: I think I will whiskey (*goes to table, helps himself, puts glass between him and Gerald*). Now we understand each other.

GERALD (*absent-minded; about to take up Rene's whiskey*): I beg your pardon.

RENE (*taking it away*): I beg your pardon. If there were extenuating circumstances, he might be let off by paying a substantial compensation. *N'est ce pas?*

GERALD: Compensation? (*Starts up violently.*) I refuse to look at this matter in a business way.

RENE: But suppose the gentleman were to offer a large amount, say one hundred thousand francs?

GERALD: A hundred thousand francs!

RENE: And many apologies.

GERALD: Ah—apologies! That's different. I see no reason why a gentleman shouldn't apologize. But a hundred thousand francs!

RENE: Ah! You think that's not enough?

GERALD: I mean it's a question of sentiment and—

RENE: You think it is worth more? I will not be unreasonable. Say two hundred thousand francs, with many more apologies. ..

GERALD: No—no—no.

RENE: I will make it more.

GERALD: No, don't make it any more. Your price is two hundred thousand francs. I accept.

RENE: You accept?

GERALD: Yes.



MISS BILLIE BURKE

John Drew's new leading lady is said to be the only suggestion of a real rival that has ever risen on the horizon of Ethel Barrymore.

RENE: As I am leaving London in the morning, I would like to settle the matter now.

GERALD: As you like. (*Rene and Gerald go to tables at opposite sides of the room, both taking out check books at the same moment, and writing rapidly. Then rising simultaneously, they both advance, checks in hand, and meet center. Rene holds his check in sight; Gerald holds his at his side, not seen by Rene.*)

RENE: Two hundred thousand francs!

GERALD: Eight thousand pounds!

RENE: I've made out my check in francs Monsieur.

GERALD: I beg your pardon! Your check. (*Puts hand with check behind his back.*)

RENE: In francs. But I have an English bank, I will make out another for you.

GERALD: You offer me money?

RENE: Yes.

GERALD: What for?

RENE: Because I have not kept our agreement.

GERALD: You have not—(*makes frantic efforts to get check in back pocket, and at last succeeds, and stands listening with an injured air.*)

RENE: Restrain your anger, Monsieur; you would have done the same in my place. I found myself in Tangiers. Exceptional circumstances placed me in the power of a Moor. I languished in a prison cell. His daughter saw me—she loved the French—she loved me. Ah! it was too much! It was a question of marriage or death with me, and I selected marriage.

GERALD: You married!

RENE: I loved her. I offer you eight thousand pounds (*holding out check.*)

GERALD: No, no!

RENE: But why should you suffer?

GERALD: No amount of money could repay me for the position you have placed me in.

RENE: I'm very sorry for you.

GERALD: I refuse to take advantage of a man in love.

RENE: And you don't blame me?

GERALD: No, I congratulate you.

RENE: I have kept you too long, Mr. Eversleigh (*taking up hat*). Do not think I am hard. I am very sorry for you. Your position must be very uneasy; my heart bleeds for you.

GERALD: That's very kind of it.

RENE: If there is anything I can do—the divorce—

GERALD: I think not, thank you. You've done very well. (*They go out talking. Trixie comes stealing in, looking very frightened. The hall door slams, she starts back. Gerald enters.*)

TRIXIE (*in a hushed whisper*): Gerald, has he gone? (*Gerald nods.*) Was he very angry?

GERALD: Very. (*Now assured Rene has gone, Trixie runs to Gerald and breaks out into a torrent of indignant protest.*)

TRIXIE: He had no right to leave me to run around the world. If he had really loved me he wouldn't—and he deserves to suffer for it. It's his own fault if he has lost me.

GERALD: Come, now, be fair. Put yourself in his place.

TRIXIE (*shyly*): You've done that. (*Knock is heard; she starts.*)

TRIXIE: He's come back.

GERALD: What are you afraid of?

TRIXIES: Are you going to give me up? Please don't.

DAVIES: Monsieur Dupre, sir. Says he's called for Miss Trixie, sir.

TRIXIE: Oh—I—won't go.

GERALD: Hush! They'll hear you. Davies, turn out the lights.

(*Davies turns switch at door, leaving only the firelight and one lamp alight, which throws light on the two.*)

DAVIES (*in half whisper*): What shall I say, sir?

GERALD: Mr. and Mrs. Eversleigh have retired. (*Trixie laughs*) Hush!

CURTAIN.

THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN ACTOR

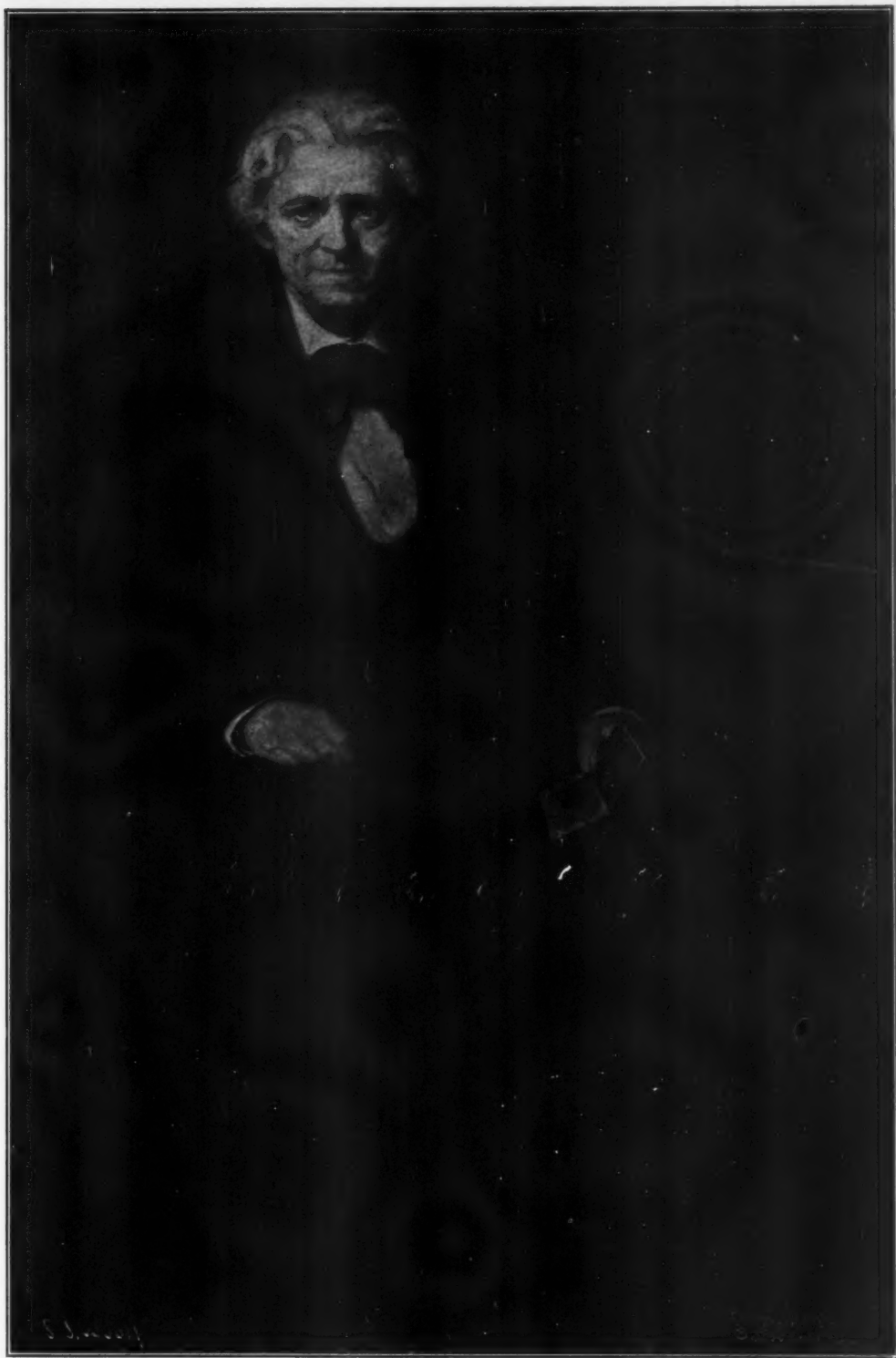


WHEN Richard Mansfield died, various claimants to his laurel were espoused in the press. The name of David Warfield was hardly mentioned. Within the last few months, however, our one American actor who plays from the "heart out" has received an extraordinary amount of attention both from the critics and from the theater-going public. Mr. William Winter refers to him in *The Pacific Monthly* as "the representative actor of this day in domestic drama—that lovely field of acting in which, long before his time, Burton, Blake, Owens, Warren, Couldock and Mark Smith, among many others, were eminent and famous." "Slowly," another writer remarks in *Everybody's*, "it is dawning upon us that David Warfield is not only our most successful actor but also our

greatest actor; that his success has its cause and basis not so much in his power to inspire a sentiment amounting almost to personal affection even in those who see him only once, as in the considered recognition of him as a master player and a master artist."

Slightly more reserved, but no less sincere in his appreciation of Mr. Warfield, the sprightly dramatic editor of *The Sun*, Walter Pritchard Eaton, contributes to the *American Magazine* an article on the rise of this actor. "A Grand Army Man" is only the third drama in which Mr. Warfield has appeared since he exchanged the Music Hall for legitimate drama. Yet, the writer affirms, Mr. Warfield already occupies a peculiar niche in public affection, and a peculiar niche in the hall of dramatic fame. He goes on to say:

"The blended humor and sweet pathos of his



From a painting by S. J. Woolf

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S SUCCESSOR

David Warfield is today, in the opinion of many, the greatest player on the American stage.

impersonations, the quiet, faithful, mimetic naturalness of his technical methods, give him the right to both niches. And as he is still in the prime of life, still almost a young man, it would be a bold critic to predict what he cannot and may now do in the future."

It is Warfield's ambition, we are told, to hang a picture gallery full of American character types. The Yiddish "Auctioneer" and the German "Music Master," the actor observes, "were both types, if not of American character, certainly of characters found in America and more or less familiar to us. Bigelow, the stage driver and G. A. R. Post-commander in an Indiana village, is certainly an American type. And how many more types there are all over the country, in the plainest walks of every-day existence, whose life story can be made into simple and touching drama, whose faithful portrayal on the stage can hardly fail to add some mite of significance to our national life!" Heroics and blank verse are not for him. He was born a mimic. His art, like Tolstoy's, is essentially mimetic. He builds up character by myriad little touches of carefully observed realism like mosaics. He was born in San Francisco in 1866 of orthodox Jewish parents. As a boy, even, he was a remarkable mimic of actors and everybody predicted for him success on the stage. Agreeing with this estimate, he secured a place as an usher just to be in a play house. At his first appearance on the stage some time later he made, in his own words, "a tremendous fiasco." In 1895 he secured a position in a musical comedy company and there, Mr. Eaton tells us, by one of the strangest freaks in theatrical history leaped into fame in a night. The company played a ball game for charity, and all the actors and actresses who could not play ball appeared in costume to sell peanuts and souvenirs.

"That afternoon grandstand and bleachers were filled to overflowing. And suddenly out upon the field walked a Jewish peddler, the short beard, the too large derby crushed down over the ears, the shuffling gait, the grin which showed white teeth above a rolling under lip—all uncannily true to life. And this strange figure, on a hot midsummer afternoon, was persuasively and cunningly selling bits of cracked ice as souvenirs! In five minutes he was the most talked about figure on the field. In ten minutes everybody knew it was David Warfield. And that very evening his Solomon Levi was introduced into the Casino Review and his Broadway reputation had begun.

"He went from the Casino to the Weber and Fields Music Hall, where a silent, shrewd man who had been watching him at the Casino still kept an eye upon him. In the Weber and Fields burlesque of 'Catherine,' Warfield, who played

the old father, paused long enough in his occupation of snipping off the curtain tassels to astonish the audience by an imitation of pathos so real that it caught the heart. That decided the silent, shrewd watcher. He sent for the actor. And the next day the press announced that Warfield was to be starred by David Belasco in legitimate drama."

Warfield's first play under Belasco was "The Auctioneer," built around the character of the Jew peddler, which Warfield now amplified into a figure of dignity and pathos, tho the low leering humor still predominated. The play ran for three years. The next play, "The Music Master," was a step in advance. The Jew peddler became an old German musician, sweet, lovable, a gentleman in every instinct and a type not unknown in this country. Warfield's imitative faculty, Mr. Eaton asserts, still appeared in his acting and in his minute fidelity to surface aspects; but it already became apparent that he strove to introduce simplicity into his acting. The simplicity and the utter naturalness of his art won his beholders who, in the writer's opinion, were tired of the bombastic ranting of the "old school," and found too few actors of the "new" who could stir or move them. In "A Grand Army Man" he has completely broken with his Yiddish peddler. "He has hung," Mr. Eaton says, "the portrait of an American in his gallery. But it is a portrait painted with the same minute fidelity to surface aspects, and with even more perhaps of that simplicity which makes his art seem so lifelike, spontaneous and touching."

At the same time, Warfield has neither reached beyond the limit of emotionalism nor shed much light on the eternal warfare in every one of us sons of Adam between the impulses for good and those for evil. The blame for this, Mr. Eaton holds, attaches chiefly to Mr. Belasco, whose psychology is as primitive as that of a child. Unlike Mrs. Carter and Miss Starr, Mr. Warfield is not merely an instrument in the hands of that master of stage technique and has the right to insist that one of Mr. Belasco's collaborators should introduce into the next play, in addition to the emotional appeal, a touch of intellectual dignity. For, Mr. Eaton contends, Warfield's personal popularity and emotional effectiveness are such that if the characters he plays increase in complexity and depth and intellectual appeal to keep step with the growing scope of his technique and the growing intelligence of the American public, he may yet become al-mist as commanding and dignified a figure on our stage as he chooses,

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM

THERE are two opposing camps of critics, those who believe in the existence of fundamental and universal standards of criticism, and those who, like the impressionist painters, assert that the individual visualization is the ultimate arbiter in questions of taste. A tiff between Harrison Grey Fiske, manager, and editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*, on the one side, and William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic of *The Tribune*, on the other, certainly illustrates that the personal equation is bound to enter into any critical estimate, no matter how scrupulously we may endeavor to observe an attitude of strict objectivity. Mr. Winter, in his critique of Mr. Mackaye's poetic play, "Sappho and Phaon," with Mrs. Kalich in the rôle of the heroine, referred to the Lesbian poetess as a "diseased wanton and infamous degenerate." The critic, moreover, spoke of Mrs. Kalich's acting in terms which Mr. Fiske describes as "gratuitous brutality." The militant Mr. Fiske thereupon proceeded to rake up authorities vouching for the chastity of the original Sappho and incidentally called attention to the fact that Mr. Winter appeared on the first night of "Sappho and Phaon" when the first act was half finished, remained through a portion of the second act, and then left the theater and did not return to it. Avowedly not having read the play, and not having seen it in its entirety, Mr. Winter, he avers, is disqualified from rendering a verdict. Mr. Winter might reply, with the author of "Intentions," that it is not necessary to finish a book in order to judge of it, just as there is no necessity to empty a cask of wine before pronouncing on its merit. While the Sappho of Mr. Mackaye's play is free from the taint that attaches in the world's opinion to the poetess, Mr. Winter evidently was unable to dissociate the two in his mind. "It was inevitable," the critic observes, "that, in writing about 'Sappho and Phaon,' the mind of the reviewer would revert to the individuality of the poet herself, as it glimmers through the mist of about two thousand six hundred years." But he contends that his remarks were not designed to describe Mr. Mackaye's ideal of her person. "I stated my opinion that he had not been judicious or tasteful in either his choice of his subject or his treatment of it. His choice was not judicious or tasteful, for

any reference to that theme would, necessarily, prompt remarks on the malodorous original." In other words, despite his denial, Mr. Winter was prejudiced against the heroine of the play by preconceived notions of the prehistorical Sappho. The Sappho in the play seduces Phaon from his wife, and consequently, Mr. Winter asks, "What is she if not a wanton?" He objects to the play on the score of the moral failings of the heroine, yet seems to find no fault with Shakespeare for similar offences, and, as Mr. Fiske ironically points out, had no compunction in turning into excellent English verse Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," a "representative type of degraded womanhood." "All readers of Mr. Winter's criticisms," he says, "know that the attitude of his mind is peculiar with respect to the modern school of dramatic authorship and that he has a nose for malodorous things in the works of writers like Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Pinero—things that literary and dramatic critics of the first rank both in this country and Europe have been unable to discover. It is the 'Crank Drama' only to the Crank Critic. Mr. Winter's genius and reputation in this respect are such that I will venture to say he could readily—if challenged—unearth impurity from the quotations of the stock market and wantonness from the Declaration of Independence."

It must be admitted even by Mr. Winter that his bias against the modern school is certainly strong. But it is his very attitude of chronic moral indignation that lends piquancy to his style. We read him not in order to find the review of a play, but because Mr. Winter's subjective attitude on the drama is both an irritation and a delight. "There are," remarks a writer in *The Theater Magazine*, in speaking of dramatic criticism "some critics in New York whose views the conscientious theatergoer scrupulously omits to read. They strive to be honest, to represent things as they are. They do not succeed." He goes on to say:

"If I wish to know what an author has to tell me, I read his book. If I read a dramatic criticism it is not because I seek the truth regarding this or that play but because I wish to know the impression it has made upon another cultured mind. Every sentence the critic writes will be interpreted differently by each individual reader. The play often means much more to the spectator than to the author. This is because the great poets, being mouthpieces of the Divine, always write better than they can possibly know.

"It being impossible, therefore, for the critic to convey the meaning of the author, the best that the latter may reasonably expect is to be misinterpreted brilliantly. For brilliant creative misinterpretation of European modernity James Huneker takes the lead. Shakespeare owes no small part of his fame to cunning misinterpretation. These misinterpretations have added to his stature. Tolstoy is right when he denies depth and even certain graces of style to the Elizabethan. They may not have been originally his. If the critics had turned their attention to obscure contemporaries of Shakespeare, they, not he, would have become immortal. As it is, the works of Shakespeare represent not only his own marvelous gifts but the no less marvelous gifts of the keenest minds of three centuries, who have given to his plays a new and connotative value. Or, to instance 'Faust': it has been suggested that the second part of this remarkable work is merely a colossal hoax and that Goethe in writing it played an Olympian joke on a credulous world. Poets and professors have stored in their misinterpretation of Goethe's masterpiece intellectual treasures unequalled in literature."

There is a philosophic tenet that "all is

contained in all" and that the simplest process of thought contains potentially the most involved. If this is true, the writer concludes, the ancient maxim that "two and two make four" embodies the categories of Kant and the verbal rhapsodies of Nietzsche; the thunderous commonplaces of Brisbane and the subtleties, curious and Janus-faced, of Shaw. "Give me," he exclaims, "the man who alternately blesses and damns, drunk with his own brilliance, who in one case creates something out of nothing, and in the other, adds to the jewels of another's mind the riches of his own."

From this point of view Mr. William Winter's critical antics are certainly justified, and it matters little whether or not they are fair. At the same time we should feel a little more comfortable if in the instance of "Sappho and Phaon" the impressionist critic of *The Tribune* had stayed in the theater until the end of the play.

THE SPELL OF PADEREWSKI



IN a little story entitled "A Spinner of Silence," James Huneker tells of a certain Belus, a "Raphael of the piano," who exercises an inevitable charm over his hearers, and becomes "master of the emotional world." He has never allowed his wife to hear him, but at last she succeeds in getting into the hall where he is giving a concert. To her amazement she recognizes that *he is not playing at all!* He has mesmerized his whole audience, and only his wife sees, suspended above him, the soul of Belus. "It was like a coat of many colors." It is this magnetic soul, and no skill of the fingers, that triumphs in him.

Arthur Symons, the London poet and critic, suggests that the spell of Paderewski is akin to that of Belus. "There is something," he says, "not only in the aspect of Paderewski, which seems to come mysteriously, but full of light, from a great distance. He startles music into a surprised awakening. . . . He seems to play out of a dream."

Some such explanation is necessary to account for the fascination that Paderewski exerts over his hearers. For twenty years now he has had the musical world at his feet. The critics may try to sum him up in their formulas. His technical skill as a pianist may be

adjudged faulty or otherwise. But above and beyond all critical analysis is his *aura*—a "coat of many colors."

An English musical critic, Edward Algonon Baughan, who endeavors, in a new biographical study,* to define the salient qualities of Paderewski's art, declares that he "appeals to lovers of music not because he is the most wonderful player of his instrument that has ever existed, but because he is a genuine tone-poet, a man of exceptional nature and rare temperament." Mr. Baughan is inclined to rank Rosenthal, Godowsky, Busoni and Pachmann above Paderewski in the mere matter of finger dexterity. He thinks that Paderewski's force is apt to be "hysterical, an explosion of exacerated nerves;" that he is "too fond of unnecessary dynamic contrasts." And yet, he continues:

"Paderewski is the greatest of living pianists. He has what so many of them do not possess—a strong individuality and real insight as a musician. D'Albert might play a Beethoven sonata with a nicer balance and a more intellectual grasp; but he would not create that glowing atmosphere. . . .

"In all Paderewski does there is evidence of much musical thought. That is to say, even when he treats a composition to a new, and, as

* IGNAZ JAN PADEREWSKI. By Edward Algonon Baughan. John Lane Company.



From a crayon drawing by Burne-Jones

A PRE-RAPHAELITE VISION OF PADEREWSKI

The great pianist is at present visiting America for the seventh time, and is greeted with the same enthusiasm as of old. There may be other pianists who surpass him in technique, but in tone and poetic rendition he is supreme.

it seems, a sensational performance, the conception is consistent throughout. And that is one of the reasons why the pianist carries you away even when he runs counter to theories or prejudices. Your mind may be critically at work throughout the whole performance, but you feel at the same time that the player is not making a bid for the popularity of empty sensationalism. Those who accuse him of that are wrong. They forget that with all his intense quietude of manner Paderewski is at heart a Pole, and that the very nervous force which enables him to play with glowing power is also apt to make him exaggerated and exuberant; but the musical intellect has artistically planned out these outbursts, which are seldom merely physical. . . .

"No pianist so well understands how to produce a beautiful tone; no pianist has such a variety of touch; and none such a grasp of the art of pedaling and phrasing. The Paderewski tone is a thing by itself. Above all, he is a master of rhythm. The wonderful, subtle nuances of *tempo rubato* which distinguish his playing are the expression of a genuine musical nature."

The musical critic of the *Boston Transcript*, Mr. H. T. Parker, is impressed by changes in Paderewski's art which are not for the better. He avers that the Paderewski of five or even two years ago was in some respects a more subtle artist than the Paderewski of to-day; that where he once "loved and caressed" the piano, he now "bears it ill will and wreaks his anger upon it." He longs for more of the Paderewski "who wove iridescent visions in gossamer tones; who caught, and whispered in his turn, the softest whispers of romance and fantasy; who distilled the pure essence of poetry into transparent instrumental song; who touched almost all the music that he played with an enticing fineness of spirit." Mr. Parker continues:

"To hear him in the old days was to look upon a magic web of magic sights. And now in his stead, is a Paderewski who has forsworn iridescence; who cries instead of whispers; who will have none of half-lights and delicately magical tonal tracery. Now he commands his instrument

and his hearers. He bids it thunder with a mighty and sweeping eloquence; it must proclaim joys, sorrows, whatever emotions rise in him to the call of the music at their fullest; it is the voice of passion and power where once it was the voice of dreams and contemplation; the half-tints have yielded to the hottest of colors and the darkest of shadows. Into his playing in the earlier days went contemplation and introspection; through it now power and passion devour their way to expression. Always Paderewski's playing has expressed himself as well as the music; he has dominated his music as he has dominated his audience. Ten years ago it expressed one self. Now it must perforce express another that has succeeded. It is not caprice or deliberation that has changed his playing; irresistible goading from within has wrought the transformation—perhaps even in a measure unconsciously to the pianist himself. He can set himself back not one whit more than can the rest of us. In his secret heart, he may, even as do most sensitive men, deplore a vanished past."

Mr. Parker ventures the hope that Paderewski's playing may pass from its present stress and outcry into a "sunset tenderness and richness," and suggests that a certain change in the outward demeanor of the pianist anticipates this transfiguration. He recalls the familiar portraits of the nineties showing an aureole of golden hair, a broad, smooth forehead, contemplative eyes, a susceptible mouth—Paderewski, the spinner of magical web and tone. He adds:

"But 'I am half sick of shadows,' cried the Lady of Shalott, when she had woven magic webs for many a day. In a corner of one of the rooms in the Salon at Paris last summer hung a new portrait of Paderewski by Bonnat. It was a small canvas—the head and face looking out from a heightening background. Gone were the tawny tufted locks; the forehead had lost its smoothness, the eyes their contemplation; the mouth its delicacy. Out of the face looked power and passion, intensity to feel, intensity to express, a spirit that was ever goading itself to larger understanding, deeper emotion, mightier utterance, and that would fain burn away every interposing barrier. It was a face also that was 'sick of shadows.'"

WHY NOVELISTS TURN TO THE DRAMA



NOT infrequently of late the assertion has been made that the star of fiction is waning. Thus Jerome K. Jerome has announced his intention to write henceforth nothing but plays. "The Carnegie Libraries," he says, "have driven me out of the business of writing books into that of writing plays. There is no more money in books; one has to write plays to make money now. There is not the demand for books that

there was, because people do not buy books as they used to, but get them from a convenient library. This has made a playwright of me." Mrs. Burnett, it is said, received only \$25,000 in royalties from her publishers for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," whereas the dramatized version yielded to her the snug sum of \$125,000. Enormous as has been the circulation of "Sherlock Holmes," Conan Doyle made five times more from the play than from the book. Of "David Harum" over one million copies

were sold, but the real fortune came from the play, not from the novel. "In the presence of such facts," remarks Sidney G. P. Coryn, in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, "the ordinary commercial instinct of the day can furnish positive predictions which will not be greatly vitiated by those other literary factors of which commercial instinct knows nothing at all. Trade follows the flag and even genius is not indifferent to the value of the coins dropped into its hat."

The present supremacy of fiction in popular favor can hardly be questioned. At the same time there are sufficient indications to justify the inquiry as to whether the novel possesses all the stability that it seems to have, if its hold upon popular fancy is to be permanent, and if the challenge of the drama may not be an effective one. The history of literature offers precedents for sudden changes in the popular mind. Thus poetry, drama and the essay have followed each other through sunshine and shade, and if for the moment the novel has seemed to carry all before it and to be easily triumphant over competition, it is too soon to talk of a divine right or to suppose that public taste has cast an irrevocable vote. Mr. Coryn ascribes the tendency to forsake the novel for the drama not entirely to the lust of gain. "Perhaps," he suggests, "even Mr. Jerome, who so frankly adopts the terminology of the market, may really be actuated by a laudable ambition to attempt what is supremely difficult rather than what is relatively easy. His success is a matter for future determination, for he must be well aware that the art which he seems so eager to forsake is by no means identical with the one he intends to essay." To quote further:

"The novel and the drama are not interchangeable terms, nor is even their relationship a matter of precise and easy specification. Mr. Jerome must know that the supreme genius of the novelist has sometimes failed completely to meet the steel-clad exactions of the stage and that an easy confidence acquired as a story writer has sometimes been the forerunner of disaster or at least mediocrity behind the footlights. Charles Dickens, supreme in the art of the novelist, proved by 'No Thorofare' that he was quite unable to write a play that could at all rise above the ruck of his period."

History, however, shows that it is great tasks that attract great minds. The dramatic field tempts in proportion to the exacting nature of its demands. The novelist has few limitations. His story may be confined to a few pages or expanded into a thousand. He may tell his tale in the third person or in the first,

in the present or the past, in the form of a diary or a series of letters. He may introduce his characters by one or in battalions, and dismiss them at will. The novel goes out to the reader, but the audience of the dramatist must come to him. He must appeal to broad-minded sympathies not to the appreciation of the few. Above all, we are told, he must follow the iron law of dramatic construction.

"At a given moment the curtain will rise upon a circle of illumination and at a given moment it will inexorably fall. The story may cover a century or a day, and its scene may be one country or many, but the stage upon which it is visibly enacted will not stretch even to the extent of an inch and the first and the last words must be said within the space of some three hours or less. As in a mosaic every stone is selected with a careful and discriminating eye to its color and its size and is set with precision into the one space designed for it, so must every word of the play be so handled that it shall do all the work of which it is capable not only in direct meaning but also in inference and suggestion. There must be no superfluous word and no word missing, no word overloaded, and no word underloaded with its burden of intention. Take, for example, a simple illustration from Sardou's 'Seraphine.' A servant tells Seraphine that her old lover, the admiral, has called to see her, and, dreading the meeting, she says: 'Tell him I am not receiving.' The servant answers: 'I have done so, madame, but he sat down in the hall and said he would wait till you were.' By these few words we are given an insight into the character of the admiral in a manner purely dramatic. We know about him at once. How differently the novelist might have done the same work. With what a wealth of delightful words he might have pictured to us the discarded lover and introduced to us his father and his grandfather in order that we might trace an hereditary influence in the production of determination and resource. Imagine what Sir Walter Scott might have done, or Zola, and the exquisite leisure with which they would have prepared us to receive the figure that was about to play its part in the story. They would have done it perhaps even more effectively, but we should see that it was done with a different art, as different as is the art of the sculptor from that of the painter. But who can question where lies the greater skill?"

The playwright, the writer continues, must know something of the magic of the Hindu juggler who shows us the planting of the seed, the sending forth of the shoots, the flowering and the fruit, while we are watching. The novelist in attempting the drama is thus forced to divert his creative power into alien molds. If it were not for these difficulties, desertions from the files of fictions would probably soon deplete the ranks. At the same time it should be remembered that the desire for fiction is still so strong that it has become almost a practice to novelize successful plays.

Science and Discovery

"THE FINEST CREATIVE MIND EVER DEVOTED TO THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES"

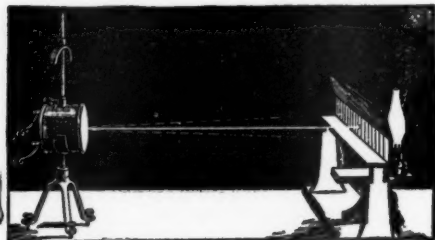


ALTHO barely five weeks have elapsed since the death, in his eighty-fourth year, of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs—popularly styled Lord Kelvin—the scientists and the scientific press of the entire world have already accorded him an obituary tribute surpassing that paid to Marcelin Berthelot, the most illustrious of modern French physicists, or to Dmitri Mendeléef, immortalized as the discoverer of the periodic law, or even to Herbert Spencer, who died almost exactly four years before Lord Kelvin, in the same year of his age. "The finest creative mind ever devoted to the physical sciences," is the summing up of *Paris Cosmos* on the subject of Lord Kelvin, while the *Physikalische Zeitschrift* affirms that at the time of his death he was "the supreme scientist of the age." That verdict is sustained by the eulogies of such men as Edison in this country, Sir Oliver Lodge in England, Becquerel in Paris, and Arrhenius in Stockholm. For all that, Lord Kelvin himself declared that but one word characterizes correctly the most strenuous of the efforts he had made perseveringly during fifty-five years for the advancement of science. "That word is failure!"

Adopting the language of the most sympathetic as well as the most informed of the

interpretations of Lord Kelvin's career—that of Sir Oliver Lodge in the *London Times*—it may be affirmed that "he could fight the geologists about the age of the earth, or expound the visible universe in terms of vortices in a primal, universal and perfect fluid; but he could also invent and sell a tap which would not cause a jar in the water pipe when it was turned off." When he said "all science is one science," he did not simply mean that all the "ologies" are subject to the same laws and must be consistent before they are true, but that "they are all parts of the science of life and are akin to the common observation of common things." To come next to the detail of his life work, the *London Times* refers to the atomic theory:

"To solve the puzzle of the ultimate constitution of matter may be regarded as the goal of the pure physicist's ambition. The problem afforded Lord Kelvin a congenial field of speculation, and he succeeded in propounding an hypothesis as to the nature of atoms which, according to Clerk Maxwell, satisfied more of the conditions than any hitherto imagined. Starting from a number of mathematical theorems established by Helmholtz respecting the motion of a perfect, incompressible fluid, he suggested that the universe may be filled with such a primitive fluid of which in itself we can know nothing, but of which portions become apparent to our perceptions as matter when converted by a particular mode of motion into vortex-rings. These vortex-rings (of which a fair imitation is given by smoke-rings in air) are the atoms or molecules that compose all material substances. They are indivisible, not because of their hardness and solidity, but because they are permanent both in volume and in strength. The fluid being frictionless, those portions of it that have once been set in rotation continue in that state forever unless stopped by a creative act of the same order that first gave them motion, while the infinite changes of form of which the vortices are capable are sufficient to account for the differences between atoms of different kinds. On this hypothesis many properties of matter can be successfully accounted for. For example, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution in 1881, and again in greater detail before the British Association a few years later, Lord Kelvin brought forward instances of elasticity as exemplified in an elastic solid being developed by mere motion, and felt justified in looking forward to a time when the elasticity of every ultimate atom of matter should be explained as a mode of motion. On the other hand, the hypothe-

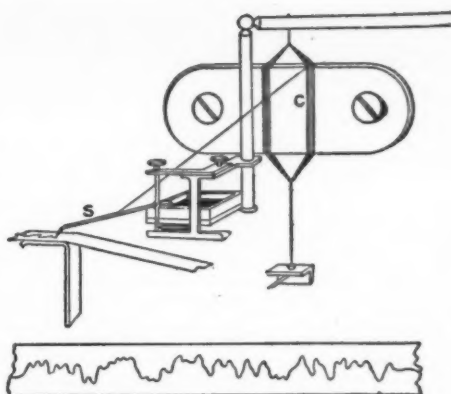


A FORM OF MIRROR GALVANOMETER, AS
CONSTRUCTED BY LORD KELVIN

The light from the lamp, placed before a slot in the screen, is reflected from a mirror attached to the galvanometer-needle, the light thus being thrown back to the scale, at the right, and the signals being read by the movements of the spot of light, as it is deflected to the right or left by the swinging of the needle.

sis can do little with such properties as gravitation and mass—a fatal defect, for, as its author said, the kinetic theory of matter is a dream, and can be nothing else until we can explain chemical affinity, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, and the inertia of masses. It should be remembered, however, in pointing to its deficiencies, that it is still very young, and, moreover, that, while pure mathematical analysis is the only means by which it can be more fully worked out, the mathematics involved present difficulties of the most formidable character. Lord Kelvin's work on the atomic theory, though perhaps his most striking contribution to mathematical physics, is only a small part of the whole. Light, electricity and magnetism, to mention a few wide departments, all engaged his attention, to what extent may be judged from the fact that his papers on electrostatics and magnetism alone up to 1872 filled a volume of 600 pages. For the most part, however, the results are of so abstruse and technical a character that they can only be comprehended by a highly-trained mathematical intelligence."

While it was in connection with submarine telegraphy that Lord Kelvin produced some of his most valuable devices, the lay public, according to experts, have never fully appreciated his pioneer work in all that relates to present theories of heat. He is to be looked upon, we are assured, as one of the founders of what is called thermodynamics. More than eighty years have passed since Sadi Carnot, the Frenchman, brought out his treatise on the motive power of heat, setting forth the conditions under which heat is available in a heat-engine for the performance of mechanical labor. Little or no attention was paid to the topic until Lord Kelvin, about the middle of the last century, drew the attention of the scientific world to the value and importance of this book. Although there is reason to believe that Sadi Carnot, before his death, recognized that heat is a mode of motion, his book was nevertheless written in accordance with the old theory that it is a separate "entity." Lord Kelvin modified and stated anew these propositions of Sadi Carnot's in the light of the dynamical theory which had by that time been placed on a firm experimental basis by the famed Joule's still recent determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Thermodynamics was placed upon a scientific basis by the ensuing investigations and experiments of Lord Kelvin. His experiments relative to the thermal effects of fluids in motion were conducted in association with Joule, between whom and Lord Kelvin an intimate association now existed. One of the discoveries the pair made is of special interest owing to its subsequent application. It was found that when a compressed gas, at a temperature not



THE SIPHON RECORDER AND ITS RECORD

C—Coil. S—Siphon. (The record spells the words "Siphon-Recorder.")

too much above its critical point, is allowed to pass through a narrow orifice it undergoes a slight degree of cooling. The apparatus by means of which Dewar was able to liquefy hydrogen depends upon the application of this phenomenon, which is generally known as the Thomson and Joule effect.

Lord Kelvin's definition of "the absolute scale of temperature" is one direct result of his study of Carnot's work. The absolute scale of temperature, it should be explained, is a scale which, unlike the graduations of an ordinary thermometer that are based upon the observations in volume produced in a particular material by heat and cold, is independent of the physical properties of any specific substance. A second addition to science soon followed in the principle of the dissipation of energy. This principle declares that of the energy taken in by a heat-engine in the form of heat only a portion is converted into mechanical work. The rest is dissipated or degraded and thus, tho not annihilated, is wasted in the sense that it ceases to be available for the production of mechanical effect. Such a process is continually going on in the world and as all the energy can be transformed into heat it follows that there is a universal tendency to the dissipation of mechanical energy. A further general inference is that this earth, as now constituted, has been within a finite time (and within a finite time will again become unfit) for habitation:

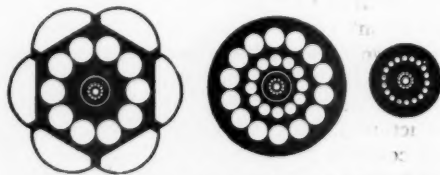
"Lord Kelvin soon applied the theory of heat in a more definite manner to the elucidation of cosmical problems. Turning it against those geologists who, opposing all paroxysmal hypotheses, held that practically unlimited time must be as-

sused for the explanation of geological phenomena, he pointed out that they were asking what physical science could not for several reasons allow them to have. . . . He declared that for eighteen years it had been pressed on his mind that much current geological speculation was at variance with essential principles of thermodynamics, and proceeded to show from considerations founded on the conduction of heat that the earth must within a limited time have been too hot for the existence of life. For the purposes of the geologists who demand most time the Leibnitz theory, which supposes the earth to have been at one time an incandescent mass of molten rock without attempting to explain how it got into that condition, is, he pointed out, the most favorable, yet it implies a finite limit. Taking the average rate of increase of underground temperature as one degree Fahrenheit for every 50 feet of descent, he calculated that the date of consolidation was not less than 20 million years ago and could not possibly be placed further back than 400 million years, while if the temperature of melting rock were put at the reasonable figure of 7,000° F., Leibnitz's *consistentior status* must have emerged less than 100 million years ago.

"He brought some other physical considerations to bear on the question. Since the tides exercise a retarding influence on the rotation of the earth, it must in the past have been revolving more quickly than it does now, and calculations of its deceleration indicate that within the periods of time required by some geologists it must have been going at such a speed that it could not have solidified into its present shape. But Lord Kelvin did not think the amount of centrifugal force existing 100 million years ago incompatible with its present form. Again he pointed out that the sun cannot be regarded as a permanent and eternal factor in the universe. Continuously dissipating a prodigious amount of energy and not receiving any equivalent supply from external sources, it must be steadily losing energy, and it was impossible on any reasonable estimate, founded on known properties of matter to suppose it had illuminated the earth for 500 million years, though it was conceivable that it had for 100 million.

From these three lines of argument Lord Kelvin concluded that some 100 million years was the extreme limit that could be allowed for geological history showing continuity of life. Doubtless owing in some measure to the considerations thus urged upon them, the geologists became more moderate in their demands. But, as they reduced their requirements, a corresponding reduction seemed to appear in what their antagonist was willing to concede, and when he discussed the question some 30 years later, the date of solidification, as inferred from the thermal properties of rocks and from an increased knowledge of underground temperatures, had fallen to 'more than 20 and less than 40 million years ago, and probably much nearer 20 than 40.' It is only fair, however, to say that his arguments have not been universally endorsed even among physicists; and it has been urged that there are other assumptions—in regard, for instance, to the conductivity of the earth's interior—not less admissible than those adopted by him, which lead to results much more favorable to the geological and biological demand for more time. Radium, too, has been invoked to explain the maintenance of the sun's heat."

Moreover, Lord Kelvin's services to applied science were even greater than his achievements for what is vaguely termed abstract science. His strength lay in the faculty he possessed in an extraordinarily developed degree of applying mathematics to the solution of practical problems, and further in the mechanical ingenuity and resource which enabled him to design and construct apparatus successfully embodying results given by theory. "There cannot," he once remarked, "be a greater mistake than that of looking superciliously upon the practical applications which are the life and soul of science." That mistake was one of which, as Sir Oliver Lodge affirms, Lord Kelvin was never guilty. Of the scores of patents he took out, few have not been found to possess practical utility. His instruments for the exploitation of ocean telegraphy are part of the history of electrical science, subjects, indeed, of which some knowledge is essential to the equipment of any educated mind:



SECTIONS OF OCEAN CABLE

Rock cable, at left; heavy shore-end, in center; deep-sea, at right. Cables consist of three essential parts—the *Core*, or conductor, of copper; the *Skin*, or insulator, of gutta-percha; and the *Shield*, or protector, of steel wire. The copper core, at first a single bolt, is now employed in the form of a number of wires set rope fashion, Lord Kelvin adopting this method many years ago, because of the greater flexibility in handling the cable in submerging and repairing. Around this copper strand the gutta-percha is fixed—formerly in layers and by hand, but now by machinery which makes a seamless coating. Outside, again, is fixed the shield of steel wires or plates, to give the strength for laying and picking up, and to protect the whole from the varied dangers which menace the cable in its watery bed.

"Though so distinguished a man as the late Sir George Airy declared that not only was it a mechanical impossibility to lay a cable across the Atlantic, but that, even if the feat were accomplished, no electric signaling could be carried on, Lord Kelvin was a firm believer in the practicability of transoceanic telegraphy and did not hesitate to show by acts the faith that was in him. He became a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which hazarded large sums in the enterprise of making and laying a cable, and he took an active and personal part in the operations which culminated in the successful laying of the shortlived cable of 1858. As to the transmission of electrical impulses, he showed how little doubt he had on that point by publishing a paper in

which he gave a mathematical theory expressing the rapidity of transmission and proved that the speed at which signals pass through a long submarine cable decreases in proportion to the square of its length. But, more than that, he described the most advantageous conditions of working, and designed instruments that enabled those conditions to be realized, thus rendering submarine telegraphy commercially practicable.

Much of Lord Kelvin's finest work is to be found in his electric measuring instruments, especially in the field of electrostatics. In connection with the art of navigation may be mentioned his improvement of the mariner's compass. One of the requisites in a ship's compass is steadiness at sea, but until Lord Kelvin took the matter up successfully, scarcely any truly scientific attempt had been made to achieve the end. Another contrivance of inestimable value to sailors is his sounding machine. Nor is it possible to do more than allude to his labor in the establishment of appropriate standards of electrical measure-



MESSAGE TRANSCRIBED BY SIPHON RECORDER

ment. Those three great units—the volt for pressure or electromotive force, the ampere for the rate of flow and the ohm for resistance—exist because of his initiative as the head of that committee of scientists which dealt so comprehensively with the whole question. Yet these were but a few—selected almost at haphazard—among the triumphs of “the finest creative mind ever devoted to the physical sciences,” one who averred of himself that he knew no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity at the close of his career than he knew and tried to teach in his first session as professor.

A CHROMATIC ILLUSION DUE TO A DEFECT OF THE NORMAL EYE.



SERIOUS defect invariably present in the normal eye is affirmed by Professor Gustave Michaud, of the Costa Rica State College, to be demonstrable by a simple experiment.

With a single stroke of a penknife make a slit nearly one inch long in the middle of a large piece of dark-shaded pasteboard. Over half the length of the slit lay a piece of blue glass and keep it in place with some gummed paper stuck on the edges of the glass so as to let light pass freely from the slit through the glass. Over the other half of the slit lay a piece of red glass in a similar manner. This being done the card, seen on the

opposite, will look as shown in the accompanying figure, B and R being the blue and red halves of the slit.

Now take another piece of the same pasteboard and near a corner make two pinholes one-eighth of an inch apart. The apparatus is now complete and ready for use. In the words of the Professor, as given in *The Scientific American*:

“Place yourself near a source of light, lamp or window. Bring the card bearing the two pinholes in contact with one eye, the two holes lying on a horizontal line, and, through them, look at the vertical blue and red slit, B R, on the other card, this being placed at a distance of about one foot from the eye and right in the middle of the field of vision.

“The following figure shows the



FIG. 1.—THE SLIT AS IT IS



FIG. 2.—THE SLIT AS IT APPEARS TO BE

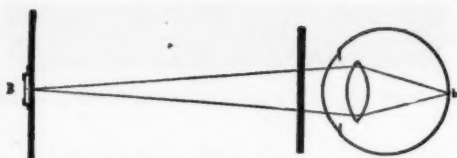


FIG. 3.—Path of the luminous blue pencils.

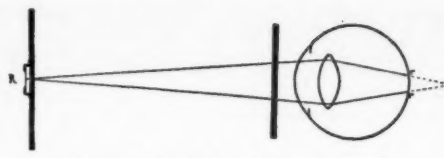


FIG. 4.—Path of the luminous red pencils.

DETAILS OF THE CHROMATIC ILLUSION

appearance of the card thus observed. Two luminous red slits and only one blue are perceived.

"The card bearing the slit may be inverted. The result is the same; the red goes up, the blue goes down, the red slit is duplicated, the blue is not. As everything but the color is symmetrical, right and left, up and down, on both cards, any observer will promptly reach the conclusion that the cause of the illusion lies, not in the position, size, or shape of the slits or pinholes, but in the difference in color of the slits.

"The inference is right. Owing to its defective achromatism, the eye does not bring red and blue rays to one and the same focus, and the little apparatus shows that this aberration is far from being an insignificant factor of the imperfection of normal sight. The following two figures show the path of the luminous pencils emitted by the blue and red slits and admitted by the two pinholes. (Distance from slit to eye has been shortened to spare space, and the refraction phenomena in the several humors has been sim-

plified.) The blue rays emitted by the slit *B* are brought to a focus, *b*, on the retina, but the red rays are less bent than the blue; and altho the distance of both blue and red slits from the eye is the same, the red pencils emitted by the slit *R* and admitted by the two pinholes strike the retina in *rr* before meeting, and give thereby the impression of a double red slit."

If the card bearing the slit is placed at much less than one foot from the eye, two blue slits, much closer together than the red ones, will be perceived. The blue pencils in that case also meet behind the retina, altho not so far behind it as the red pencils under the same circumstances. The card with the slit must be large, to prevent side light from partially closing the pupil, thus increasing notably the "achromatism" of the eye.

"WALKING WHEELS" FOR PEDESTRIANS



WALKING wheels owe their existence to the conviction that it should be possible, as Professor Max A. R. Brunner, of Berlin, writes in *The Independent*, to transfer the movement of the skater on ice to roads which are fairly even. The apparatus here pictured is claimed to be a solution of the whole problem of pedestrianism in a purely utilitarian spirit.

The apparatus for each foot, we read in the account of the Professor, consists of one wheel placed in an inclined position so that the foot finds space within the wheel itself, a little below the hub. However, there is no tilting momentum upon the leg. The vertical steel struts serve only to give the person a firmer stand. One wheel is used on each foot so as to make it possible to walk upon uneven ground and around

curves whenever that becomes necessary.

Connection between tires and hub is effected by a sheet of thin steel in which ribs and spokes are embossed to give it great strength. The position of the foot is such that the person may balance himself by tilting back and forth. The forward movement is effected by alternate pushing and pulling, yet in such a manner that the wheels always remain in contact with the ground.

When standing still a kind of check action within the mechanism acts directly upon the hub. When going down a slope brakes can be applied, of which one slides upon the ground like a shoe, the other acting upon the inner tire. The exterior diameter of the wheel is thirteen inches, which is sufficient "even for large feet."

The brake is applied by placing the foot forward, so that the spur



MECHANISM OF THE WHEEL

in the rear, seen in the cut, comes in contact with the road. This sliding brake works well on macadam roads, but it is not sufficient on asphalt. For this reason another brake is provided, which is fitted to the other wheel. Here by tilting the foot a brake shoe within the tire is applied, which acts upon the periphery of the wheel. Learning this art, says the writer, is a rather simple matter, especially if one has some practice in skating.

"The trials already made have proved the practical usefulness of these walking wheels. For the first models pneumatic tires have been used, which, however, were not satisfactory, as they are too elastic. Unlike bicycles or automobiles, a solid support is necessary in this case for the frequent strokes, while pneumatic tires give way too much to the pushing motion and are a waste of power. All new models are fitted with solid rubber. Small motors may be put within the wheels if desired.

"The fastening on the foot is similar to the method used with skates, the sole and heel being clamped by screws or levers. Vertical steel struts help to give a firm hold on the calf, around which a wide strap can be tied. Great attention is paid to securing light weight and yet great strength."

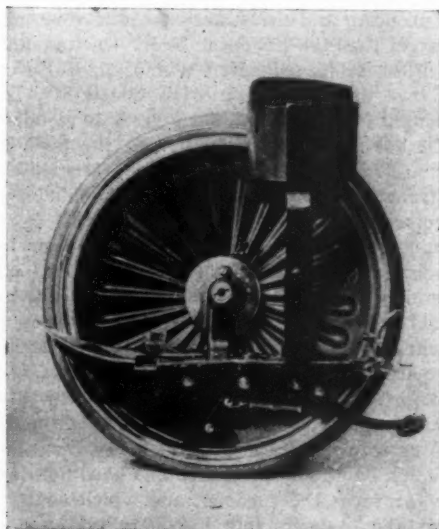
The inventor is a Swiss engineer, who is often seen walking on the wheels in his hilly country.



Courtesy The Independent

THE WHEELER AFOOT

Many inhabitants of Switzerland have made use of this contrivance upon even rough mountain roads and the results are pronounced highly satisfactory. On the other hand it would seem that the use of the wheels by ladies wearing skirts is not always possible unless the skirts be shortened.



Courtesy The Independent

SIDE VIEW OF INNER MECHANICS

The strength of the springs and the harmony of action combine to give the walking wheel great durability. It is claimed by the inventor that this device will enable the average individual to do many miles daily without fatigue and without injuring the wheels.

The extent to which the use of mechanical means of pedal locomotion may injure the physical frame has more than once been discussed in the pages of medical organs, including the London *Lancet*. In a general way, it seems to be the conclusion of competent authorities that nothing is to be gained by walking wheels as a form of exercise. Nor has this form of propulsion any especial graces to recommend it. Walking with the feet is nature's way for man. No substitute for the foot in pedestrianism is hygienically compatible with physical efficiency. One use for the contrivance might be the equipment of the feet of infantry with it for long marches. If this idea be practicable the use of infantry in military campaigns will, says one expert, enter upon a totally new phase. The difficulty will be the nature of some roads in uninhabited regions.

AMERICAN VITALITY COMPARED WITH EUROPEAN VITALITY



IN some of his English sketches that famous nature student, John Burroughs, has inclined to the opinion—al tho rather by implication than by positive statement—that the European forms of animal life are, as a rule, larger, hardier and more prolific than the corresponding forms in this country. From the resources of his own knowledge of natural history, Theodore Roosevelt has challenged this statement. He wrote to Mr. Burroughs in strong terms to the effect that old world forms of animal life are not coarser, not stronger, not fiercer and not more fertile than those of the new world.* Comparing the forms which are typical of North America and of northern Asia and Europe, "which together form but one province of animal life," it seems to Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Burroughs was too sweeping, al tho Mr. Burroughs himself thinks his statement was less sweeping than Mr. Roosevelt deemed it. However, here is what Mr. Roosevelt writes:

"Many animals and birds which increase very fast in new countries, and which are commonly spoken of as European in their origin, are really as alien to Europe as to their new homes. Thus the rabbit, rat and mouse are just as truly interlopers in England as in the United States and Australia, having moved thither apparently within historic times, the rabbit from North Africa, the others from southern Asia; and one could no more generalize upon the comparative weakness of the American fauna from these cases of intruders than one could generalize from them upon the comparative weakness of the British, German and French wild animals. Our wood mouse or deer mouse retreats before the ordinary house mouse in exactly the same way that the European wood mouse does, and not a whit more.

"Our big wood rat stands in the same relation to the house rat. Casting aside these cases, it seems to me, looking at the mammals, that it would be quite impossible to generalize as to whether those of the old or the new world are more fecund, are the fiercest, the hardiest or the strongest."

A great many cases, Mr. Roosevelt thinks, could be cited on both sides:

"Our moose and caribou are, in certain of their varieties, rather larger than the old world forms of the same species. If there is any difference between the beavers of the two countries, it is in the same direction. So with the great family of the field mice. The largest true arvicola seems

to be the yellow-cheeked mouse of Hudson's Bay, and the biggest representative of the family on either continent is the muskrat. In most of its varieties the wolf of North America seems to be inferior in strength and courage to that of northern Europe and Asia. But the direct reverse is true with the grizzly bear, which is merely a somewhat larger and fiercer variety of the common brown bear.

"On the whole, the old world bison, or so-called aurochs, appears to be somewhat more formidable than its American brother; but the difference against the latter is not anything like as great as the difference in favor of the American wapiti, which is nothing but a giant representative of the comparatively puny European stag. So with the red fox. The fox of New York is about the size of that of France and inferior in size to that of Scotland. The latter in turn is inferior in size to the big fox of the upper Missouri, while the largest of all comes from British America.

"There is no basis for the belief that the red fox was imported here from Europe. Its skin was a common article of trade with the Canadian fur traders from the earliest times. On the other hand, the European lynx is much bigger than the American. The weasels afford cases in point, showing how hard it is to make a general law on the subject."

Then, Mr. Roosevelt points out, the American badger is very much smaller than the European, and the American otter very much larger than the European otter. Our pine marten, or sable, compared with that of Europe, shows the very qualities of which Mr. Burroughs speaks—that is, its skull is slenderer, the bones are somewhat lighter, the teeth less stout, the form showing more grace and less strength. But curiously enough this is reversed, with even greater emphasis, in the minks of the two continents, the American being much the largest and strongest, with stouter teeth, bigger bones and a stronger animal in every way. The little weasel is on the whole smaller here, while the big weasel, or stoat, is, in some of its varieties at least, largest on this side; and, of the true weasels, the largest of all is the "fisher," a purely American beast, a fierce and hardy animal which habitually preys upon as hard fighting a creature as the raccoon, and which could eat all the Asiatic and European varieties of weasels without an effort:

"About birds I should be far less competent to advance arguments and especially, my dear sir, to you; but it seems to me that two of the most self-asserting and hardest of our families of birds are the tyrant fly-catchers, of which the

* CAMPING AND TRAMPING WITH ROOSEVELT. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

kingbird is chief, and the blackbirds, or grackles, with the meadow lark at their head, both characteristically American."

Taking up another branch of the inquiry altogether, Mr. Roosevelt asks:

"Did you ever look over the medical statistics of the half million men drafted during the civil war?"

"They include men of every race and color and from every country of Europe and from every state in the union; and so many men were measured that the average of the measurements is probably pretty fair. From these it would appear that the physical type in the eastern states had undoubtedly degenerated. The man from New York or New England, unless he came from the lumbering districts, tho as tall as the Englishman or Irishman, was distinctly lighter built, and especially was narrower across the chest. But the finest men physically of all were the Kentuckians and the Tennesseans. After

them came the Scandinavians, then the Scotch, then the people from several of the western states, such as Wisconsin and Minnesota, then the Irish, then the Germans, then the English, etc.

"The decay of vitality, especially as shown in the decreasing fertility of the New England and, indeed, New York stock, is very alarming; but the most prolific peoples on this continent, whether of native or foreign origin, are the native whites of the southern Alleghany region in Kentucky and Tennessee, the Virginians and the Carolinians, and also the French of Canada.

"It will be difficult to frame a general law of fecundity in comparing the effects upon human life of long residence on the two continents when we see that the Frenchman in Canada is healthy and enormously fertile, while the old French stock is at the stationary point in France, the direct reverse being the case when the English of old and of New England are compared, and the decision being again reversed if we compare the English with the mountain whites of the Southern states."

THE STRUGGLE OF OUR ANCESTORS FOR EXISTENCE IN OURSELVES

IN order to explain the reappearance of ancestral forms in surviving types, Weismann, the eminent German biologist, seems to the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) to have complicated current theories of heredity quite needlessly. Weismann, for example, argues that a fragment of what is termed "the germinative plasma" of an ancestor has been preserved—latent, possibly, for decades or even for centuries—until favoring circumstances rendered it predominant. It thereupon leaped to life by reproducing the ancestral form. Now that distinguished student of heredity, Dr. L. Cuenot, who holds the chair of biology at the University of Nancy, maintains in a series of *Revue Scientifique* articles and in lectures to his classes that there is no such latent ancestral fragment as Weismann presupposes. Professor Cuenot grants the existence of what he deems "a secondary type of heredity" taking the form of a struggle among ancestral forms for survival in any living individual organism. The significance of this view of the subject is that no man ought to be deemed the product of his ancestors, but rather the result of a struggle among ancestral

qualities, one of which—generally speaking—will survive in him while the defeated traits in the ancestral line will lurk in expectation of a fresh struggle in the progeny. This is a totally different view of the real significance of what is known in biology as the Mendelian law from any hitherto accepted.

To render his point clearer, Professor Cuenot tells us that the material substratum of heredity is called the germinative plasma or germen. The two sexual elements, ovum (female) and spermatozoon (male), equivalent as to their possession of germinative plasma, are gametes (from the Greek games, marriage)

and the product of their fusion is a zygote (from the Greek zygo, to yoke or join together). Professor Cuenot calls special attention to the fact that the substance of the new individual is the sum of the two germens derived from the parents. There can be no doubt whatever, he affirms, that our qualities and our defects depend upon our material structure:

"If the gametes are potent with health and intelligence, the zygote has chances of being healthy and intelligent. If the gametes are potent with idleness, insubordination and the like, the zygote will probably be idle and disdainful of authority. Education and the in-

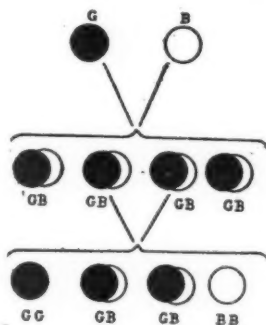


FIG. 1.—Diagram of a crossing between a gray mouse (black circle) and a white mouse (white circle). The covering of two-thirds of the white circle by the black one indicates that in the hybrids the gray character is dominant.

fluence of the environment may perhaps modify this heredity, but to what extent?

"For a long time observers confined themselves to showing that characters of all sorts were transmitted and to registering facts, observations of breeders, peculiarities of well-known people. For example, there was noted the transmission in the Hapsburgs of a prognathous lower jaw, accompanied secondarily with an exaggerated development of the lower lip—the Austrian lip, as it is called—quite marked in the present Emperor of Austria, in Alfonso XIII (Hapsburg by his mother, Maria Christina, daughter of an archduke of Austria), and many others. Heredity of stature, of certain diseases, of longevity or shortness of life, and the like, were observed. There were also noted at the same time apparent caprices in heredity. A number of observed facts are found in the books of Darwin and also in those of Lucas, whose ideas Zola ascribed to his Doctor Pascal in the well-known novel that concludes the Rougon-Macquart series.

"It was felt, however, that under this chaos there must be laws. An endeavor was made to discover them by collecting and analyzing statistics in considerable numbers, extracted for the most part from books recording the genealogy of dogs and of race horses. An attempt was made to deduce from these statistics the frequency with which a given character is inherited, or, in other terms, to determine the proportional influence which the different ancestors of an individual have upon his characteristics. This so-called 'biometric' method has indeed furnished an approximate law—the law of Caltén—but it has not fulfilled the expectations that were based upon it. Since the statistics confound under one designation forms which may be profoundly dissimilar from the point of view of their hereditary value, the results are necessarily erroneous."

At last, however, as Professor Cuenot ventures to affirm, the application of the experimental method throws a bright light upon the phenomena of that struggle of ancestral types for existence in the individual which is yet destined to throw current theories of biology—even of right and wrong—into the background by revealing a wholly unsuspected factor. To make his point clearer, he details with some care a fundamental experiment:

"All are acquainted with the wild gray mouse on the one hand and with the white or rather albino mouse, which can readily be procured of dealers in animals, on the other. The gray mouse has colored hair and black eyes. The white mouse has pure white hair and pink eyes, that is to say, it is lacking in coloring matter. We may take these two forms for the purpose of investigating the laws of heredity as regards these

two complimentary characters, that is, as regards the presence or absence of color.

"The crossing between these two forms constantly furnishes offspring absolutely like the gray parent with black eyes. There is no mixture between the two complimentary characters, no mixed form. It is the gray parent exclusively that reappears in the progeny. It is then said that there is a dominance of the gray character. The white character, which is not expressed, which is hidden by the other, is said to be dominated or latent.

"But let us continue the experiment. Let us cross with each other the hybrids having the dominant gray character. There appears this time in the progeny some gray ones still, but there are also white ones with red eyes, the latter being less in number than the former. If a considerable number of crossings has been made so as to have some hundreds of specimens, it will be seen that there is always a fixed numerical relation between the two kinds, a relation which is that of three grays for every one white.

"This experiment must now be interpreted. The following hypothesis has been advanced with regard to it: The progeny of the first generation, those which were all gray, were formed by the fusion of a gamete including a potency of the gray character with another gamete including a potency of the white character. Now these two potencies pass into all the cells of the body, including the genital cells of the ovary and the testis. At the moment of the formation of ova and spermatazoa, for some unknown reason, the two potencies cannot remain longer in the same cell. They separate from each other. There is said to be a disjunction of characters."

The impossibility of the two potencies to remain in the same cell foreshadows the application to gametes of that law of survival of the fittest which has done such service in all branches of evolutionary thought. Gametes which acquire or which receive a white character instead of a gray character will yet profoundly influence generations of mice yet unborn, as will be seen in the sequel. We may verify, thus, one by one the mice produced and see that everything conforms entirely to the theoretical explanation. By crossing a gray mouse of impure race, which includes the white in a dominated state, with another white mouse, there are obtained this time as many whites as grays. In fact, because of the disjunction of characters the mixed hybrid produces as many gametes having a white character. The white mouse naturally possesses only gametes having a white character. The experiments—very long and often

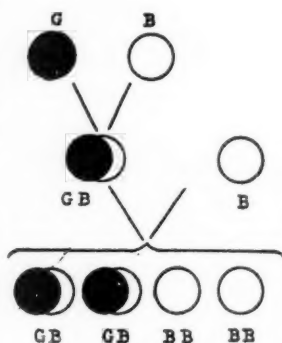


FIG. 2.—Diagram of a crossing between a gray mouse possessing the white character in a latent state and a white mouse. The progeny show an equal number of grays and whites.

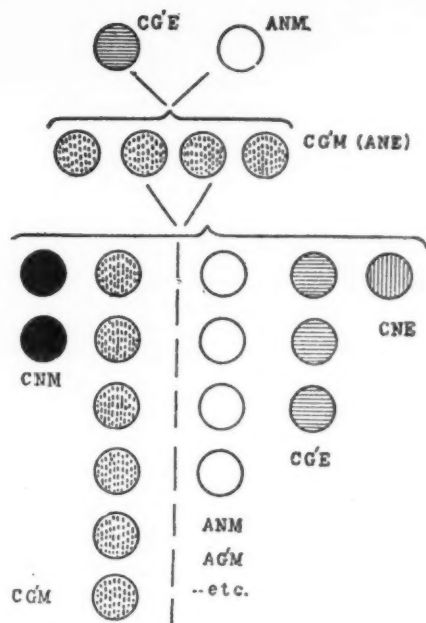


FIG. 3.—Diagram of the crossing of a white mouse (white circle) and a yellow mouse with red eyes (circle with horizontal shading). The hybrids (atavistic forms) resemble the field mouse. The crossing of these hybrids produces black mice (black circle), gray mice with a white belly (circle with dots), white mice (white circle), yellow mice with red eyes (circle with horizontal shading), and light gray with red eyes (circle with vertical shading).

quite delicate—give results so much in conformity with the theoretical anticipations that it is evident that the hypothesis represents the real conditions. It has been proved that this curious phenomena of the disjunction of characters, resulting in the purity of the gametes, is extremely widespread, both in the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms.

There are, however, other races that differ from each other, not by one germinal character alone but by several, independent of each other, some of them being dominant, others dominated as regards complementary characters of the opposite race. The crossing of hybrids then gives such complicated results that the struggle of ancestral traits for survival in the individual is quite stringent in its eliminations. As for instance, let us consider the crossing of two races of mice whose germinal plasma presents three differential characters:

"I cross a white mouse with red eyes with another mouse also having red eyes but with yellowish brown hair. It is logical to suppose that the descendants will have red eyes like the parents and that their hair will be either yellow or

white. Now this is not at all what happens. The result is quite different and rather paradoxical. The descendants of this union all have black eyes and gray hair upon the back and white upon the belly. Besides, their eyes are undoubtedly larger than those of their parents. Their characters, on the whole, markedly resemble not at all the gray house mouse but the field mouse. Instead of presenting the phenomenon of dominance, the parental characters have combined to produce a new result, a first difference from the type described already.

"I then cross the pseudo field mice resulting from this combination. This time there is obtained an extraordinary variety of forms: First, mice that are wholly black. Second, gray mice with white bellies, like their parents. Third, white mice with red eyes, like one of their grandparents. Fourth, yellow mice with red eyes, like one of their grandparents. Fifth, light gray mice with red eyes."

It seems possible to state the tendency to revert to ancestral types with a certain arithmetical exactness in all cases in which the crossings have not been very complicated. But the outcome of the struggle for survival among the ancestral factors is often the production of surprising variants. They may all be explained on the basis of this reversion to a form that managed to become dominant in the struggle of gamete with gamete. The notion of prenatal influence seems quite exploded on this view of the subject, as does that other theory of long continued heredity which makes our traits the product of generation after generation of the same environment. It is doubtless the crossings of different ancestral types that in the second generation, when a plant "breaks," as the horticulturists say, produce new varieties comparable to the black and light gray mice that may be superior in value to the primitive parents.

It seems likely that certain morbid tendencies follow in their heredity the laws governing the survival of the fit among struggling ancestral traits. (The word "fit" means in this sense adaptability to environment.) In the light of this fact, the cancer problem takes on a new aspect. It is said the disease is hereditary in the proportion of 1 to 6 or 9. It is then quite probable that there is in the gametes a disjunction between the normal state and this pathological character. Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, died at the age of 39 of cancer of the stomach. Among his eight children, one alone, Napoleon, was stricken with the same disease when fifty years of age. On the other hand, Napoleonic characteristics were dominated by those of Marie Louisa in their son, "l'Aiglon," the Duke of Reichstadt,

who had the prognathism of the lower jaw, the large lower lip and the tuberculosis of the maternal ancestry, the cancer becoming, as biologists now say, recessive. The union of

two different germinative plasmas formed a combination, here, identical with the germinative plasma of a consumptive and emotional Hapsburg.

MADAME CURIE ON THE "STRUCTURE" OF ELECTRICITY

THE familiar idea of the atomic structure of matter which underlies chemical theory seems to Madame Curie, the world-famed authority on radium, to have its counterpart in what she terms the atomic structure of electricity. In the opening lecture of her course in general physics delivered at the Sorbonne, where she holds a chair, Madame Curie urges this view of the subject with more confidence than any other student of modern theories of electricity and matter has ventured to display. The existence of electric atoms, indivisible by our present methods of research, appears to be established, she thinks, with certainty. The important properties of these atoms seem to her likewise evident. For instance, the atoms of negative electricity which we call electrons are found to exist in a free state. These atoms of negative electricity are independent of all material atoms. They have no properties in common with them. In this state the atoms of negative electricity "possess certain dimensions in space and are endowed with a certain inertia which has suggested the idea of attributing to them a corresponding mass." Experiments have shown that their dimensions are very small compared with those of material molecules and that their mass is only a small fraction not exceeding one one-thousandth of the mass of an atom of hydrogen.

Experiments also seem to Madame Curie to show that if these atoms can exist isolated they may also exist in all ordinary matter. They may even in certain cases be emitted by a substance such as a metal without its properties being changed in a manner appreciable by us.

Considering, then, electrons to be a form of matter, "we are led to put the division of them beyond atoms and to admit the existence of a kind of extremely small particles able to enter into the composition of atoms but not necessarily by their departure involving atomic destruction." To quote the authorized translation of Madame Curie's words in the recent report of the Smithsonian Institution:

"Looking at it in this light, we are led to consider every atom as a complicated structure, and this supposition is rendered probable by the complexity of the emission spectra which characterize the different atoms. We have thus a conception sufficiently exact of the atoms of negative electricity.

"It is not the same for positive electricity, for a great dissimilarity appears to exist between the two electricities. Positive electricity appears always to be found in connection with material atoms, and we have no reason, thus far to believe that they can be separated.

"According to the theory which best accounts for the phenomena of radioactivity, a certain proportion of the atoms of a radioactive body is transformed in a given time, with the production of atoms of less atomic weight, and in some cases with the expulsion of electrons. This is a theory of the transmutation of elements, but differs from the dreams of the alchemists in that we declare ourselves, for the present at least, unable to induce or influence the transmutation."

This conception of the existence of atoms of electricity seems to be essential to the validity of all theories of electricity that take account of things as they are. The theory of atoms of electricity retains the old fundamental idea of Faraday according to which the so-called electro-magnetic actions are always transmitted from place to place in a continuous medium with a finite velocity. The continuous medium is the ether of space. The velocity is the velocity of light. The causes which produce what is known as an electromagnetic field may be found in the existence of positive and negative atoms of electricity and in the motions of such atoms. We are thus returning to a conception which recalls the old idea of two electrical fluids, only that we distinguish clearly the atomic structure of these fluids and we understand better the relations which exist between the atoms of electricity and those of matter—a relation which is the most important aspect of the problem. To quote again:

"An atom of electricity in motion produces around itself an electromagnetic field which accompanies the movement of the particle, and which represents a certain quantity of energy whose amount is greater the higher the velocity of the charged projectile. It is not possible to increase this velocity without the expenditure of energy, and in consequence the charged projectile is endowed with a certain inertia. In mechanics

inertia is used as a measure of the mass, and we may say that the atom of electricity possesses mass on account of its charge. Computation shows that the mass depends upon the velocity. It remains constant when the velocity of the projectile is small (about one one-hundredth the velocity of light), but for increasing velocities it augments very rapidly and tends toward an infinite value when the velocity approaches that of light, so that this is a limiting velocity which cannot be realized.

"It may be imagined that a group of atoms of electricity, both positive and negative, whose total charge is zero, possesses, nevertheless, inertia in consequence of the constituent electrical charges. This group might serve as a model of

a material atom. Thus may be proposed a more general form of mechanics than that customarily considered, which is based on the constancy of mass. The latter would be no more than a first approximation to the truth, and holds good only for cases of motion where the velocity is not extremely great. Preliminary attempts have been made to explain universal gravitation between atoms constituted as above proposed. Altogether these studies tend toward an intimate fusion of the idea of electricity and the idea of matter, so that these two conceptions may yet be actually identified.

"This proposed constitution of the atoms serves as an excellent foundation for a theory of the emission of light or radiation by a body."

A NEW FACTOR IN THE CONTEST BETWEEN ELECTRICITY AND GAS



ANY persons thought, some twenty years ago, notes London *Knowledge*, that with the introduction of the electric light the doom of the gas industry must be inevitable. The cheapening of electric power seemed to bring the catastrophe for gas even nearer. Recently, the advent of the inverted form of incandescent burner has put a new face upon affairs except in the United States, where there prevails a popular misapprehension regarding the state of the struggle between electricity and gas as an illuminant. Even those Americans who have made some study of applied science imagine that gas, as light, is destined to more or less disuse. The acute American, says our contemporary, is only beginning to wake up to the value of gas light. The idea of burning gas upside down, with all that it implies, has not been grasped in the great cities of the United States. Nevertheless, the development of the inverted burner, for the short time it has been in use in Europe—scarcely four years—has been phenomenal. During the year last past fully a million of these burners have come into use in Great Britain. Germany is taking to the contrivance more and more.

The prejudice against the inverted burner has been, none the less, very great. It all proved in the end that when theory and fact disagree, the latter is bound to win and that nature has still undiscovered laws or applications of existing laws of which we are ignorant.

The usual type of inverted burner gives from fifty to sixty-five candle-power on a consumption of three cubic feet of gas, and various means have been tried to raise the candle-

power without increasing the gas consumption. Some English makers seem, however, to have overcome these difficulties to a very appreciable extent. A newly perfected burner has raised the candle-power per cubic foot of gas from twenty candles to thirty-three candles, permitting in a single burner the production of one hundred and fifty candle-power, which is the highest yet obtained. This result is obtained by pre-heating the primary air which mixes with the gas in the Bunsen tube, and this is done by making a heating chamber around the Bunsen and taking the air in at the bottom by tubes, thus obviating any chance of the products of consumption getting into the burner again, which is a source of trouble in so many burners of this type, causing the carbonizing of the mantle and burner.

The globe is held in position by a tempered steel wire spring instead of the usual screws, thus allowing for the expansion of the glass when heated and preventing the breaking of the globe, which, having no hole in the bottom, makes the burner suitable for draughty places:

"Instead of the usual air-holes at the top of the bunsen, a perfectly free space is allowed, so that the heated air has no obstruction; but into the top of the bunsen tube is fitted a cone or tapered tube by which the gas and air in issuing through is caused to mix thoroughly.

"The bunsen tube itself is of two diameters, the upper part being one-sixteenth less diameter than the under part. The latter is made of porcelain, constructed at the exit-end.

"There is also an anti-vibrator in connection with, or rather as part of, the burner, consisting of a loose cylinder with cap into which the burner nipple is screwed. The burner is then suspended inside the cylinder for one-third of the way down by a spiral spring.

"The contents of the heating chamber are preserved intact by a loose plate, which is kept in place by a light spiral spring."

Recent Poetry



HERE is nothing sadder, we should hope, in all the sad tales of literary Bohemia than the story of the life of Francis Thompson, who died a few weeks ago in England. Such a marvelous talent he had for writing; such a meager talent for living! We doubt if it is much more difficult to account for the literary achievement of Shakespeare by the known facts of his life than to account for the wonderful things in Thompson's verse by the facts of his life. There is erudition in his work, searching philosophy, religious passion and at times a beautiful simplicity. Yet at seventeen he was a failure at school, became for years a sort of gamin in London streets, selling matches and calling cabs to earn eleven pence a day to live on. His talent for poetry finally recognized, he was sent to the Sussex Downs, where most of his best poetry was written. But he never learned to tell an oak from an elm nor to call the commonest flowers by name; and the lure of the city drew him back to its haunts, where he drugged himself to emaciation and death. Here is a portion of one of his ballads that is on the Wordsworthian level:

DAISY

By FRANCIS THOMPSON

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise
Breast deep mid flowers and spine;
Her skin was like a grape whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the daisy flower that day.

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end:
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

Joaquin Miller takes up his lyre to sing of San Francisco's resurrection, and the song turns into a lament over San Francisco's shame. There are thirteen stanzas in all, the first two of which are the only ones that fit the title closely. Miller has always resented the attitude of California, and especially of San Francisco, toward the Asiatics, and this resentment soon gets the better of his first intentions. We reprint (from *The Circle*) seven of the stanzas:

RESURGO SAN FRANCISCO

By JOAQUIN MILLER

Behold her Seven Hills loom white
Once more as marble-built Rome.
Her marts teem with a touch of home
And music fills her halls at night;
Her streets flow populous, and light
Floods every happy, hopeful face;
The wheel of fortune whirls apace
And old-time fare-and-dare holds sway.
Farewell the blackened, toppling wall,
The bent steel gird, the somber pall—
Farewell forever, let us pray;
Farewell forever and a day!

How beauteous her lifted brow!
How heartfelt her harmonious song!
How strong her heart, how more than strong
She stands rewrought, refashioned now!
Her concrete bastions, knit with steel,
Sing symphonies in stately forms,
Make harmonies that mock at storms,
Make music that you can but feel.
And yet, and yet what ropes of sand,
What wisps of straw in God's right hand—
And yet, my risen city, yet
Your prophets must not now forget:

Must not forget how you laid hold
This whole west world as all your own—
How sat this sea-bank as a throne,

How strewed these very streets with gold,
 How laid hard tribute, land and sea,
 Heaped silver, gold incessantly!
 The simple Mexicans' broad lands
 You coveted, thrust forth both hands,
 Then bade Ramona plead her cause
 In unknown language, unknown laws!
 You robbed her, robbed her without shame:
 Ay, even of her virtuous name!

Nor shall your prophets now forget,
 Now that you stand sublimely strong,
 How, when these vast estates were set
 With granaries that burst in song,
 You spurned the heathen at your feet
 Because he begged to toil, to eat;
 Because he plead with bended head
 For work, for work and barely bread.
 Yea, how you laughed his lack of pride,
 And lied and laughed and laughed and lied
 And mocked him, in your pride and hate,
 Then in his gaunt face banged your Gate!

Nay, nor forget, now that you rise
 Triumphant, strong as Abram's song,
 How that you lied the lie of lies
 And wrought the Nipponese such wrong,
 Then sent your convict chief to plead
 The President expel them hence.
 Ah me, what black, rank insolence!
 What rank, black infamy indeed!
 Because their ways, their hands were clean,
 You feared the difference between,
 Feared they might surely be preferred
 Above your howling, convict herd!

Their sober, sane life put to shame
 Your noisome, drunken penal band
 That howled in Labor's sacred name,
 Nor wrought, nor even lifted hand,
 Save but to stone and mock and moil
 Their betters who but asked for toil.
 Yon harvest-fields cried out as when
 Your country cries for fighting men,
 And yet your hordes, by force and fraud,
 Forbade this first, last law of God!
 And you? You sat supinely by
 And gathered gold, nor reckoned why?

Your great, proud men heaped gold on gold;
 They heaped deep cellars with such horde
 Of costliest wines, rich, rare, and old
 As never Thebes or Babel stored—
 They sat at wine till ghostly dawn . . .
 The ides had come but had not gone;
 For lo! the writing on the wall!
 And then the surge, the topple, fall—
 Then dust, then darkness, then such light
 As never yet lit day or night,
 And there was neither night nor day,
 For night and day were burned away!

As most of the poets have done early or late, Alfred Noyes harks back to the old Greek mythology, and selects for retelling the tale of Perseus, Atlas and Medusa. In *The Fortnightly Review*, five pages are filled with his poem entitled, "Atlas and Medusa." We reprint the latter part of the poem, which is in a new vein for Noyes and one

of the most notable things yet written by him. After seeing Atlas and telling him of his mission to slay Medusa, Perseus is told the way he should go, and, donning the helm wrung from the realms of Pluto, that renders the wearer invisible, he proceeds upon his flight:

THE SLAYING OF MEDUSA

BY ALFRED NOYES.

League after league he sped, till from the depths
 Of nether darkness came a great soft sound
 Of breathing, like the breathing of the sea.
 There, shuddering, he upheld the polished shield
 And gazed on it as on some magic moon
 Whereon he saw the glimmering marsh below
 Mirrored, beheld what none hath ever seen
 And lived, since the beginning of the world.
 "O, horrible," he moaned, "O, beautiful,
 Beautiful hell"; for in the shield he saw
 Upon what seemed a plain of steaming filth
 A Titan woman, lying supine and white,
 White as a fallen column of some huge
 Temple of Ombos, hugest city of earth,
 Her body a field of lilies and her breasts
 Two snowy hillocks tipt with crimson dawn;
 Her side a marble buttress beautiful
 Couched in the foul abyss, her regal face
 Calm with the leonine languor of the Sphinx.
 On either side, close huddled to her flank
 Dimmed with the steam wherethrough she glimmered pale,

A dark shape, indistinguishable bulk
 Of horror, couched with laps and folds of skin
 Like those that wrap Behemoth; and sometimes
 Like the fierce flashing of a wrecker's fire
 There came a glint of brazen claws and wings.
 All round them like a forest swept the deep
 Empurpled masses of her tangled hair.
 Anon with slow and sleepy crimson lips,
 Bright as with blood of heroes, her face turned
 Smiling to greet each horror with a kiss;
 And, as she turned, one slow luxurious side
 Lifting from out the filth, the other sank
 And wallowed deeper. Suddenly her eyes
 Opened in child-like innocence. The dark
 Mass of her hair shook round her like a sea!
 Its purple clouds all clotted and congealed!
 And lo, the primal serpents of the slime,
 Huger than Python, hissing, upward curled
 And floated round her, coil on heavy coil
 Beautiful in their horror, as they cast
 Shadows like grape-bloom o'er her marble face
 And swayed their bloated throats: and then a
 voice

From distances beyond the abode of gods
 Cried: *This is She, the Abominable, the Queen
 Of dissolute chaos, knowing not evil or good,
 Queen of all dark adulteries, Mother of shame,
 Mother of falsehood, Mother of treachery,
 Mother of jealousy, Mother of blood and tears,
 Queen of the ultimate darkness.*

At that voice
 Young Perseus gripped the bright immortal
 sword

Which grave grey-eyed Athena gave him, gazed
 Steadfastly on the shield and floated down
 Quietly as a star-beam into hell.
 Then, with one prayer to the everlasting gods,

Across the roseate hollow of that throat
He smote! The immortal blade, like light through
darkness,
Flashed and the blood rolled hissing o'er the
filth;

And, wheresoe'er it curled, a serpent rose
Hissing agape. Then, with one hideous clap
Of thunder, those two monstrous bulks arose
Mountainous, like two foul prodigious swine
From out their wallowing beds i' the clinging
mire;

And from what seemed their eyes a ruddy light
Of vengeance flashed, as of wild crimson torches
Far-sunken in a thick and savage wood,
Yet imminent; but Perseus, with one hand
Clutching the deadly tangle of that head
Soared upward, and the silver sandals bore
The hero and his burden far away;
Tho with one heavy clang of brazen wings
The Gorgons followed, soon they dropped behind
And loomed no larger than two carrion flies
Against the red horizon, and at last
Decayed from sight.

The following poem (from *The American Magazine*) presents a strong dramatic situation. The interest of the poem, in fact, is dramatic rather than poetic:

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

Through the dim Court of Ghosts there entered
one
Seeking his dead—his wife and little son.
Its gates were shut to all yet robed with life,
But, by the yearning love he bore his wife,
He had won grace, alone of living men,
To enter there, and bring her back again.

Close by the door, with life-remembering eyes,
He saw her sit—her babe held, motherwise,
Clasped to her breast, as if her sheltering arm,
Even in heaven, would ward some unknown
harm;

But in her face a glad surprise was spread—
The eternal answer of the happy dead.

She met his eyes—then, with a cry that rang
Beyond the bars of death, she nestling sprang
Into his arms, and held her baby there
Against his cheek, while all her cloudy hair
Enveloped them: "Dear heart! and you are
come!"

She whispered, and then, trembling, rested dumb.

He drew her toward the gate of Paradise
Where stood the watcher with the strange, sad
eyes,
Who, as they would have passed, put forth his
hand:

"But two may leave," he said; "'tis the command.
Or wife or babe—choose thou between the twain;
One thou mayest take; the other must remain."

The husband paused—then looked on her and
smiled:

"She goes with me," he said; "keep thou the
child."

With gentle hands he sought to loose her hold,
But she, with frightened eyes, did closely fold
The baby to her bosom, crying "Nay!
I cannot! if he stays, I too must stay!"

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "more than sweet-
heart—wife!

Return with me to that dear land of life—
Dear through thee only. See! I am alone;
The angels all will guard our little son
Till we return—but I have only thee!"
With tear-brimmed eyes she cried: "Then stay
with me!"

"I need thee so! But, oh my loved one, now
Our little baby needs me more than thou.
Is there a voice in all the angel throng
That he would know, to sing his slumber song?
A breast like mine where he can lay his head?
Would any angel smooth, as I, his bed?"

"But, sweetheart, see," he plead; "he will not
know—

He is so young; and God will watch him grow
In heaven's long gladness, till we come again——"
"Ah, no——" she wept; "he might not know me
then.

I cannot go—no angel there above
Can love my baby with his mother's love!

"I cannot go—but stay thou here with me!"
The sad-eyed warder spoke: "That may not be;
He hath not passed through death. The time is
sped

That he may tarry, living, with the dead.
Give, then, thy answer straightway, yea or nay:
Wilt thou return with him, or wilt thou stay?"

Closely around his neck her arms did twine:
"Sweetheart," she sobbed, "because the child is
thine

I love it so, thus doubly loving thee;
If I could leave it, dear, I should not be
The wife thou lovest. But all my being cries
To be with thee. And every day, my eyes

"Will follow thee, and watch for thee. By night,
In the great loneliness, my heart will fight
Against itself, to leave the babe and creep
Into thy arms, and there to fall asleep;
But ah, dear heart! the baby needs me more—
So hold me close . . . Now! ere he shut the
door . . .

"Kiss me again . . . again . . . My eyes are dim . .
Oh, baby—clasp me—hold me close—for him!"

Yale University has been yearning for years for
a new song equal in dignity and power to the
"Old Nassau" and the "Fair Harvard" of her
rivals. A prize of \$300 has been outstanding for
such a song and it has recently been awarded to
Brian Hooker, an instructor in Yale and a young
man who has done some work of distinction be-
fore, some of which we have reprinted. His song
—for which S. D. Bingham has composed the
music—is entirely successful so far as the words

go. We know nothing about the quality of the music:

MOTHER OF MEN

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Mother of Men, grown strong in giving
Honor to them thy lights have led—
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;
We who have felt thy power, and known thee,
We in whose work thy gifts avail—
High in our hearts enshrined enthrone thee,
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,
Under whose feet the years are cast—
Heir to an ageless empire, ranging
Over the future and the past—
Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,
Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,
Praise we to-day in sturdy chorus,
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

There is much obvious imitation of Kipling in Mr. Garrett's book, "My Bunkie and Other Ballads;" but, like Kipling, he has seen the things he describes and, better still, he has undergone most of the army experiences he records. There is, therefore, a note of genuineness in his poems that makes them not great art but convincing human documents:

PHILIPPINE TWILIGHT

BY ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT

Slowly the sun is sinking,
Slowly the lights grow dim;
Slowly down in the tropic sea
Droppeth the burning rim.

Slowly the farther islands
Melt in the mellow maze;
Slowly out on the whitened walls
The lizards creep to gaze.

Slowly the snowy parrots
Sweep to their jungle rest.
Slowly the gold and crimson
Fade in the darkening west.

Slowly the tasseled palm-leaves
Sway in the evening breeze.
Slowly the old familiar stars
Rise o'er the tallest trees.

Slowly the hike and skirmish,
Fever and burning days,
Treachery, hate and malice,
Melt in the evening haze.

Slowly the Visions wander
Over the alien sea—
Faces and towns and rivers;
Known to you and me.

Slowly they nestle with us,
There in the tropic night;
Strengthening, soothing, helping,
Seeing our three-fold fight.

Slowly the flaming fire-tree
Turns to a somber pine.
Slowly the purple clusters
Grow on the barren vine.

Slowly the distant parrots—
Specks in the darkening sky—
Melt into homing swallows,
Over the jungle high.

Slowly the rice-grown paddies,
Wave with the western wheat.
Slowly the scent of violets
Sweetens the humid heat.

Slowly the clouds rose-tinted
Change to the faces we
Left in a white man's country,
Over the ashen sea.

Slowly the lingering lilac
Fades in the western sky:
Heavy the stifling gloom falls—
Night—and the Visions die.

BUGLES CALLING

BY ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT

Up above the roaring traffic—
Where the caverns rise—
Shrill and piercing, clear and cutting,
Through the smoky skies—
Bugles calling, bugles calling,
Over land and sea—
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Little men and little madness—
Sordid greed and gain—
Till we hear the bugles leaping
Down the asphalt lane:
Till the reeking towers vanish
And the winds waft free,
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again familiar faces
Reckon o'er the ways;
Once again with stirrups touching
Ride the yesterdays.
Olden friends and love and laughter—
Proved sincerity
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again the trails are burning
'Neath a tropic sun:
Once again the plains are baking
Where no rivers run:
Once again the old ambitions
Whisper longingly
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again the vine-choked jungle
'Bove the swollen stream—
Once again the silken rustle
Where the bamboos gleam:
Once again the snowy coral
Laughing by the sea
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again the running skirmish
 'Neath the mid-day glare:
 Once again the midnight mountains
 When the fires flare:
 Once again the careless columns
 Laughing wearily
*Bugles calling, calling, calling,
 Bugles calling me.*

By the high-hoped days behind us—
 By the years we knew—
 By the heart-whole life they lent us,
 Ringing fair and true
*Bugles calling, bugles calling,
 Over land and sea—
 Bugles calling—calling—calling—
 Bugles calling me.*

Here is a fine picture of the adventurer, and one that may be applied to the adventurer in spiritual affairs as well as his materialistic counterpart. We take it from the *London Spectator*:

THE SHIP OF FOOLS

BY ST. JOHN LUCAS

We are those fools who could not rest
 In the dull earth we left behind,
 But burned with passion for the West
 And drank strange frenzy from its wind.
 The world where wise men live at ease
 Fades from our unregretful eyes,
 And blind across uncharted seas
 We stagger on our enterprise.

The beautiful fierce billows leap
 Like white-fanged wolves about our prow,
 Where Mary, with her Christ asleep,
 Is carved to hear the wanderer's vow.
 The thirsty decks have drunk our blood,
 Our hands are tattered from the oar;
 Wan ghosts upon a spectral flood
 We drive towards a phantom shore.

And we have sailed in haunted seas,
 Dreadful with voices; where the mast
 Gleamed blue with deathlights, and the breeze
 Bore madness; and have gazed aghast
 To see beyond our splintered spars
 That rattled in the wild typhoon,
 A heaven strange with tawny stars
 And monstrous with an alien moon.

Lean, naked, bruised, like famished slaves
 We shiver at the sweeps; each one
 A jest for all the scornful waves,
 And food for laughter to the sun;
 But never voice nor deathlight flare
 Nor moon shall lure us with their spell;
 Our eyes are calm as God, and stare
 Defiance in the face of Hell.

The worn ship reels, but still unfurled
 Our tattered ensign flouts the skies;
 And doomed to prudence by a world
 Of little men grown mean and wise,
 The old earth laughs for joy to find
 One purple folly left to her,
 Where glimmers down the riotous wind
 The flag of the adventurer!

O watchman leaning from the mast,
 What of the night? The shadows flee;
 The stars grow pale, the storm is past,
 A blood-red sunrise stains the sea.
 At length, at length, O dauntless wills,
 O dreamers' hearts that naught could tame,
 Superb amid majestic hills
 The domes of Eldorado flame!

Sara Teasdale has done better work than any that she includes in her new volume, "Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems" (Poet Lore Company). There is nothing here quite equal to her poem, "Guinevere," reprinted by us several months ago. The sonnets to Duse do not seize us, but the little song that follows them, on the same theme, is melodious and catching.

A SONG

To Eleonora Duse in "Francesca da Rimini."

BY SARA TEASDALE

Oh would I were the roses that lie against her
 hands,
 The heavy burning roses she touches as she
 stands!

Dear hands that hold the roses, where mine would
 love to be,
 Oh leave, oh leave the roses, and hold the hands
 of me!

She draws the heart from out them, she draws
 away their breath,—
 Oh would that I might perish and find so sweet
 a death!

TO JOY

BY SARA TEASDALE

Lo, I am happy, for my eyes have seen
 Joy glowing here before me, face to face;
 His wings were arched above me for a space,
 I kissed his lips, no bitter came between.
 The air is vibrant where his feet have been,
 And full of song and color is his place.
 His wondrous presence sheds about a grace
 That lifts and hallows all that once was mean.
 I may not sorrow for I saw the light,
 Tho' I shall walk in valley ways for long,
 I still shall hear the echo of the song,—
 My life is measured by its one great height.
 Joy holds more grace than pain can ever give,
 And by my glimpse of joy my soul shall live.

In December we published a poem, "Vita et Mors," from the *Houston Chronicle*, remarking that "if it is a new writer it is a very noteworthy contribution to American literature." We have since ascertained that the author, J. M. Gibson, is a resident of Houston, with the title of Judge, and that he was on the eve of publishing a volume of his poetry when the manuscript was destroyed by fire. As the poems date back many years their recovery, we understand, will be a matter of difficulty. If there were many of them as fine as the one we reprinted, their loss would be a very deplorable one.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

THOSE who come to Joseph Conrad's latest novel* with the expectation of finding in it the peculiar "note" that has given him, until now, his distinctive place among English-speaking writers, are sure to be disappointed. It has but distant kinship with his masterly sea-stories, "Youth," "Typhoon" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus." The nature-writer, Stewart Edward White, confesses frankly, in the *New York Bookman*, that from his point of view "The Secret Agent" is a failure; and the *New York Evening Post* scores the book as prolix and ineffective.

But critics who approach the novel from this angle seem to forget that Conrad has always been a psychological as well as a descriptive writer, and that the main interest even of the above-mentioned stories is psychological. He chose the sea as a frame for his psychological dramas because it suited his purposes. In "Nostromo" he turned to South America. In "The Secret Agent" he finds his background in the slums of London.

The book is a study in the revolutionary cult of Anarchism. In England it is hailed as a masterpiece. *The Athenaeum* declares that, when compared with the average fiction of the day, Conrad's work "has the quality of a fine diamond lying among shingle;" and *The Spectator* says: "It was a sure instinct that guided him in the present instance to choose for his milieu the colony of Anarchists and revolutionists who find asylum in our midst, and the result is a psychological romance of terrorism at once to subtle and yet so engrossing as to maintain, and even advance, his reputation as a literary sorcerer of the first rank."

The "secret agent" of the title is a Mr. Verloc, commissioned by a foreign embassy to live among the London Anarchists, to spy on their doings, and finally to incite one of them to an act of violence. As *The Spectator* tells the story:

"He is married to an English wife, and provides quarters for her invalid mother and half-witted brother. On his domestic, as opposed to his professional, side Mr. Verloc is a humane and

kindly man. But at the opening of the story his position is suddenly imperiled by the altered attitude of his principal employers. The old Ambassador, an extremely timid man with a high opinion of Verloc's abilities, has been replaced, and the new régime are dissatisfied with negative results and mere warnings. Mr. Verloc is accordingly summoned to the Embassy and informed in so many words that his salary will cease unless he can stimulate the British Government to adopt sterner measures against Anarchist refugees. In other words, he is bidden to justify his existence by fulfilling the function of the *agent-provocateur* in its crudest form,—that of organizing bogus outrages. More than that, M. Vladimir—who is the real villain of the plot—throws out a fantastic suggestion as to the lines on which the outrage might be carried out. It is with the effects of this suggestion on an essentially stupid man, panic-stricken by the prospect of ruin, and with the means of literally carrying out this wild hint placed at his disposal, that the tragic and terrible sequel is concerned. But while the secret agent is in a sense the central figure, he is less interesting and less convincing than many other personages, mostly sinister, whose portraits are drawn in these intricate, yet absorbing, pages. There are the group of Anarchists, mainly dominated by vanity,—the visionary Michaelis, the venomous Karl Yundt, Comrade Ossipon, bilker of confiding servant-girls, and, above all, the little Professor, the really dangerous, because absolutely fearless, apostle of destruction, whose sudden meeting with the Inspector after the bomb outrage is perhaps the most striking scene in the book. Then we have the noble patroness of Michaelis, the incarnation of detached curiosity; Chief Inspector Heat, able and efficient, but 'thinking of his superiors, of his reputation, of the Law Courts, of his salary, of newspapers'; his official chief, the Assistant-Commissioner, a man of real detective genius, but hampered by departmental conventions and personal obligations. And as a background to this somber drama of the conflict between the conservators and the enemies of the social system there is London in its immensity and mystery, enveloped in the strange atmosphere diffused by the sardonic genius of Mr. Conrad."

Mr. Conrad's description of his story as "a simple tale" will strike most readers as curiously inappropriate. His style, like that of Henry James, whom he heartily admires, grows more subtle and involved as the years pass. The *London Times Literary Supplement*, however, detects "a stroke of fine humor" in this sub-title; and goes on to say:

"In thinking it over we have suddenly realized that a part at least of this great novelist's mission is to remind his readers how simple men really are, even when they are the destroyers of society or their pursuers. To show how narrow a gulf is fixed between the maker of bombs and the ordinary contented citizen has never before

* THE SECRET AGENT. By Joseph Conrad. Harper and Brothers.

struck a novelist as worth while, the subterranean world in which the terrorists live having up to the present time been considered by him merely as a background for lurid scenes and hair-raising thrills. And then comes Mr. Conrad with his steady, discerning gaze, his passion for humanity, his friendly irony, and above all his delicate and perfectly tactful art, to make them human and incidentally to demonstrate how monotonous a life can theirs also be. Stevenson just dipped into this nether world, bringing away only

what was needed for his more or less sensational purpose; it was left for Mr. Conrad once again to hold the lantern that was to light every cranny; just as it was left for him fully to illumine the darkest places of the fore-castle, the swamps of the Congo, and the mysteries of the heart of the revolutionary, the Ishmael, the derelict, and the coward. Englishmen cannot be too grateful that this alien of genius, casting about for a medium in which to express his sympathy and his knowledge, hit upon our own tongue."

Taking for her heroine a Spanish-looking California girl with blue eyes, stern profile and brooding brows whom the London *Bookman* pronounces

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"almost sexless," and making her hero out of a thirty-year-

old British aristocrat described in the Chicago *Dial* as "a sort of Rosebery-Curzon-Churchill blend," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, dispensing altogether with a villain, has bedazzled yet bewildered the book reviewers of Britain and America with the seven hundred compactly printed pages of her new novel "Ancestors,"* opening with a house party in England and concluding amid the fissuring of strata by which the surface of our planet was recently modified at San Francisco. Hero and heroine are betrothed, but not yet wed, as they are lost to view among Mrs. Atherton's seismological effects. It all proves to the reviewer of the London *News* that in order to tell a story, Mrs. Atherton, in flat defiance of Anthony Trollope, needs no story to tell. We have the Chicago *Evening Post* and the London *Literary World* agreeing that if the book were half as long as it happens to be, some sort of a story might emerge. On the other hand, the New York *Evening Post* insists not only that "Ancestors" is a story, but that, once the reader gets to the California fraction thereof, it "proceeds breathlessly." Here is what the San Francisco *Argonaut* makes of it all:

"It is a story of California in general and of San Francisco in particular, and we may look upon it either from the narrative point of view or as a general diatribe upon manners and things Californian. As a clever piece of fiction the story leaves little to be desired. The hero, Elton Gwynne, is an English statesman who happens to have been born in America. At the moment of his greatest popular success, when every avenue to power opens before him, he is suddenly 'kicked up stairs' into the House of Lords through the unexpected death of a lordly relative. In disgust at such a setback to his political hopes—almost fatal to a commoner—he leaves England in disgust and withdraws to a large ranch in California which he owns, and devotes himself to American politics. The heroine, Isabel Otis, is the owner of a neighboring ranch. Isabel has

traveled a great deal in Europe and is well acquainted with Gwynne, to whom she is, in fact, distantly related, and she aids and abets her young kinsman in his democratic determination. Obviously, there is plenty of room for a very pretty plot. Gwynne is intellectual, ambitious, and wealthy. He has to win his way in a new country and to learn its customs, habits of thought and politics. With the beautiful Isabel as guide, philosopher, and friend, the outline of a charming romance is visible enough.

"Gwynne finds that his political ambitions must lie along devious paths. Judge Leslie, under whom he studied law, tells him that politics have been forced 'into the hands of a class of men that make their living out of them, and whose natural destiny was pocket-picking and the rogues' gallery.' A meeting of prominent business men is represented as discussing 'the fact that one of their number had recently gone to Washington to ask the President to send out an able man of the government secret service' to help track corruption to its source. And so on and so on.

"The story leads us up to the great fire and there it leaves us—scorched in more ways than one. There is every reason to believe that Isabel Otis and Gwynne 'live happy ever after.' We may at least hope so."

It being obvious to the overwhelming majority of Mrs. Atherton's critics that her story is no genuine story, they indulge in somewhat suspicious sniffing of the atmosphere in which they find themselves. "The manners, customs and conversation of the English characters are not invariably happy," complains the London *Athenaeum*. "Passing expressions, ephemeral slang and tricks of manner are given too important an aspect to make a fair picture." Truer to life, perhaps, it suggests, are the California experiences, but in Mrs. Atherton's sketches of society as it exists in the metropolis of the state she loves, the San Francisco *Chronicle* discerns malice, even the friendly *Argonaut* pointing out "a wealth of venom" in the lady novelist's hints on the subject of the San Francisco girl. However, Mrs. Atherton's "artistic purpose" in her California scenes, as Will Irwin puts his idea of it in the New York *Bookman*, was to show the great Pacific slope state as "an old-world pair of eyes" might see it. "All California writers have hugged the delusion that some day some one would arise with the great California

*ANCESTORS. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper and Brothers.

novel which should convey the wonder and romance of San Francisco from Nob Hill to Tar Flat." That, our critic thinks, is "beyond human powers." "One novel may describe, may make real and vivid a neighborhood, a village or a street; but who ever put a whole metropolis into one book?" Be this as it may, the *Chicago Dial* finds that "the strength of this book is found in its intimate depiction of California, both natural and social. Here the author is on firm ground (to speak with only figurative intent) and writes whereof she knows, albeit with some exaggeration and crudeness of coloring." The *New York Sun* has a special and peculiar grievance with the novel because of what happens when the scene shifts to California:

"It becomes more or less of a tract against everything and everybody not reminiscent of the Forty-niners—or their predecessors, for that matter. Not only does it become a story full of local color, but it becomes a story of exclusively local interest. One gathers the impression from it that there is no place worth while except California, and even California is not worth while in comparison with San Francisco, and that most persons are intolerable except Californians, who are themselves hardly endurable unless they happen to be San Francisco Californians. This is pretty tough on the rest of us, and it is not surprising if our zest for 'Ancestors' wanes as its author's enthusiasm for San Francisco waxes to its climax in the great fire."

Not until they fall to dissection of Mrs. Atherton's fairly numerous personages does the genius of the author of "Ancestors" become manifest to the reviewers. "Her sketch of the hero's mother, Lady Victoria Gwynne, is really clever," opines the *London Saturday Review*. "She does not live but she is most searchingly seen. It is a very complex and original study, incredible, probably to some, yet there is scarcely a line out of drawing and not a plane with which one could dispense." Yet it would have been pleasanter for her readers if Mrs. Atherton had omitted "the

"When a soothsayer meets another soothsayer, he grins," such is the motto on the title page of Maarten Maartens' recent attack* on the medical profession. Substitute the word "specialist" for "soothsayer" and you have the idea embodied in this onslaught. Into the mouth of the most distinguished of his medical characters, Mr. Maartens puts the words that give the keynote to the title of the story:

"All the same, the parsons had better look out.

* THE NEW RELIGION. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton and Company.

repulsive chapter that paints the animal lust of conquest that inspires Lady Victoria Gwynne," thinks the *San Francisco Examiner*, echoing the protest of the *New York Times* against the same noblewoman—she is forty-nine and still one of the handsomest as well as one of the tallest of sensual human females—"her innate depravity secure under the serene cloak of her aristocracy," as the reviewer of the last named daily ventures to think. Gwynne, the hero, is quite convincing to the critic of the *London Post*, who wonders if he may not be the late Lord Randolph Churchill with the conceit taken out of him at the end. But the glory of all is, in the opinion of the *Philadelphia Press*, the heroine, with her black Spanish hair pulled carelessly over a high forehead and the half-dreaming, half-penetrating regard of her light blue eyes, softened by a heavy growth of lash. She is a good girl, altho, the *Boston Transcript* fears, lacking in delicacy. She would visit the hero's California lodge at compromising hours, while as for her permitting him to fall asleep in a chair by her own fire until the small hours of the morning with herself slumbering there too—really, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* vehemently affirms, no nice California girl would do such a thing. Perhaps the *New York Times* forms the best notions concerning her:

"Isabel, like many other women, turns then to anything that might offer an escape from the burden of sex, with its handmaidens—sorrow and unrest. She has had her experiences and she has suffered—no more of it for her. Marriage appears a bondage and any other relation a degradation. So she turns away from the region of emotion to take refuge in the safe harbor of the intellect. Words usurp the place of feeling, and she stands intrenched behind them against all argument or appeal. Such women become at last a third sex and achieve a curiously complete perfection of unreality. It is this type that interests Mrs. Atherton—this type which she is singularly successful in portraying. This sort of woman never loses her control; she analyzes her sensations, even when she permits herself to slip into her lover's arms, and her distinctive attitude is that of defense rather than surrender."

They've had their day, it's the doctors' turn. The world has given up caring about its soul; it has got all the more anxious about its body! The old beliefs have gone; your digestion's your conscience today. Is it our fault if it crowds to the new shrines, the new confessionals, and babbles of its symptoms, not its sins? We can't make half out of our 'homes' what the priests made out of hell! But the convents of the twentieth century to which the new fanatics come crowding are the sanatoria. . . . 'Tis the new religion. Nobody listens to the poor dead parsons. We are the new infallible priests that ban and threaten a trembling world!"

Lucia Lomas, a lovely girl of nineteen, mar-

ries a rich and simple-minded banker aged fifty. They are well to do and live in a quiet and beautiful home. Then Lucia shows symptoms of spinal complaint. She has a good country doctor of her own in whom she trusts. He pronounces her not very bad, but he is an old man, not in touch with modern developments. So a specialist, Dr. Nathaniel Russett, of London, is called in. Russett is an unmitigated scoundrel. He has all the letters of the alphabet after his name. He charges enormous fees, he cheats his patients, and he is in league with other doctors, who give him a percentage of their receipts when he sends patients to their private hospitals. He orders the invalid to a sanatorium in Switzerland. The head of that establishment, Dr. Vrouvray, is not altogether a humbug, but his system is brutally administered. He believes that all disease would vanish if men lived like monkeys, unclothed, feeding on nuts, rolling on the ground and climbing trees. There is a delicious description of patients leading this sort of simple life in a Palace Hotel in Switzerland. The patients are sent out every day to climb trees and to chop trees. Here may be seen the elderly chopping millionaires and a couple of youthful dudes triumphantly carried through by bets on the number of their blows. "When the alarm watch which every patient was ordered to wear in his pocket went off, the worker would immediately pause and the American Railway King and the Austrian Court Chamberlain would lean on their axes, and after munching their three Brazil nuts each, would retire to bed in the trees."

Lucia, however, is not at first placed under this severe regime. Dr. Vrouvray insists on "silence for the first fortnight. Not a word but the inevitable. Repose. Dark room. Diet. No meat." The result is that she becomes worse, and her husband, who is taken on as a patient, is so mismanaged that he develops tuberculosis. The two are advised to go to Mentone. In the meantime they are swindled out of their old home by the machinations of Russett.

Jack, a young physician, and son of Dr. Russett, has fallen in love with Lucia. He does his best to frustrate the treatment of her husband by a Polish quack, but fails. Jack is the hero of "The New Religion," and the story ends with his marriage to Lucia. Before that, he has a scene with his father in which he forces that eminent nerve specialist to confess his many frauds and the sanatorium is handed over to the son, who believes that hygiene, as a persistent occupation, is the med-

icine of the future, and that the coming age is going to think of and live for its body: it has given up caring about its soul.

Mr. Maartens seems to the *New York Times* to assert that "all great doctors are either enormous humbugs or else magnificent madmen, while the lesser practitioner is knave or ignoramus—mainly the latter." It adds: "Whatever the larger inferences and implications of the book considered as a 'muck-raking' of the pet science of the day, it may be said boldly that the author has come singularly this esevere regime. Dr. Vrouvray insists on in concrete cases."

Mr. Maartens writes of the idle rich, says *The Bookman*, "whose devotion (which in matters physical as in those spiritual, is in its essence too often a desire to escape consequences) has been shifted from the priest to the doctor, who 'go into retreat' and fast in sanatoria instead of in religious houses, who pay their wealth for the benefit of their uncomfortable bodies instead of their disquieted consciences, who endow hospitals, not churches. They assume the garb of poverty just as they did in the days of another faith, and they find honest and dishonest physicians of the body as formerly of the soul. Troublesome penitents are sent on pilgrimages to distant spas, as once they were despatched to Rome or the Holy Land; and in the market-place the quack sells to rich and poor alike the modern indulgences—patent medicines and mechanical contraptions called electrical."

Upon this cheerful theme, asserts the *New York Evening Post*, the author, in the course of his rambling narrative, plays many groaning or strident variations. Everything turns upon the relation between physician and patient, the result being that his characters become mere exhibits. An odd thing is that several of them are sufficiently alive to impress one as worthy of a better fate. Effective satire upon medical fads, particularly as connected with the new hygiene, is evident, but the mood of the book as a whole, "seems to vibrate rather helplessly between snorts and giggles. Somehow Mr. Maartens has failed to hit the key; the story is neither fantastic enough nor sober enough to be more or less than a gentle irritant."

"Such a book," according to *The Athenaeum*, "will not please those who seek for sensation, but as a criticism of modern western civilization, especially of its excessive care of the body and neglect of the spirit, 'The New Religion' has its charm and claim,"

Ted—A Mother Song

This adorable little sketch of a child is written by Louise Dunham Goldsberry. We find it in *The Independent*, which has been publishing a series of similar articles, which it calls "mother songs," by the same author.

"**D**EAR," said Ted.
I was very busy; sometimes $2 + 2$
will equal anything; and my expense
book would drive a mathematical
body into idiocy.

"Dear," said Ted.

"Lovely Dear," said Ted.

"Sir?"

"Fen I'm a man I'm going to marry you. Will
you like for me to be your stephusband?"

"It would be beautiful," I make fervent an-
swer.

Ted gives me a kiss; quite sticky with butter-
scotch and redolent of sweetness, and tells me
the things I shall have to wear.

I do not like silks, but Ted says I shall not be
compelled to wear them, only just *have* them;
and two pairs of shoes—all at one time; and
two pairs of gloves and sixteen white dresses
an' most a dozen hats.

Ted is devoted to "my's dod Bon," a gay little
doggie that he bought with money-bank pennies,
who answers to the name of Bonnie.

And the dance the two of them dance o' bed-
times!

Never a dance so daringly danced; never a
dance so tilted and toed and teetered on the
twanging, stretched strings of a woman's heart.

The two heads on a laddie level; crown of
young gold and the gay doggie's brown fringe.
And the gay doggie's little lolling red tongue is
quite eloquent of his enjoyment.

And up and down Ted bobs and bobbles, Bon-
nie's front paws in tight grip, to a classic ditty
that runs somewhat so:

"Darby, Darby,
Jig, jig, jig."
in drony, many iterations; and
"Darby, Darby,
Jid, jid, jid, Bon,
Jid, jid, jid."

the little jiggling voice croons after, and bubbles
of laughter float all along the fun.

It is just up and down, up and down, two little
panting, jolly dears; almost as soundless as a leaf
comes down, the feet do twinkle and twirl; but
oh, my soul! *How* two of those feet do tread the
wine-press of one woman's heart!

Ted has his first pockets; one at each side; two
in apron; one in blouse. Five! Queer, isn't it,
how men do take to pockets?

Ted collects keys. Keys make such a nice com-
panionable noise when one runs and shakes one's
pockets. Door keys, closet keys, drawer keys,
desk keys. I've taken thirteen keys out of his
pockets at one fell confiscation.

"Fy of course," says Ted; "course I'll borrow
my keys to you, Dear."

Then he begins his collection anew, with un-
chastened ardor; and indoors I always know
just where to find him, upstairs or down, by the
jingle, jingle that accompanies his busy self.

Once, tho, I remonstrated.

My neighbor was neighboring. She said good-
night. But—the bedroom door was locked and
Ted asleep and not a key to be found; not even
a clock key. We hunted for fifteen minutes, after
trying hairpins and scissors.

Then I wakened Ted.

"Ted, what did you *do* with the key?"

He sat up.

"I love you *so*, dear," he said, in slow, sweet
dribbles of speech.

"Ted, where is the key?"

"Yight down zere," he tilted, pointing to the
door hinge; "it's yight down zere."

Hung on the hinge!

"Oh, Ted, Ted," I said, "what did *make* you
put it there?"

One eye blarneyed up out of his nest, and then
the long lashes went down.

"Cos," said Ted.

Next morning, over his breakfast, he explained:
It was Bluebeard's key, and he hid it where
Misses Bluebeard would be sure to look first
thing soon's he left the castle.

"I fot course you knew *that*," said he.

Ted lost a tooth lately. It was a delectable
scrap of his favorite butterscotch that did it.
"I'm comin' to pieces," he wailed; "I'm comin'
all to pieces," and made many efforts to fit the
tooth back to its place. I offered to buy it, but
Ted was scandalized. "It *belongs* to me, Pre-
cious," he gravely explained; "it was *borned* in
my mouf. I *need* it in my mouf." But the raisins
were fat and the tooth *would* not stay stuck when
he fitted it in, so he reluctantly allowed me to put
it away.

But his confidence in his physical acouterments
was shaken, and quite often he would "try" fin-
gers and toes to see if they, too, might not possi-
bly be on the eve of deserting him; and visibly
was happier when each trial found them still fast.
And Bonnie and Nixie, poor beasties! He "tried"
their tails and toes and claws till Bonnie
yapped loudly in face of all assurances that it was
for his good, and Nixie took refuge on the very
top of the woodshed. And Ted's skies were
stormy; for Nixie, purring, singing, wheedle-
some, adoring Nixie left an oozy red scratch on
his hand as she fled.

But he told God all about it that night. Sug-
gesting that it might be best if God *could* just as
well's not let Nixie's claws come off. "Right
away, please, sir."

Ted's bed-going is always a serious business.
I, a mother, harken with God to the prayers.
Mothers may, you know.

Dixie and Nell and Bonnie and Nixie. Cana-
ries and gay doggie and tiger kitten. If they have
been naughty their several sins are duly laid be-
fore God, with extenuating circumstances.

"Good Man," begins the awed, dulcet, sleepy
voice; "bless Precious an' me an' me an' Precious
an' my *dear* friends Bonnie an' Nixie an' Dixie
an' Nell. Nixie *needs* a heap o' blessin', please,

sir, Good Man; she eated a little sparrow baby bird this mornin'. But she's *just* a poor little kitty an' I *finx* she'll be good. Amen."

Maybe he has forgotten one of his "dear friends." Maybe we have been crooning full five minutes the song of the "Pussy and the Owl," Ted's hand palm-clung against my cheek, Ted's lover eyes kissing my eyes with their gaze.

"Oh, I forgot Nell," he startles, and back to knees at my knee. And blesses Nell with fervid blessing.

Then—Ted is asleep.

And the songs of the night, the dark-shining songs of the night, go through the starry atmospheres like fine, crystal lances. The crickets cry; so piercingly thin and sweet and faint that crying out in the shining dusks. From the stilling earth is that vague illusory *feel* of sound, as if it breathed and all the little grasses trembled for ecstasy. And once a catbird sang. The aerial poignancy of all song, trickling in silver runnels ineffably soft along the windy *mere* of the atmospheres.

It made my heart swell with its unbearable sweetness, that sun-song sung in the dark of

night, till I found myself kneeling at Ted's bed, cheek against his palm, praying prayers. To God? I do not know. Just my heart breaking on God's feet.

The little house sometimes seems so awfully big and empty when Ted's asleep; and so lonely. And so astir with footsteps of The Dead.

Up and down the stairs; in and out the room where Ted dreams and laughs and babbles in his dreaming. To and fro, to and fro, out on the back, grape-vined porch. Sometimes I go out under the vines and walk with them; till He bends to kiss me—then I flee to Ted. I think I could never face another daybreak with one least kiss kissed on my mouth. I could not bear it! Oh, I *could* not bear it!

The delicate cobwebs glisten on the grass, moon-jeweled. The locustpods at the curb clapper and clink and the winds tread the dark very softly and blow the moon-flowers open to the powdered moth.

But no tears. Ah, no; no tears.

No tears, while Ted laughs out in his dreaming and loves me and lovers me.



"Wot are yer a-follerin' 'im for, Bill?"
"I'm going to listen to 'im play golf!"

—Punch.

Humor of Life

A COUPLE OF THEM

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office-boy, in his excitement, responded with, "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"

A CURE FOR SWOLLEN FORTUNES

Two men were talking together at a table in the hotel coffee-room, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:—

"Do you know, whenever that clock (pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room) goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand pounds!"

"Is that so?"

"That's a fact."

"Then stop the clock."

A MIND READER

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house-surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:—

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:—

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat. "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"

LITTLE BETTY'S PRAYER.

Little Betty had been playing quietly on the porch one afternoon, unnoticed by her father and a friend, who were discussing the recent financial panic. When the guest had gone and bedtime had come, Betty was unusually silent and thoughtful. And when she knelt to say her prayers, a pause followed the usual petitions in behalf of "papa an'

mamma an' Aunt Mary an' Uncle Tom an' Rover an' Bridget." Finally, with great earnestness, she resumed:

"An' now, God, please take great care of Yourself, 'cause if anything should happen to You we'd only have Mr. Roosevelt—an' he hasn't come up to papa's expectations."

A MODEL YOUNG MAN

"You inherited quite a nice little fortune," said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the fortunate youth.

"I suppose you will pay a lot of your debts now?"

"I had thought of it, but I concluded to make no change in my manner of living. I don't want to be accused of vulgar display."

KEEPING AWAY THE WOLF

MRS. TOPNOTE (cheerfully)—Never mind, dear! True, we're in desperate straits just now; but remember, if the worst should come, I could keep the wolf from the door by my singing.

HER HUSBAND (despondently)—Yes, dear; but what if the wolf should chance to be deaf?

A DIFFERENT THING

"Then Mr. Roxley didn't really give according to his means?" said the minister's wife.

"No," replied the minister, "merely according to his meanness."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE TENDER-HEARTED MILLIONAIRE.

President Manuel Amador of Panama tells this little tale of a certain Cuban millionaire:

"An unfortunate man once obtained access to this millionaire and he started to lay before him his woes. He depicted his wretched poverty in most vivid colors. Indeed, so graphic was the man's sad story that the millionaire felt himself affected as he had never been before. With tears in his eyes he summoned his servant and in a quavering voice said:

"John, put this poor fellow out. He is breaking my heart."



"'Taint fair! I'm the only boy on the block that ain't got warts, or freckles, or cross-eyes, or something."—*Harper's Bazar.*



AUNT DRUSILLA (having laboriously deciphered the sign)—Rejuced one half an' look at 'im yet! 'Clah to goodness, honey, but you suttently mus' 'a' been a whale!—*Exchange*.

WHOLESOME FEAR

Miss H., the principal of a grammar school, was investigating a tale brought her by a pupil.

"Are you quite sure that was the way it happened, Mrs. P.?"

"Miss H., that was just the way. I'm telling you the truth. I wouldn't dare tell you a lie. I'm not well enough today."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

A COMMON EPITAPH

It's hard to feel, when life is sweet,
That all is for the best.
He tried to walk across the street,
And the auto did the rest.

—*Harper's Bazar*.

IT GIVES HIM A REST

"Every year the Higgs have Mrs. Jones up to their country home for a long, long visit."

"Fond of her, are they?"

"No indeed—of him."—*Harper's Bazar*.

COMMON PRUDENCE

A teacher in a down-town school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac in a disgusted tone.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

CORRECTED.

TEACHER—Jimmie, correct this sentence, "Our teacher am in sight."

JIMMIE—Our teacher am a sight.—*The Circle*.

THE SEATS WERE SAFE

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"O! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

A UTILITARIAN

As Mr. A—, an Arkansas planter, was preparing to drive to the county-seat one day, he was hailed in this wise by one of his negro "hands":

"Marse Gawge, if you's gwine to town I wish you'd git me a license fur to marry Liza Ann Mayberry."

"Why, certainly, Joe," was his response.

Upon his return he gave Joe the license, who, upon looking it over, exclaimed: "Lawd, Marse Gawge! You done made a big mistake. I tole you I wanta marry Mary Jane Mayberry, an' you done had de license made out fur Liza Ann. Kain't you change de name to Mary Jane?"

"No, Joe," Mr. A— replied, "that would be illegal. I am very sorry that I misunderstood you, but there is nothing to be done except for you to marry Liza Ann, or spend three dollars for another license."

"I ain't got a nudder free dollars!" and Joe departed in high dudgeon.

In an hour he returned, whistling cheerfully. "Gimme dat license, Marse Gawge," he said. "I've done thunk de matter oveh, an' dar ain't free dollahs diffence 'tween dose two women."—*Harper's Monthly*.

LITTLE WALTER AND HIS PA

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and piled the crusts on his plate.

"When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.

LOBSTERS SERVED PROMPTLY.

SAPPHEDD—A lobster in a hurry, waiter!

WAITER—Yes, sir; I'll attend to you right away, sir!—*Arkansas Traveller*.

INEVITABLE PESSIMISM

"If heaven lies about us in our infancy," how can we expect the world to speak the truth about us when we're grown up?—*The Circle*.

THE TELEPOST WILL BENEFIT ALL



THE marvelous invention of Patrick B. Delany, which enables the new Telepost Company to send telegrams at the speed of 1,000 words a minute over a single wire, is one of the most important achievements of recent years. The Telepost is now building the first section of its trans-continental trunk line and will rapidly push its lateral lines into all the principal cities North and South. Its quick, accurate service will soon be available throughout the United States. This new telegraph company takes no account of distance in its charges, sending a 25-word telegram, a 50-word "telepost," or a 100-word "teletape" for 25 cents between any two Telepost offices in the United States.

The following comments by the leading magazines and newspapers will be of interest:

THE INCREDIBLE ACCOMPLISHED.

"If the question, 'Will it ever be possible to send five thousand words a minute over a single wire?' were asked of the average telegraph operator, he would probably analyze your gaze to see if you were in your senses and emphatically reply in the negative. Yet this is exactly what Patrick B. Delany has succeeded in doing with his automatic system of telegraphy, which he calls the telepost and, wonderful as this result may seem, he has done even more, for he has so simplified the whole process of electric telegraphy that it is now possible for a typewritist to click off a message on an ordinary keyboard and obtain a record on a tape in Morse characters."—*New York Herald*.

AN HOUR'S WORK DONE IN A MINUTE.

"Telegraphic messages can be sent and received at a rate of from 1,000 to 3,000 words a minute. A World reporter saw and heard yesterday a message transmitted and delivered at the former speed. Some idea of this tremendous speed is got from the fact that the present rate of commercial communication is fourteen and a half words a minute. To-day in the transmission of messages heavy 'press' wires can, by the use of the shortest code, with the most expert operators, carry only an average rate of 2,500 words an hour. The record is 3,300. Here is an hour's work done in a minute."—*New York World*.

TELEPHONE WIRES UTILIZED.

"By the Delany system messages are transmitted at a speed of 1,000 words a minute as compared with from 15 to 50 words by the old-time methods. Telephone wires can be used for simultaneous telegraphic and telephonic use without interference of the one with the other. The Telepost Company is to make use of the wires of independent telephone companies and is to give

those companies a reciprocal use of its long-distance wires."—*Wall Street Summary*, November 12, 1907.

IDEAL FOR BUSINESS LETTERS.

"Ultimately, it is Mr. Delany's idea to make his system take the place of the mails for business correspondence. He says soon it will not pay a business man to mail a letter to Chicago for two cents and wait two or three days for an answer, when, for a slight additional cost, he can send a letter as long and receive an answer in a few minutes. The system has taken the gold medal of the Franklin Institute, of which Mr. Delany is a member, also a gold medal of the Pan-American Exposition."—*New York Telegram*.

TEN YEARS' WORK.

"Mr. P. B. Delany has been working on a device for the last ten years by which it is now possible to send and receive from 1,000 to 3,000 words a minute. The most serious obstacle that has confronted Mr. Delany has been the interruption from the static current, as the accumulation which gathers while the message is being sent is called. This difficulty has now been overcome by a very direct method."—*Boston Morning Globe*.

ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

"We have no reason to doubt the superiority of the Delany system over its predecessor, or that, if adopted, it will do all that is claimed for it."—*New York Sun*.

DELANY'S WORK IS STARTLING.

"As a process, it is a bit startling. As a reality, it is very much in existence. As an actual servant of that big quantity termed the general public, it is not yet doing its work; but as regards the Telepost that 'not yet' is a term certain of early extinction. The system of machine-made telegrams has come to stay and to grow and to demonstrate the fact that the Morse key, the slow, hard-labor, hand-sent message and the unreliable 'wire' are things of the past."—*Technical World Magazine*, December, 1907.

KNEW WHAT WAS NEEDED.

"This undoubtedly marks the beginning of a new era in American telegraphy, and a rapid extension of this new method may be looked for. It is well worked out after years of persevering effort by the inventor, Mr. Patrick B. Delany, a practical telegrapher, who knew what was needed. Those who saw the system in operation at the Pan-American Exposition were not surprised at its being awarded the gold medal."—*Telegraph Age*.

UTILIZES EXTREME POSSIBILITIES.

"The Delany high-speed telegraph system utilizes the extreme possibilities of rapid signaling over a wire. The practicable commercial speed of the Delany system is approximately the theoretical speed of electrical transmission and

this, as is known, is governed by the character and length of the line. Without changing the conditions of key-working a speed of 1,000 words a minute for 1,000 miles is commercially practicable. Between New York and Philadelphia it is feasible to transmit 2,500 words a minute."—*Prof. Romya Hitchcock, formerly of the Scientific Staff of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.*

SEES THE NEED.

"The Journal goes on record right now as an advocate of this new company. It comes just in the nick of time, and will be welcomed. This is an age of progress and science."—*Texas Banker's Journal, December, 1907.*

TWENTY OR MORE AS ONE.

"As an illustration of the methods employed in this system of automatic rapid telegraphy twenty or more messages, each of from 500 to 600 words of press matter, may be wound upon a reel, if desired, before use and the entire tape run through the transmitting machine as a unit."—*Fourth Estate, October 12, 1907.*

ENORMOUSLY PROFITABLE.

"John Wanamaker, when Postmaster-General, looked into it a little, and thought the early investors in Western Union must have been getting about 300 per cent. a year. The North Carolina Railroad Commission made such examination as its limited powers permitted, and opined that about ninety millions of the stock was water—having been issued as extra dividends and so on. At any rate, every one knows the business has been enormously profitable."—*Saturday Evening Post, September 7, 1907.*

ENORMOUSLY INCREASED VOLUME.

"That the Delany invention will revolutionize the telegraph business is well understood by those who have seen it in practical operation. Its first effect will be to reduce the average rate to that of the cheapest of the European systems, which will enormously increase the volume of business."—*The Bookman, November, 1907.*

SIMPLY CANNOT BE APPROACHED.

"This may seem like a strong statement to make. But the opposition by the Telepost Company will be so strong that any experienced telegrapher who cares to investigate the claims of the Delany system of automatic rapid telegraphy, owned and controlled by the new company will be convinced that this new telegraph company will enter the field with a system which the Western Union and Postal simply cannot approach."—*Commercial Telegraphers' Journal, October, 1907.*

WIRELESS NOT A COMPETITOR.

"It was well said that if the order of discovery had been reversed and wire had come second in point of date to a wireless system it would have been universally recognized that wires were a fundamental and enormous improvement, eliminating the difficulties under which a wireless system must labor."—*Sir John Wolfe-Berry, K. C. B.*

HARNESSING THE UNRULY "STATIC."

"Patrick B. Delany has done more than bind the heretofore unruly 'static' in chains; he has made it work in harness, put to use the very force that for years has been the lion in the path of high-speed, commercially practical telegraphy."—*American Telephone Journal, September, 1907.*

HOW MUCH GREATER!

"The present monopoly would soon be bankrupt if it were forced into competition with the reduced rates of a properly managed company, which could not be bought by an issue of stock. A new telegraph company could come into the field and apply the same antiquated methods as those now in favor and earn large profits by charging one-half the present rates. If this is possible without utilizing improved methods, how much greater are the possibilities open to a new telegraph company which will apply the latest and best methods of electrical communication?"—*New York Stock History, December, 1907.*

NO REGARD FOR SPECULATORS.

"The Telepost Company owns a very valuable and effective system, which is destined in a short time to revolutionize the telegraph business and to earn for its owners very large profits, a fact which renders its stock an attractive investment. The company is an entirely responsible and representative one, the affairs of which are ably managed in the interests of the stockholders and with no regard to the speculative market. We consider its system a marvelous one and its stock as one of the best investments before the public."—*Mercantile and Financial Times, December 14, 1907.*

THE STERLING SYSTEM APPROVED.

"Another attractive feature of the investment is the fact that the policy of the Sterling Debenture Corporation is to distribute the stock as widely as possible, restricting the number of shares allotted to any one person to 100 shares. This is a most laudable policy, and one which must commend itself to all investors who want to be sure that their money is not going to be governed by large majority holders."—*The American Banker, November 23, 1907.*

The Telepost Company deems itself fortunate in securing as fiscal agents the Sterling Debenture Corporation,* through which house all subscriptions for stock are received. This alliance was chosen, not only because better terms were secured than could be arranged with any other trustworthy financial house, but also because the "Sterling System" of widely distributing securities in small holdings will give the Telepost Company a truly popular ownership.

* The Sterling Debenture Corporation, Brunswick Building, Madison Square, New York, sends free, upon application, its illustrated booklet "No. 80" which fully describes Mr. Delany's epoch-making invention.



WIDOW OF THE ASSASSINATED KING OF PORTUGAL

Her Majesty, Queen Amelie, mother of the New King, her second and surviving son, Dom Manuel, is herself a princess of the Orleans branch of the house of Bourbon. She is an accomplished nurse, a painter of note, a musician of talent and gifted with that charm of manner and of personality which has made the house of Bourbon the flower of European chivalry.